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A Selection of Latin Stories from MSS. of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries. A Contribution to the History of Fiction during the Middle Ages. Edited by THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A. F.S.A. London: Printed for the Percy Society. 1842.

Gesta Romanorum; or, Entertaining Moral Stories. Translated from the Latin, with Preliminary Observations and Copious Notes. By the REV. CHARLES SWAN. 2 vols. London: Rivingtons. 1824.

WASHINGTON IRVING, in one of the chapters of his delightful Sketch-Book, describes a curious scene which he witnessed during an afternoon reverie in the library of the British Museum. Whilst the authors of the day were bepluming themselves with the feathers of the great writers of old, and parading their borrowed ornaments as the creation of their own minds and their own hands, on a sudden the trumpet of alarm was sounded, and from all sides rushed the resuscitated champions of old, eager to tear from the backs of the impostures the various plumes and patches they had appropriated. Those who had borrowed a gem from some old author, and heightened its splendour by its new setting, the original possessors not only spared, but applauded; the rest of the crowd fared but poorly.

First and foremost among these men of old, thus summoned to reclaim their treasures, must have been the author or authors of those Latin stories which the monks of the middle ages composed as recreations at the refectory, or exhortations from the pulpit. Innumerable must have been the purloiners of gems from their treasury; and many, very many, those celebrated writers and poets who had heightened and improved the splendours of the gems they had borrowed from the didactic fiction of the monks. Gower, Lydgate, Boccace, Shakspeare—nay, the list would be as long as a chancery-roll—have drawn their best plots and most attractive stories from this monkish mine, as the monks themselves drew many of their stories from the legends of far-off countries, still traditionally remembered in their convent, and here and there enshrined in the older chronicle of some

elder brother of the monastery. In the middle ages, even more than in any other, did almost every effort of the human mind assume the primitive and simple form of fable—a form at all times most attractive, and in that age the only medium by which the untutored mind could realize its conceptions.

The History of Fiction has ever been involved in much perplexity, and formed the most agreeable debateable land of our leading antiquaries. The more mysterious an investigation bids fair to be; the less we have to depend on fact; and the more we are at the mercy of conjecture, so much the more does the mind love to grasp at the mystery, and delight in the dim perspective and intricacies of the way. Each successive adventurer finds it more easy to pull down the various bridges, and break in the various cuttings by which his predecessor has endeavoured to make the way straight, than to throw his own bridge over the river or the morass of time that intervenes between the traveller and the goal. Four distinct sources have been contended for: the Scandinavian bards, the Arabians of the Spanish peninsula, the Armoricans, or Bretons, and the classical authors of Greece and Rome. Mallet and Bishop Percy come forward as the advocates of Scandinavia; Dr. Wharton writes himself the champion of the Spanish Arabians; Wilson is rather inclined to the Breton theory; and Dr. Southey and Mr. Dunlop come forward as the advocates of the classical and mythological authors; whilst Sir Henry Ellis would reconcile all differences by a quiet jumble of Breton scenes coloured by Scandinavia, and worked by Arabian machinery.

The poems of the northern Sealds, the legends of the Arabians of Spain, the songs of the Armoricans, and the classics of the ancient world, have doubtless been the *mediate* sources of the most prevalent fictions. The *immediate* source must be sought in even earlier times and more eastern climes. In some instances perverted notions of Scripture characters furnished the supernatural agency of the legend; in the majority the machinery came direct from the East, already dilated and improved. In many parts of the old Scriptures we learn how familiar the nations of the East were with spells; and the elevation of Solomon Daoud to the throne of the Genii, and to the lordship of the Talisman, proves the *traditional* intercourse between God's own people and the nations of the far East. We can easily conceive how the contest of David and Goliath may have formed the foundation of many a fierce encounter between knight and giant, and the feats of Samson been dilated into the miracles of the heroes of chivalry. In the book of Tobit, which is indeed referred to in the application of the tale of "The Emperor Vespasian and the Two Rings," we find an angel in the place of a saint, enchantments, antidotes, distressed damsels, demons, and nearly all the recognised machinery of fiction. The vagaries of the Talmud, clearly derived from eastern sources, were no small treasure on which to draw for wonders and miracles. And when we find all the

machinery of the East in the poems of the Scalds, we cannot but perceive how much more reasonable it is to suppose the cold conceptions of the Northern bards to have been fed from the East, than the warm imaginations of the East to have drawn their inspiration from the North.

Two objections must not be neglected—the ignorance and misrepresentation of the religions of the East, shown through every page of the popular legends of the chivalric age. May it not have been the aim of the Christian writers to represent the infidels in the worst possible light, to pervert their creed, to exaggerate their vices? The charge of idolatry, and the adoration of the golden image of Mahomet, may have been mere pious frauds. Again, the Romans adopted the legends of Greece, and naturalized them. With the mythology came the religious rites appendant to it. How did it happen that the Scalds adopted the one without falling into the other error? Was there no difference of predisposition in the Romans and the Scalds as to the adoption of the mythologies of the East and Greece? Had not long intercourse in the one case prepared the Romans to receive, did it not agree with their preconceived notions? Such was not the case with the Northern nations. Children, and rude children of nature, they were in no way prepared for a similar effect; but, seizing on the prominent features of the legends presented to them, they engrafted them on their own wild and terrible stories, adding to the original matter in some cases, and rejecting portions of it in others.

That the Arabians, who entered Spain from the opposite shores of Africa about the beginning of the eighth century, “disseminated those extravagant inventions which were so peculiar to their romantic and creative genius,” is in no way refuted by the absence of Moorish subjects from the earliest tales of chivalry, for when they arrived, the legends of Charlemagne and his peers had already taken root in the minds of the people; and however the Arabians may have introduced some portion of eastern fiction to mingle with the already popular legends, they could not introduce it as a whole, so powerful is the tendency of a conquered country to graft its own character, legends, and customs, on its conquerors. Is there anything very monstrous in believing that the introduction of judicial astrology, medicine, and chemistry, sciences so connected with the supposed operations of the magician, as to give that name to the possessor of them, would fail of extending their influence to the legendary stories, as well as to the habits and life of the Western world, described in these legends? And thus the introduction of eastern invention would be gradual, and therefore more natural; would be the growth of times and of ages, not the sudden birth and growth of a night; and would be gradually augmenting until it attained to perfect maturity.

The writer to whom we are indebted for the translation of the “*Gesta Romanorum*,” has put forward another theory to account for the introduction of romantic fiction into the Western world. In his

idea the banishment of the primitive Christians to the East, by the persecutions of the pagan rulers, would account for the use of these fictions when the cessation of the persecutions enabled them to return to their native land.

"Full of the mysterious wonders of the Apocalypse, not less than of the miraculous records of the Holy Gospels, imbued with all the Old Testament narratives, and probably anticipating similar interposition from heaven in their own persons; their minds wrought up by many causes to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and their hearts glowing with a fervour that no other ages can boast—the primitive Christians were well prepared to receive the impressions naturally made upon a heated fancy, and to put credit in tales which the distress of their situation prevented them from investigating, and their ignorance and credulity debarred from doubt. Hence, with the lives of the Fathers of the Church, they interwove prodigies of another land; and being further willing to address the prejudices of those they might hope to convert, adorned their martyrologies with fictitious incidents of oriental structure, even as, to conciliate the heathen, they introduced into their religious buildings the statues of pagan worship, dignifying them with novel names, and serving them with novel ceremonies."

Mr. Swan's returning fugitives may certainly have had their share in introducing the fictions of the East into the Western world, equally with the natural interchange of habitations between the East and the West which was consequent on the settlement of Constantinople, and the great influx of the West into the East. During the same century much was undoubtedly effected in the transmission of romantic fiction by the monks, who were at that period wandering over every part of the habitable world. We have the evidence of Gibbon that the progress of monachism was not more rapid or universal than that of Christianity itself. Every province—nay, almost every city in the empire, had its ascetics, to whom no way was impassable; no sea a barrier to their copying in the most distant climes the model of monastic life.

"The roving character of the monks, therefore," says Mr. Swan, "is another link of the chain by which I introduce oriental fiction into the West; and it is utterly impossible (maturely weighing the habits and propensities of this class of people) that they should not have picked up and retained the floating traditions of the countries through which they passed. Some of the early romances, as well as the legends of the saints, were undoubtedly fabricated in the deep silence of the cloister. Both frequently sprung from the warmth of fancy, which religious seclusion is so well tended to nourish; but the former were adorned with foreign embellishments."

It were almost superfluous to allude to the Crusades as further sources of romantic and didactic fiction. No one will dispute their right to a place in the system. About the period of the third crusade this kind of writing was at its height. That age was the full tide of chivalry. Twenty years elapsed between that and the fourth and fifth expeditions into the East; and nearly a generation elapsed before, for the sixth and the last time, the wealth and blood of Europe was poured upon the plains of the East. Enough of money and life had been now spent to satisfy the most enthusiastic of the

crusading body, and to check, if not to stem, the tide of popular feeling which had formerly run so strong in favour of the restoration of the sepulchre and the holy city to the guardianship of the faithful. A juster and more rational mode of thinking was now beginning to be introduced, and time was at last beginning to allay the Anti-Saracenic passion. With the decline of these savage expeditions romantic fiction began to be regarded. For though originally extraneous and independent, romantic fictions had of late years become incorporated with chivalry and its institutions, and, with them, they naturally fell into decay.

The selection of Latin stories which Mr. Wright has edited for the Percy Society, as a contribution to the history of fiction during the middle ages, are, he tells us, chiefly taken from two works of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Some are from the *Summa Predicantium* of an English Dominican of the fourteenth century, named John of Bromyard; whilst the *Promptuarium Exemplorum* of the early part of the next century supplies the remainder of his stories.

The "*Gesta Romanorum*" is the most famous collection of didactic fiction, for which we are indebted to the imagination, knowledge, and literary labour of the monks of the middle ages. In the refectory, whilst the monks ate their meals, one, the youngest generally, of the society, read from some such collection as this, a tale at once amusing and instructive. Nor was the use of these fables confined to the refectory. The success which has always attended instruction by fables, and the popularity ever consequent on this form of teaching, led the monks to use this medium to illustrate their public discourses, as well as for their own daily relaxation. An argument, however clear, a deduction, however logical, operates but faintly except on trained intellects; but an apposite story at once arouses the attention, and makes a more durable impression on illiterate auditors. Knowledge in the garb of verse is soonest appreciated by an uneducated mind, and remains there far longer than in any other form. A ballad will descend from generation to generation without a *fault* or an interpolation. Next to poetry comes poetic prose, at the head of which class stands didactic fiction. Many a clever man has confessed, that he was more indebted to Shakspeare and Scott for his English and Scottish history, than to the standard historians of either land.

The title of the work must not lead us to believe that to the Roman nation these tales are confined: the substance corresponds but little with the heading; oriental, legendary, and classical fables, contribute about equal shares in the formation of this singular composition. "It is," says Wharton, "a multitude of narratives, either not historical, or in another respect, such as are totally unconnected with the Roman people, or perhaps the most preposterous misrepresentations of their history. To cover this deviation from the promised plan, which, by introducing a more ample variety of matter,

has contributed to increase the reader's entertainment, our collector has taken care to preface almost every story with the name or reign of a Roman emperor, who, at the same time, is often a monarch that never existed, and who seldom, whether real or supposititious, has any concern with the circumstances of the narrative."

Among the many pretty little disputes with which the learned antiquarians are wont to employ their leisure moments, the question of the difference or identity of the *Gesta Romanorum* and its English counterpart, has ever been a favourite. With this quarrel we shall have but little to do; we shall side neither with the differentiators, under the banners of Douce and Ellice, nor with their identitarian opponents; we shall take the work such as we find it; nothing more nor less than a collection of ancient stories, many of which might naturally be the same, and many of which might naturally vary in various countries, according to the taste of the collector. Nor shall we determine whether Wharton is warranted in giving the original authorship to Pierre Bacheur of Poitou, prior of the Benedictine convent of St. Eloi, at Paris, in the year 1362, or whether Mr. Douce is nearer right in handing over the authorship to a German, on the authority of a German proverb in one tale, and a few German dogs in another. There is so much better food in the plains of the book itself, that our readers will not thank us for leading them astray to the barren heaths of antiquarian squabbles.

In the days of Elizabeth and James, the English version of the *Gesta* seems to have formed the popular story-book of the reading classes. In the comedy of "Sir Giles Goosecap," which was printed in 1606, one of the characters says, "Then for your lordship's quips and quick jests, why *Gesta Romanorum* were nothing to them;" and in Chapman's "May-day," of some five years' later date, one of the characters is astonished that "one who has read Marcus Aurelius, *Gesta Romanorum*, and the *Mirroure of Magistrates*, should be led by the nose like a blind bear that has read nothing." These tales were evidently the popular fictions of that day, and we fear, like the numerous brood of didactic fictions which now overspread our tables, very often read more for the sake of the story, than for the moral to be deduced from it. There was something straightforward and honest in the plan of these old tales, in which the moral stands separate from the story, as an appendix, and not so mixed up with its adventures as to cheat the reader into a sermon during a rowing-match or a dinner-party. Messrs. Warren, of blacking notoriety, and Moses, of tailoring fame, are both professors of didactic fiction, through the medium of their advertisements. The taking title of the "*Hamburg Conflagration*," leads on the reader to the price of "particular jet," and "Dr. Pusey's suspension" ends in the prices of clergymen's habiliments. The advertisement sheet of the *Times* has nearly as much right to be regarded as teaching by didactic fiction the science of political economy, as Messrs. Gresley and Paget that of theology.

The chief merit of the tales of the *Gesta* is the curious light they throw upon the manners and habits of the middle ages. In these vivid and strongly delineated fictions, we fight, we tilt, we make love and war, perform penances and witness miracles, with the world of the middle ages. We laugh at the fantastic regulations of a chivalry with which we have now no associated feeling. We smile at the absurd penances with which imaginable crimes were visited, and regret the utter carelessness with which enormous sins were committed. Marriage, of course, is the staple incident of every tale, as it is in the present day, and the affections of ladies are disposed of in more extraordinary ways than even in the nineteenth century. When the buying and selling system of marriage broke in upon the old, but not unpleasant fiction of love matches, and brought back civilized society to the customs of the savage, who buys his wife as he would a slave; the few who had a hankering after the old delusion, were wont to solace themselves with the thought that things were not so in the good old times; policy, power, and wealth were not supreme—so we thought—in the days of knights errant, and ladies that lived in high towers, and sang ditties on the guitar. In these tales we find more efficacious methods than even the common system of these days: a lady's affections are given to the resolver of some hidden mystery, the expounder of a riddle, or in accordance of some inexplicable vow. How absurd is all this, we are inclined to say; as absurd to us, as the number of unnecessary refinements which civilization has introduced would appear to our simpler ancestors. But laugh as we may at the customs of by-gone days, we must not characterise the writings of those times as absurd and useless, because they have not the same effect on us now, as they had on those to whom they were addressed, and for whose amusement and instruction they were written. Few qualities shift more with time, and are more dependent on manners, than probability and improbability. In regarding the construction of a fable, we must consider not its abstract probability, nor indeed its relative probability, (if the fable be old, or for another class of people,) to ourselves; but we must consider how it was calculated to impress the minds of those for whom it was invented, and to whom it was told. If the writer contrived to give pleasure and instruction to his readers or hearers, he deserves as much praise as if he suited our minds, and influenced our imaginations. If a giant in a castle, or a magician, were as credible to the monks, and their auditors, as electricity or magnetism to us; the writer who communicated pleasure to the imagination and knowledge to the understanding of his hearer, by such incidents, has proportionable merit with the writer of our time, who teaches a belief in God through the wonders of nature and science. Add to this the natural tendency of the human mind to the marvellous; and from the constant recurrence of the barely probable, to the ultimate belief in the most extravagant fiction. These circumstances must be considered in forming our judgment on the merit of these tales.

Doubtless, they vary in point of execution, but many are eminently beautiful, and in description of manners, are valuable, and perhaps unrivalled. We may doubt the prudence of expending a thousand florins on three prudential maxims, as Domitian does in one of these tales; but we cannot fail to regret the loss of that never-failing virtue of hospitality, so prominent in these fables, and of that eagerness with which the wayfarer or the pilgrim was invited to the castle of the knight, or to the house of the citizen.

Many of the moralizations attached to these tales are characterised by a most eccentric spirit of refinement and abstraction. From very early times a secondary meaning was commonly attached to every important work; it progressed from the sacred writings through the poetic fictions of the classics, to compositions professedly allegorical. The want of discrimination, which in our eyes assumes much of the appearance of profane levity, with which the fictions of the classics were interpreted to signify the great truths and mysteries of religion, was, perhaps, hardly reprehensible in the simple state of knowledge which prevailed at the time when these attempts at secondary interpretation were made. In the early ages it might seem to partake of little levity to prefigure our Saviour's birth in that of Bacchus; his sufferings and death in that of Actæon, or his resurrection in the legend of Hercules, as related by Lycophron; as late as the thirteenth century the Franciscan Walleys wrote a moral and theological exposition of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid. To these expositions succeeded compositions professedly allegorical, and which the spirit of refinement of that age resolved into further allegories, for which they were never intended. It was not enough that the writer of the "*Romaunt of the Rose*" had allegorized the difficulties of an ardent lover in the accomplishment of his object, under the mystery of the rose which was to be gathered in a fair but almost inaccessible garden. Every profession saw in this allegory the great mystery of their craft. To the theologian it was the rose of Jericho, the New Jerusalem, the B. Virgin, or any other mystery to which obstinate heretics were unable to attain; to the chemist it was the philosopher's stone; to the lawyer it was the most consummate point of equity; to the physician the infallible panacea, the water of life; and does not this spirit of allegory extend to the present day, only in a somewhat different form? As soon as a poet has attained to any great reputation, and death has sealed up his writings, then comes the host of annotators and critics, each one more intent than his predecessor to develop the mind of the writer, to discover with what hidden intentions, with what feelings, this or that passage was written, and to build on some stray expression a mighty theory, for some more clever writer to overthrow, and raise a new fabric on its ruins. And in these attempts it is not the old author whose glory is sought to be heightened, but the new man who would ascend the ladder of reputation on the labours of "man of old." Such was not the spirit which prompted the fashion of resolving every thing into allegories in

the middle ages; nor, indeed, is it to be solely charged to an unmeaning and wanton spirit of refinement. "The same apology," says Wharton, "may be offered for cabalistic interpreters, both of the classics and of the old romances. The former, not willing that those books should be quite exploded which contained the ancient mythology, laboured to reconcile the apparent absurdities of the pagan system with the Christian mysteries, by demonstrating a figurative resemblance. The latter, as true learning began to dawn, with a view of supporting for a time the expiring credit of giants and magicians, were compelled to palliate those monstrous incredibilities, by a bold attempt to unravel the mystic web which had been wove by fairy hands, and by showing that truth was hid under the gorgeous veil of gothic invention."

The first tale which we shall extract, exhibits the not uncommon mixture of feudal manners and oriental incidents during the reign of a Roman emperor, to whom the name of Pompey is given. The Romans have, however, little to do with the matter, and king Pompey, whether the Great, or some namesake of his, will not assist us in assigning an A. U. C. date to the story.

"Once upon a time, there lived a great and good king, whose name was Pompey. He had an only daughter, of remarkable beauty, and he loved her greatly, so he charged five of his knights that they guarded her day and night, and commanded them, on their lives, to preserve her from all injury. Day and night did these brave men keep watch and ward before the lady's chamber. A lamp burned before the door, that the approach of an enemy might be detected; and a faithful mastiff lay on her threshold, whose watchfulness was as unremitting, as his bark was loud and shrill. But all these precautions were in vain. The princess loved the world, and its pleasures, and sighed to mingle in its busy scenes, and gaze upon its gorgeous pageants. So it came to pass, that as she looked one day from the window of her bower, a certain duke passed by, and he looked upon her beauty, and loved her with an impure love. Day after day did this duke endeavour to withdraw the princess from her guardians, and numerous were the devices by which he sought to accomplish his designs upon her and upon her father's throne, for she was the king's heiress. At last, by the promise of unbounded pleasure, the duke persuaded the princess to overturn the lamp, that burned at her chamber door, and to poison the dog that lay on her threshold. And when the night came, the duke stole upon the guard, and bore away with him the princess. On the morrow, the lady was sought for, far and near, and no one knew whither she went. Many were they that took horse and rode after the fugitives, and many were the ways they went. But one alone found them, a great and terrible knight, the king's champion, who came upon them in their flight, slew the seducer, and brought back the princess to her father. And the emperor was sore wrath with his child, and left her to bewail her sins in solitude. Time and misery brought repentance, and the princess bewailed herself bitterly. Now there was a good old man at her father's court, who ever interceded with the king for penitent offenders, and to whose words Pompey willingly gave heed. This lord came to the king, and told him of his daughter's repentance, and the king was reconciled to his child, and she was betrothed to a nobleman of worth and power. Many were the bridal gifts which the princess received. The sage lord gave her a robe of the finest and richest woof, on which was worked these

words, 'I have raised thee up, beware lest thou fall again.' He gave her also a ring, and the legend was, 'What have I done? How much? Why?' Her father gave a golden coronet, on which was written, 'Thy dignity is from me.' From the champion who conquered for her, she received a ring; the legend was, 'I have loved thee, do thou return that love.' The king's son, too, gave a ring, and on it was written, 'Thou art noble, despise not thy nobility;' whilst on that which she received from her own brother, the motto was, 'Approach, fear not, I am thy brother.' The last gift which the penitent princess received, was from her bridegroom, a golden signet that confirmed her inheritance, and on which was written, 'Now that thou art espoused, be faithful.' And the princess kept all these gifts, and thought upon the mottoes which they bore. Day by day she regained the favour and the love she had alienated, and at last, she slept in peace."

Such is the simple tale. The moral, especially in the interpretation of the several marriage presents, will astonish many of our readers. The emperor is our *Heavenly Father*, and his daughter, the *human soul*, which he delivers to the *five senses*, armed by the powers of baptism, to guard from injury. The burning lamp is the *will*, shining brilliantly in good works, and dispelling the gloom of sin. The watchful dog is *conscience*; as often as the soul breaks any of the commands of God, it may be said to look abroad on the world and its dangers. Then comes the devil, the great seducer, whose triumph over the soul is easy, when the lamp of the will is extinguished, and the barking of conscience is silenced. Then God arises as our champion, and fights for us against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and leads back the sinning soul to the palace of the heavenly king. The sage Lord, the Mediator, is our Saviour: "for He is our peace who hath made both one."

"From Him," continues the moral, "we received the aforesaid gifts; first a cloak descending to the ankle, that is, his most precious skin; and said to be of delicate texture, because it was woven with stripes, blood, bruises, and other various instances of malice; of which texture nothing more is meant than this, 'I have raised thee up, because I have redeemed thee; do not throw thyself into further evil.' That same Christ, our king, gave to us a glorious crown, that is, when he submitted to be crowned for our sakes. And of a truth, 'thy dignity is from me,' even from that crown. Christ is our champion, who gave us a sign—that is, the hole in his right hand; and we ourselves can see how faithfully it is written, 'I have loved thee, do thou also love.' He gave us another ring, which is the puncture in his left hand, where we see written, 'What have I done? How much? Why?' 'What have I done?' I have despoiled myself, receiving the form of a servant. 'How much?' I have made God and man. 'Why?' To redeem the lost. Concerning these three, Zachary xiii. 'What are the wounds in the middle of thy hands?' and he answered, saying, 'I am wounded by these men in their house, who loved me.' Christ is our brother, and son of the Eternal King. He gave us a third ring,—to wit, the hole in his right foot; and what can be understood by it, but, 'Thou art noble, despise not thy nobility?' In like manner, Christ is our brother-german. And he gave us a fourth ring, the puncture in his left foot, on which is written, 'Approach, fear not, I am thy brother.' Christ is also our spouse; he gave us a signet, with which he confirmed our inheritance: that is, the wound made in his side by the spear, on

account of the great love with which he loved us. And what can this signify, but, 'Thou art joined to me through mercy; sin no more?'"*

Old Gower, in his "*Confessio Amantis*," has versified the quaint story which is found in the *Gesta*, under the head of "False Allegations," and in which the story of Dionysius and the Golden Beard and the Golden Cloak of the god, is strangely manufactured into a story in which an emperor Leo, three images, and a poor thief, figure. Among the variations introduced by Gower, is that of placing the occurrence in the reign of Cæsar, and condensing the three female statues into one of Apollo. According to the *Gesta*, a certain Roman emperor Leo was so fond of looking upon a pretty face, that he made three fair female images, and placed them in a temple, that all his subjects might look on them and worship. One statue stood with its hand extended towards the worshippers, and bore on its finger a golden ring, on which was the legend, "My finger is generous." The second finger had a beard of beaten gold, and on its brow was written, "I have a beard; if any one be beardless, let him come to me, and I will give him one." The third figure had a cloak of gold and a purple tunic, and on its breast was written, "I fear no one." With so many temptations came a law, that whosoever stole either the ring, the beard, or the cloak, should surely die. A thief was soon found. According to the poet:—

" There was a clerk, one Lucius,
A comlier, a famous man;
Of every wit some what he can,
Out-take that him lacketh rule,
His own estate to guide and rule—"

So he took to riotous living, "and was not wise in his doing;" *ergo*—

" After the need of his desert,
So fell this clerkè in povertè."

The thief, whether poor man or ruined clerk, removed the treasures, was seen by the people, and brought before the emperor, on the charge of breaking the royal edict.

" But the thief said, 'Good my lord—suffer me to speak.' And the emperor said, speak on. Then said the man, 'Lo, as I entered the temple of the three images, the first image extended to me its finger, as though it would say, 'take this ring;' but yet I doubted of its wishes, until I read the superscription, 'my finger is generous;' then knew I that it was the pleasure of the statue to give the ring, and I obeyed and took it. Then came I to the image with the beard of gold. Methinks the maker of this had no beard; shall the creature be better than the creator? that were a plain and manifest wrong. But still I was modest, and hesitated, until the words of the inscription, 'Let he that is beardless come to me, and I will give him one,' forbade me to refuse to supply my own wants by the statue's gift. As for the golden cloak, it was in pure charity that I took it away. Stone is

* *Gesta Rom.* translated by Stone, vol. i. pp. 6—8.

cold, and metal is cold; the image is of the former, the cloak of the latter. In winter it was adding cold to cold, in summer it was too heavy and warm for the season. Still should I have forborne to rob the statue of its cloak, had I not seen the words, 'I fear no one.' Such intolerable arrogance, in a woman too, was to be punished. I took the cloak to humble the statue's pride. But all these excuses were useless. 'Fair sir,' replied Leo, 'do you not know the law, that he who robs the statues shall die?—let the law be obeyed;' and it was as the emperor said."

The moral of this tale is the least strained, and perhaps the best of all the applications attached to the legends. The emperor is God the Son; the three images, the three sorts of mankind in whom God takes delight. The first image, with its extended hand and proffered gift, is no bad symbol of the poor and simple of this world, who prevail little among the great and powerful, unless the gift is ready in the extended hand. "Why fleecest thou the poor?" asks conscience. "May I not receive that which is freely offered?" replies the judge; "did I not take the proffered gift, men would laugh at me; to curb their tongues I take it." We seldom want for a good excuse. The second image is the symbol of those who are raised to wealth by God's especial blessing, and from whom the wicked seek to take away their wealth by every pretext. "We are bald," cry they; "we are poor, let us divide his riches among us." The image with the golden cloak is the good man in power and authority, who fears no evil person, the cultivator of virtue, the rooter out of vice. "He is proud—he is tyrannical," cry the people; "we will not have him to reign over us." But the end of these men is according to the law of the Lord, and they die miserably.

In another tale, the scene of which is laid in the reign of a certain emperor Otho, we have a most poetical defence of the principle enunciated in the twenty-sixth article of our Church, that the effect of the ordinance is not taken away, nor the grace of God's gifts diminished, by the ministration of evil men—according to the composer of this legend, there were priests and the mass in the days of the emperor Otho. The following is Mr. Stone's version of the tale:—

"In the reign of Otho there was a certain slippery priest, who created much dissatisfaction among his parishioners, and many were extremely scandalized. One of them in particular always absented himself from the mass when it was this priest's turn to celebrate it. Now, it happened on a festival-day, during the time of mass, that as this person was walking alone through a meadow, a sudden thirst came upon him, inasmuch that he was persuaded, unless present relief could be obtained, he should die. In this extremity, continuing his walk, he discovered a rivulet of the purest water, of which he copiously drank; but the more he drank, the more violent became his thirst. Surprised at so unusual an occurrence, he said to himself, 'I will find out the source of this rivulet, and there satisfy my thirst.' As he proceeded, an old man, of majestic appearance, met him, and said, 'My friend, where are you going?' The other answered, 'I am oppressed by an excessive drought, surpassing even belief. I discovered a little stream of water, and drank of it plentifully; but the more I drank, the more I thirsted. So I am endeavouring to find its source, that I may drink there, and, if it be

possible, deliver myself from the torment.' The old man pointed with his finger, 'there,' said he, 'is the spring-head of the rivulet. But tell me, my honest friend, why are you not at church, and, with other good Christians, hearing mass?' The man answered, 'Truly, master, our priest leads such an execrable life, that I think it utterly impossible that he should celebrate it so as to please God.' To which the old man replied, 'Suppose what you say is true; observe this fountain, from which so much excellent water issues, and from which you have so lately drunk.' He looked in the direction pointed out, and beheld a putrid dog, with its mouth wide open, and its teeth black and decayed, through which the whole fountain gushed in a surprising manner. The man regarded the stream with terror and confusion of mind, ardently desirous of quenching his thirst; but apprehensive of poison from the fetid and loathsome carcass, with which, to all appearance, the water was imbued. 'Be not afraid,' said the old man, observing his repugnance, 'thou hast already drank of the rivulet, drink again; it will not harm thee.' Encouraged by these assurances, and impelled by the intensity of his thirst, he partook of it once more, and instantly recovered from the drought. 'Oh, master,' cried he, 'never man drank of such delicious water!' The old man answered, 'See, now, as this water, gushing through the mouth of a putrid dog, is neither polluted, nor loses aught of its natural taste or colour, so is the celebration of the mass by a worthless minister; and, therefore, though the vices of such men may displease and disgust, yet should you not forsake the duties of which they are the appointed organ.' Saying these words, the old man disappeared; and what the other had seen, he communicated to his neighbours, and ever after punctually attended mass. He brought this unstable and transitory life to a good end, and passed from that which is corruptible to inherit incorruption.

There is but one fiction in this legend which deserves further explanation—why the stream of the fountain of life is made to flow through the rank jaws of a putrid dog, rather than that of any other animal. An old couplet ascribes to the dog four special qualities—a healing tongue, a distinguishing sense of smell, a perfect love, and unremitting watchfulness:—

"In cane bis bina sunt, et lingua medicina,
Naris odoratus, amor integer, atque latratus."

These four qualities, say the old writers, ought to be diligently cultivated by a priest. By his tongue he should heal the sick at heart, and probe the wounds of sin, careful not to heal with roughness the soul's wounds, but to lick them as the dog does those of the body. His keenness of perception should be able to distinguish the true confession from the false one; to see what is due to cunningness, what to internal struggles, what to reckless contempt of consequences. He, too, should have as unshaken a love for the Church and the faith, as the dog for its master or its charge; ready to lay down his life for his flock. As the watch-dog of the great King, his warning voice must be raised against enemies from without, preventing by his diligence in his calling the machinations of the world and its master against the soul.

According to Gough, among the epitaphs in the church of

Doncaster, is the following quaint epitaph on the tomb of Robert Byrkes:—

Howe, Howe, who is heare;
I Robert of Doncaster, and Margaret my feare, (wife)
That I spent, that I had,
That I gave, that I have;
That I left, that I lost,
A.D. 1579,
Quoth Robertus Byrkes,
Who in this worlde
Did reygne thre
Score yeares and seven
And yet lived not one.

If we can suppose that Byrkes or his epitaph writer had ever read the *Gesta*, we might reasonably conclude that he had borrowed the three centre lines of his epitaph from the story of the Roman emperor who discovered the golden sarcophagus with the three circlets. On these circlets were written these words:—"I have expended—I have given—I have kept—I have possessed—I do possess—I have lost—I am punished;" whilst on the front of the sarcophagus appeared, "What I have expended, I have; what I gave away, I have." The emperor who found the tomb was as much puzzled to understand the legend, as the old sexton that of Robert of Doncaster. So he called the nobles and bid them fag it out amongst them. We present our readers with the same task.

The tale which bears the unalluring title "Of the Suggestions of Satan," has been at least twice borrowed; once by that veritable traveller Sir John Mandeville, and secondly from the first borrower, by Dr. Southey. This story of the Enchanted Garden of the Magician, where all the pleasures of an eastern paradise were imitated by the black art, and whither numbers were led, as it were to heaven, never to return, but die after a life of debauchery and sin, appears in Sir John, chapter xc., under the story of "the man that was called Catolonapes, who was ful rich, and had a fair castle on a hill, and strong, and who made a wal all about y^e hill with which was a fair garden." In the poet's hands, it forms the ground-work of the gorgeous scene of the seventh book of *Thalaba*, the Enchanted Garden of Aloaddin. With the original transcriber, for the monk could have been little more, of so evidently an eastern legend, the garden and its magician prefigures the world and its wealth, which, when men have obtained it, they close their hands upon it, and believe themselves rich; anon they open their hands, and lo! the treasure is gone. Again, the charlatan produces his dish, putting nothing therein,—

"He spreads his fingers, nothing there,"

he prates, he mocks his hearers, and a number of corns appear; he gives them to the company, they close their hands on them, and believe that they hold them fast,—by and by they open their hands,

and find nothing: "postea aperientes manus," says the Latin, "nihil inveniunt;" or, as Gay sings—

"A purse she to the thief exposed;
At once his ready fingers closed:
He opes his fist, the treasures fled,
He sees a halter in its stead."

To the curious in coincidences, or plagiarisms, the two following may seem worthy of note: the one from the Merchant of Venice would rob Shakspeare of one of his sweetest similes. In the story of the Three Kings, the clemency of the sovereign is thus apostrophised: "Sicut ros herbam irrigat ut crescat; sic dulcis clementia regis usque sydera provehit et exaltat." This, we are told, is the original of Shakspeare's simile in the Merchant of Venice:—

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven,
Upon the place beneath."

If so, Shakspeare has almost as much credit in the improvement as in the origination of the idea. Pope's "See how the world its veterans reward," is certainly a liberal translation of the old monk's reflection, "Ecce quomodo mundus suis servitoribus reddit mercedem."

The fable which the poet Parnell has rendered so well-known in his Hermit, is found among these legends of the monks. In a collection of Latin apologues in the Harleian MSS. it appears under the title "De Angelo qui duxit Heremitam ad diversa hospitia;" and in the Gesta as a legend, "of the cunning of the Devil, and of the secret judgments of God." Parnell's originality and taste is shown in the alterations he has introduced into the monk's story, as well as by his masterly touches of the poetic colouring. His delaying the discovery of the angelic nature of the visitor to the close of his tale, is the happiest amongst the alterations he has introduced; affording the opportunity of introducing the beautiful description of the angel's change of form,—

"When the strange partner seemed no longer man,
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purple air;
And wings whose colours glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light."

According to Wharton, Parnell followed the story, as told by the Platonic theologian, Dr. Henry More, in his Divine Dialogues. It appears in the Gesta in the following form:—

"Once upon a time, a hermit of great age and piety, lived in a cell, which he had raised for himself on the edge of an open down, on which the shepherd of a neighbouring lord was accustomed to feed his master's flock. One day the shepherd fell asleep, and a robber came and stole the lord's

flock. When he awoke, he discovered the loss, and stoutly maintained that the sheep had been stolen, but the lord would not believe the shepherd, and commanded him to be put to death. The hermit saw the deed, and thus communed with himself:—"Merciful God, seest thou what this man hath done, and how the innocent suffers for the guilty? Why permittest thou these things? If injustice is to triumph, why remain I here? Verily I will re-enter the world, and do as other men do."

Impressed with these thoughts, the hermit left his cell, and wandered back to the world and the abodes of men, and on his way, an angel, sent from God, met him, and being in the form of a traveller, he joined himself to the hermit, and asked him which way he journeyed. "To the city that lieth before us," rejoined the hermit. "I will accompany you," replied his companion; "I am an angel sent from God, to be the associate of your wanderings." So they walked onwards to the city. When they entered the city, they sought the house of a soldier, and entreated him, by God's love, to give them harbourage during the night. The veteran complied with cheerfulness, and spared not of the best of his substance, for the entertainment of the travellers. The hospitable soldier had but one child, an infant in the cradle. And so it happened, that when supper was ended, the veteran lighted the guests to his best chamber, and the angel and the hermit retired to rest. About midnight the hermit awoke, and saw the angel rise from the bed, enter the chamber where the infant slept, and strangle it with his own hands. "Surely," said the hermit to himself, "this cannot be an angel of God; did not the good soldier give us every thing that we required, and now, lo, the only child that he had, is slain by this, his guest." And yet he feared to reprove his companion.

With the morning, the hermit and the angel arose, and sought a neighbouring city, where they found a hospitable reception in the house of one of its chief persons. This man had a valuable drinking cup of gold, which the angel purloined during the night, but the hermit yet was silent, for he feared more than he doubted. On the morrow, the travellers continued their journey, and on their way, they came to a river, over which was a bridge thrown. They ascended the bridge, and met, midway, a poor and aged pilgrim. "My friend," said the angel to the old man, "show us the way to yonder city." As the pilgrim turned him to show the angel the road, he seized him by the shoulders, and cast the old pilgrim headlong into the river that ran beneath. "Alas! Alas," cried the hermit to himself, "it is the evil one himself. Why? what evil had the poor man done?" and yet, with all his thoughts, the hermit feared to give utterance to his fears. About the hour of vespers, the travellers reached another city, in which they sought shelter for the night; but the master of the house refused them rudely. "For the love of heaven," said the angel, "spare us of thy house for shelter against the wolves and other wild beasts." "That," rejoined the man, "is my pigstye, lie ye there if it so please ye; for ye come no other whither." "Necessity," replied the angel, "forces us to

accept your ungracious offer." On the morrow, the angel called the host, and said, "Friend, I give you this goblet," presenting to him the cup he had stolen from his former host. "Now," said the hermit, "know I that this is no angel; doth he not reward evil for good, and good for evil? No longer will I travel with you: fare thee well, I commend thee to God." "Dear friend," rejoined the angel, "hear me ere you depart. Whilst thou wert in thy hermitage, the lord of the flock unjustly slew his careless, but innocent, servant. For his innocence he will be in a fit state to enter another world; but had he lived, he would have fallen into sin, and died before repentance could have followed. Eternal punishment shall follow them who stole the sheep; but repentance and acts of faith shall repair the error which the owner of the flock committed in his ignorance. Truly the soldier was hospitable, but he loved his son overmuch; ere then, he was charitable and merciful, but on the birth of his child, he grew parsimonious and covetous, that he might leave a fortune to his son. With his child's death hath returned his christian virtues to his parent. Before that cup was made, which I stole from our host who owned it, there was not a more abstemious person in this world; but with that cup came the love of indulgence and inebriety. I took away the temptation, and our host is once more abstemious. Again, I cast the poor pilgrim into the river. He whom I drowned was a good Christian; but had he proceeded further, he would have fallen into mortal sin: now he is saved and is reigning in heaven. Neither did I bestow the cup on the inhospitable citizen without reason: he gave us his swine's house; he has received his reward—the temptation of gluttony and pleasure. Guard, therefore, thy lips; detract not from the Almighty; to him all things are known." At these words, the hermit fell at the feet of the angel, and besought his pardon. It was acceded to him, and he returned to his hermitage a wiser and a better Christian.

Since these remarks were first projected, two of the most interesting of these stories have appeared in another publication, and therefore we can only refer to the pages of the *Englishman's Magazine* for August and October, for the instructive stories of "Guido, the Perfect Servant," and "Jovinian, the Proud Emperor." In the previous specimens of the legends of the middle ages, we have endeavoured to express, in our own language, the fictions of our ancestors. The next specimen shall be from a better hand. Some ten years since, in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, appeared three stories of the middle ages, translated from the work of Massenius, a German Jesuit, who lived in Cologne, somewhere about 1657. The work was entitled, *Palæstina Dramatica*; and it was from one of the stories in this Jesuit's work that the accusation of plagiarism against Milton was founded by Lander. The story of "The Ungrateful Man" is, we are told by Wharton, to be found in the Arabian story book, "The *Cahlah-u-dumnah*." That it is of eastern origin no one can doubt. It is retailed by Matthew Paris, under the year 1195, as a favourite

story of our lion-hearted Richard, by way of reproof to those ungrateful princes who had deserted him in his crusade. It next appears in the *Gesta Romanorum*; and after that, is versified by Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis*, and enlarged and ornamented by the Jesuit of Cologne, whose version we subjoin.

"THE UNGRATEFUL MAN.

"Vitalis, a noble Venetian, one day, at a hunting party, fell into a pit, which had been dug to catch wild animals. He passed a whole night and day there, and I will leave you to imagine his dread and his agony. The pit was dark. Vitalis ran from the one side of it to the other, in the hope of finding some branch or root by which he might climb its sides, and get out of his dungeon; but he heard such confused and extraordinary noises, growlings, hissings, and plaintive cries, that he became half dead with terror, and crouched in a corner motionless, awaiting death with the most horrid dismay. On the morning of the second day he heard some one passing near the pit, and then raising his voice, he cried out with the most dolorous accent, 'Help, help! draw me out of this; I am perishing!'

"A peasant crossing the forest heard his cry. At first he was frightened; but after a moment or two, taking courage, he approached the pit, and asked who had called.

"A poor huntsman,' answered Vitalis, 'who has passed a long night and day here. Help me out, for the love of God. Help me out, and I will recompense you handsomely.'

"I will do what I can,' replied the peasant.

"Then Massaccio (such was the name of the peasant) took a hedge-bill which hung at his girdle, and cutting a branch of a tree strong enough to bear a man,—'Listen, huntsman,' said he, 'to what I am going to say to you. I will let down this branch into the pit. I will fasten it against the sides, and hold it with my hands; and by pulling yourself out by it, you may get free from your prison.'

"Good,' answered Vitalis; 'ask me any thing you will, and it shall be granted.'

"I ask for nothing,' said the peasant, 'but I am going to be married, and you may give what you like to my bride.'

"So saying, Massaccio let down the branch—he soon felt it heavy, and a moment after a monkey leapt merrily out of the pit. He had fallen like Vitalis, and had seized quickly on the branch of Massaccio. 'It was the devil surely which spoke to me from the pit,' said Massaccio, running away in affright.

"Do you abandon me, then?' cried Vitalis, in a lamentable accent; 'my friend, my dear friend, for the love of the Lord, for the love of your mistress, draw me out of this; I beg, I implore you; I will give her wedding gifts, I will enrich you. I am the lord Vitalis, a rich Venetian; do not let me die of hunger in this horrible pit.'

"Massaccio was touched by these prayers. He returned to the pit—let down another branch, and a lion jumped out, making the woods echo with a roar of delight.

"Oh certainly, certainly, it was the devil I heard,' said Massaccio, and fled away again; but stopping short, after a few paces, he heard again the piercing cries of Vitalis.

"Oh God, oh God,' cried he, 'to die of hunger in a pit. Will no one then come to my help? Whoever you may be, I implore you return; let me not die, when you can save me. I will give you a house and field, and cows and gold, all that you can ask for; save me, save me only.'

"Massaccio, thus implored, could not help returning. He let down the branch, and a serpent, hissing joyously, sprang out of the pit. Massaccio fell on his knees, half dead with fear, and repeated all the prayers he could

think of to drive away the demon. He was only brought to himself by hearing the cries of despair which Vitalis uttered.

"Will no one help me?" said he. "Ah, then, I must die. Oh God, oh God!" and he wept and sobbed in a heart-breaking manner.

"It is certainly the voice of a man for all that," said Massaccio.

"Oh, if you are still there," said Vitalis, "in the name of all that is dear to you, save me, that I may die at least at home, and not in this horrible pit. I can say no more; my voice is exhausted. Shall I give you my palace at Venice, my possessions, my honours; I give them all; and may I die here if I forfeit my word. Life, life only; save only my life."

Massaccio could not resist such prayers, mingled with such promises. He let down the branch again.

"Ah, here you are at last," said he, seeing Vitalis come up.

"Yes," said he, and uttering a cry of joy, he fainted in the arms of Massaccio.

Massaccio sustained, assisted him, and brought him to himself; then, giving him his arm, "Let us," said he, "quit this forest;" but Vitalis could hardly walk,—he was exhausted with hunger.

"Eat this piece of bread," said Massaccio, and he gave him some, which he took out of his wallet.

"My benefactor, my saviour, my good angel," said Vitalis, "how can I ever sufficiently recompense you?"

"You have promised me a marriage portion for my bride, and your palace at Venice for myself," said Massaccio. But Vitalis now began to regain his strength.

"Yes, certainly, I will give a portion to your wife, my dear Massaccio, and I will make you the richest peasant of your village. Where do you live?"

"At Capalatta in the forest: but I would willingly quit my village to establish myself at Venice in the palace you have promised me."

"Here we are out of the forest," said Vitalis; "I know my road now; thank you, Massaccio."

"But when shall I come for my palace and the portion of my intended?" returned the peasant.

"When you will," said the other, and they separated.

Vitalis went to Venice, and Massaccio to Capalatta, where he related his adventure to his mistress, telling her what a rich portion she was to have, and what a fine palace she was to live in.

The next day early he set out for Venice, and asked for the palace of the Signor Vitalis,—went straight to it, and told the domestics that he should come shortly with his mistress, in a fine carriage, to take possession of the palace which the Signor Vitalis had promised to give him. Massaccio appeared to those who heard him mad, and Vitalis was told that there was a peasant in his hall, who asked for a marriage portion, and said the palace belonged to him.

"Let him be turned out immediately," said Vitalis; "I know him not."

The valets accordingly drove him away with insults, and Massaccio returned to his cottage in despair, without daring to see his mistress. At one corner of his fire-place was seated the monkey, at the other corner the lion, and the serpent had twisted itself in spiral circles upon the hearth. Massaccio was seized with fear. "The man has driven me from his door," thought he; "the lion will certainly devour me, the serpent sting me, and the monkey laugh at me; and this will be my reward for saving them from the pit." But the monkey turned to him with a most amicable grimace; the lion, vibrating gently his tail, came and licked his hand, like a dog caressing his master; and the serpent, unrolling its ringy body, moved about the room with a contented and grateful air, which gave courage to Massaccio.

"Poor animals!" said he, "they are better than the Signor Vitalis; he

drove me like a beggar from the door. Ah! with what pleasure I would pitch him again into the pit. And my bride! whom I thought to marry so magnificently! I have not a stick of wood in my wood-house, not a morsel of meat for a meal, and no money to buy any. The ungrateful wretch, with his portion and his palace!

"Thus did Massaccio complain. Meanwhile the monkey began to make significant faces, the lion to agitate his tail with great uneasiness, and the serpent to roll and unroll its circles with great rapidity. Then the monkey, approaching his benefactor, made him a sign to follow, and led him into the wood-house, where was regularly piled up a quantity of wood sufficient for the whole year. It was the monkey who had collected this wood in the forest, and brought it to the cottage of Massaccio. Massaccio embraced the grateful ape. The lion then uttering a delicate roar, led him to a corner of the cottage, where he saw an enormous provision of game, two sheep, three kids, hares and rabbits in abundance, and a fine wild boar, all covered with the branches of trees to keep them fresh. It was the lion who had hunted for his benefactor. Massaccio patted kindly his mane. 'And you then,' said he to the serpent, 'have you brought me nothing? Art thou a Vitalis, or a good and honest animal like the monkey and the lion?' The serpent glided rapidly under a heap of dried leaves, and reappeared immediately, rearing itself superbly on its tail, when Massaccio saw with surprise a beautiful diamond in its mouth. 'A diamond!' cried Massaccio, and stretched forth his hand to stroke caressingly the serpent and take its offering.

"Massaccio then set out immediately for Venice to turn his diamond into money. He addressed himself to a jeweller. The jeweller examined the diamond; it was of the finest water.

"'How much do you ask for it?' said he.

"'Two hundred crowns,' said Massaccio, thinking his demand to be great; it was hardly the tenth part of the value of the stone. The jeweller looked at Massaccio, and said, 'To sell it at that price you must be a robber, and I arrest you!'

"'If it is not worth so much, give me less,' said Massaccio; 'I am not a robber, I am an honest man; it was the serpent who gave me the diamond.'

"But the police now arrived and conducted him before the magistrate. There he recounted his adventure, which appeared to be a mere fairy vision. Yet as the Signor Vitalis was implicated in the story, the magistrate referred the affair to the state inquisition, and Massaccio appeared before it.

"'Relate to us your history,' said one of the inquisitors, 'and lie not, or we will have you thrown into the canal.'

"Massaccio related his adventure.

"'So,' said the inquisitor, 'you saved the Signor Vitalis?'

"'Yes, noble signors.'

"'And he promised you a marriage-portion for your bride, and his palace at Venice for yourself?'

"'Yes, noble signors.'

"'And he drove you like a beggar from his door?'

"'Yes, noble signors.'

"'Let the Signor Vitalis appear,' said the same inquisitor.

"Vitalis appeared.

"'Do you know this man, Signor Vitalis?' said the inquisitor.

"'No, I know him not,' replied Vitalis.

"The inquisitors consulted together. 'This man,' said they, speaking of Massaccio, 'is evidently a knave and a cheat; he must be thrown into prison. - Signor Vitalis, you are acquitted.' Then, making a sign to an officer of police, 'Take that man,' said he, 'to prison.'

"Massaccio fell on his knees in the middle of the hall. 'Noble signors, noble signors,' said he, 'it is possible that the diamond may have been

stolen; the serpent who gave it me may have wished to deceive me. It is possible that the ape, the lion, and the serpent may all be an illusion of the demon, but it is true that I saved the Signor Vitalis. Signor Vitalis,' (turning to him,) 'I ask you not for the marriage portion for my bride, nor for your palace of marble, but say a word for me; suffer me not to be thrown into prison; do not abandon me; I did not abandon you when you were in the pit.'

" 'Noble signors,' said Vitalis, bowing to the tribunal, 'I can only repeat what I have already said; I know not this man. Has he a single witness to produce?'

"At this moment the whole court was thrown into fear and astonishment, for the lion, the monkey, and the serpent entered the hall together. The monkey was mounted on the back of the lion, and the serpent was twined round the arm of the monkey. On entering, the lion roared, the monkey sputtered, and the serpent hissed.

" 'Ah! these are the animals of the pit,' cried Vitalis in alarm.

" 'Signor Vitalis,' resumed the chief of the inquisitors, when the dismay which this apparition had caused had somewhat diminished, 'you have asked where were the witnesses of Massaccio? You see that God has sent them at the right time before the bar of our tribunal. Since, then, God has testified against you, we should be culpable before him if we did not punish your ingratitude. Your palace and your possessions are confiscated, and you shall pass the rest of your life in a narrow prison. And you,' continued he, addressing himself to Massaccio, who was all this time caressing the lion, the monkey, and the serpent, 'since a Venetian had promised you a palace of marble, and a portion for your bride, the republic of Venice will accomplish the promise; the palace and possessions of Vitalis are thine. You,' said he to the secretary of the tribunal, 'draw up an account of all this history, that the people of Venice may know, through all generations, that the justice of the tribunal of the state inquisition is not less equitable than it is rigorous.'

"Massaccio and his wife lived happily for many years afterwards in the palace of Vitalis with the monkey, the lion, and the serpent; and Massaccio had them represented in a picture, on the wall of his palace, as they entered the hall of the tribunal, the lion carrying the monkey, and the monkey carrying the serpent."

Few persons would expect to meet with, among the tales of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a couple of veritable Joe Millars. To the ninety-second legend, which Mr. Wright has gathered in his Latin stories, every imitator and amender, from the days of Archibald Bell the Cat, to those of Mr. Joseph Millar, have been indebted for the ground-work of that story, which gave the cognomen to the Earl, and enriched the pages of the jester with the story of the mice, and the proposition for "belling the cat." From the pages of the *Gesta* comes the story of the Three Black Crows, which has been long known in every jest-book, if not perpetuated in the logical version of Dr. Byrom:—

"Tale, that will raise the question I suppose,

What can the meaning be of three black crows?"

The legend is nearly in the popularly-received form, though now generally cited as an instance of the geometrical progression naturally incident to scandal, whilst in the thirteenth century it was to warn us of "women, who not only betray secrets, but lie fearfully."

"Once upon a time, there lived two brothers, the one a cleric, the other a layman. The former was always saying that no woman could keep a secret,

and as his brother was married, he bad him test the truth of this assertion on his own wife. The layman agreed; and one night, when they were alone, he said, with a sorrowful face, to his spouse, 'My dear wife, a most dreadful secret hangs over me; oh that I could divulge it to you; but no, I dare not; you never could keep it, and, if once divulged, my reputation is gone.' 'Fear not, love,' rejoined the wife; 'are we not one body and one mind; is not your advantage my benefit, and your injury my loss?' 'Well, then,' said the husband, 'when I left my room this morning, a deadly sickness came upon me, and after many a pang, a huge black crow flew out of my mouth, and, winging its way from the room, left me in fear and trembling.' 'Is it possible?' asked the wife; 'yet why should you fear, my life? be thankful rather that you have been freed from so noxious and troublesome an occupant.' Here the conversation ended. As soon as it was day, up got the wife, with her thoughts full of the black crow, and hastened to a neighbour's house. 'Dearest friend,' said she, 'can I trust you with a secret?' 'As with your life,' rejoined the confidant. 'Oh, such a marvellous accident happened to my husband!' 'What? what?' asked the anxious friend. 'Only last night, he felt deadly sick, and, after a great deal of pain, two black crows flew out of his mouth, and took wing from the room.' Away went the wife home, with her mind disburthened of the awful secret; whilst her friend hastened to her next neighbour, and retailed the story, only with the addition of one more crow. The next edition of the legend rose to four; and at last, when the story had gone round the gossips of the village, a flock of forty crows were reported to have flown from the poor man's mouth; and there were not a few who remembered seeing the black legion on the wing from the man's window. The consequence of all this was, that the poor husband found himself saddled with the very questionable reputation of a wizard, and was obliged to call together the village, and explain to them the true origin of the fable. On this his wife and her confidants were overwhelmed with ridicule and shame, and the men of the village were the more impressed with the truth of the cleric's maxim."

It was not overstraining of an interpretation for the writer of this legend to explain the unfortunate husband as symbolical of the worldly-minded man who, thinking to do one foolish thing without offence, falls into a thousand errors, and has to purge his conscience by confession, as the originator of the legend, by declaring its purport to the assembled villagers. Boccaccio is indebted for very many of his stories to the writers of the Gesta. The Demon Hunter is found in the legend of "the Execrable Devices of Old Women;" the novel of the Three Rings, in the story of "The Triple State of the World;" and that of the King and Signor Rogiero, and the Three Caskets, from one version of which Shakspeare formed his Merchant of Venice, in the middle-age legend of The Carpenter and the Three Cakes. Two tales of middle age, if not of far earlier origin, were worked up by Shakspeare in his drama.

The story of "Selestinus, the Wise Emperor of Rome, who had a fair Daughter," which is found in the English Gesta, furnished the bond and the pound of flesh; as that of the Carpenter and the Cakes did the casket scene. In the spiritual romance of Balaam and Josaphat, which dates back to the ninth, or perhaps the end of the eighth century, we have the most remote source of the casket scene. A king tests the wisdom of his nobles by filling two chests of gold with rotten bones, and other two with gems, gold, and oint-

ments, but overlaid with pitch, and bound with rough cords, and takes the choice of his nobles as his text for a lecture on the deceitfulness of outward appearances. Again, we discover this legend in the tale of King Anselm, as related in the English Gesta, and in the legend in the older work; where a carpenter discovers the proper use of some treasure he had found, by making three cakes for the entertainment of the owner, whose search after his money had led him to the finder's cottage. One cake is filled with earth, another with bones, the third has a piece of the gold within it. Led by the weight, the greedy traveller chooses the cake heavy with the enclosed earth, and, claiming a portion of that with the bones, should his hunger not be satisfied with the first, gives the lightest cake to his host. Convinced by these means that God willed not that the man should have his treasure again, the host gives it to the poor, and drives away the traveller from his house.

The story of Pericles, Prince of Tyre, and the fortunes of himself and his child, are taken *verbatim* from the tale of "Temporal Tribulation," in the Gesta, with but one exception—the omission of the strange questions by which Tharsia endeavours to excite the interest of the heart-broken prince, when the enchantments of her music had failed to rouse him from his despondency.

"If you are determined, Prince Apollonius, to remain in that squalid state, let me reason with you. I will propose a question: if you can answer it, I will depart; if not, I will return your present.' 'Keep my gift,' rejoined Pericles to Tharsia: 'I will accede to thy request. My evils, indeed, admit not of a cure, yet will I hearken to you. Put your question, and depart.' 'Hear me,' replied the maiden. 'There is a house in the world, which, though closed to us mortals, yet bounds and rebounds. Loudly does it echo, though its inhabitants are ever silent, and both the house and its inmates move together. Now, O king, if you are wiser than I am, read this riddle.'"

"To prove to you that I am no impostor, thus will I reply,' said the king: 'Is not the house the ever-bounding wave, its mute inhabitant the silent fish, gliding along with its residence?'

"Again reply,' said Tharsia: 'rapidly am I borne onward by the tall daughter of the grove, along with an innumerable company. Various are the paths over which we glide, and leave no track behind.'"

"When I have answered your enigmas,' rejoined the prince, 'I will show you much that you know not of; yet do I wonder that one so young should be so keen of wit, and so penetrating of understanding. Doth not the tree, when made into the ship, enclose a host, and pass through the waves without a track?'

The next enigma which the lady propounds to the king is, along with its solution, so very unintelligible, that we rather pass on to a very short sketch of the, to adopt a new term, dangerous classes of

* Est domus in terris quæ nobis clausa resultat
Ipsa domus resonat, tacitus sed non sonat hospes
Ambo tamen currunt, hospes simul et domus una.

† Longa feror velox formosæ filia silvæ,
Innumera pariter comitum stipante caturvâ
Curro per vias multas, vestigia nulla relinquo.

society. Five men St. Peter deemed to be madmen. One ate the sand of the sea so greedily that it ran out of his mouth. Verily he was the covetous man of this world. The next madman stood over a pit filled with sulphur and pitch, and strove to inhale the noxious vapour that rose from the burning mass. He was the glutton and the debauchee. A third lay on a burning furnace, and endeavoured to catch the sparks that rose from it, that he might feast on them; for he was rich, and would have fed on gold, though it would have been his death. The next lunatic sat on the pinnacle of the temple, with his mouth open to catch the wind, for he was a hypocrite; whilst the last madman devoured every finger and toe of his own he could get into his mouth, and laughed at others; for he was a calumniator of the good, and devoured his own kind.

Passing over the very puzzling description of the game of Sacchi, and its forced application in the appended moral, we feel inclined to select the short legend, which has been versified with much sweetness as the Lay of the Little Bird:—

“It chanced that an archer caught a nightingale in a snare, and was about to kill the little bird, when God opened the beak of the nightingale, and she spake unto her keeper. ‘What will it advantage you to kill me? canst thou satisfy thy hunger from my small body? Let me go, and I will tell thee three maxims, from which, if you observe them straightly, much benefit will accrue to you.’ Astonished at the speech of the songstress, the archer granted her request. ‘Hear then, and understand,’ rejoined the bird: ‘remember never to attempt that which is impossible—never to lament that which is irrevocable—never to believe that which is incredible.’ With these words the nightingale took wing, and rising high in the air, commenced her beautiful song. Her strain ended, she flew towards the archer, and thus twitted him: ‘Silly fellow that thou art, to give me up for three maxims—thou hast lost a treasure; in my body is a pearl bigger than the egg of an ostrich. Silly, silly fellow.’ Vexed at the bird’s escape, and stung with her reproaches, the archer began to set his nets, and delude the nightingale once more into his power. ‘Come,’ said he, ‘come, sweet bird, to my home, and I will show thee every kindness. I will feed thee with mine own hands, and let thee fly abroad and return again at thy pleasure.’ ‘Nay,’ rejoined the bird; ‘now know I that thou art a fool, and payest no regard to my counsel. Lament not that which is irrecoverable. Thou canst not take me again. Why spreadest thou thy snare in vain? Believe not that which is incredible. Dost think that my little body could contain a pearl as large as the egg of an ostrich when I am but half that size? A fool thou art, and a fool thou shalt remain, if thou despise the three maxims.’ Away flew the bird, and the archer returned in sorrow to his house, and never saw the bird again.”

In the version of the poet, the maxims assume this form:—

“First, then, lest haply in the event it fail,
Yield not a ready faith to every tale.
Mark next my second rule, and sadly know
What’s lost, ’tis wise in prudence to forego.
Store thou the precious treasure in thy breast;
What good thou hast, ne’er lightly from thee cast.”

In both the same lesson is read to the covetous:—

“Such was the meed of Avarice:—bitter cost,
The carle who all would gather, all has lost.”

Pass we on now to the wonders which Pliny believed in without seeing, and Sir John de Mandeville tried to persuade the world he believed in from seeing,—

“The Anthropophagi,
And men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders;”

for no creature is so monstrous, no fable so incredible, but that the monkish writers could give it a moral phase, and extract from its crudities and quiddities some moral or religious lesson. These writers seemed never to have doubted the truth, in later days enshrined in the lines of the ballad:—

“Reason sure will always bring
Something out of everything.”

Pliny's dog-headed race, whom Sir John places in the island of Macumeran, and at the same time gives to them a *quasi* pope for a king, who says three hundred prayers per diem before he either eats or drinks, were naturally regarded by the middle-age writers as symbolical of priestly preachers of faithful hearts and frugal habits; whilst of those other islanders, who “have but one eye, and that in the midst of their front, and eat their flesh and fish raw,” the monk says, “These be they that have the eye of prayer.” The Astomes, who have no mouths, “are all hairie over the whole bodie, yet clothed with soft cotton and downe, that cometh from the leaves of trees, and live only on aire, and by the smelling of sweet odours, which they draw through their nose-thrills,” are the abstemious of this world, who die of the sin of gluttony, even as an Astome by the accidental inhalation of bad odour. Humility is signified by the absence of the head, and the placing of the face in the breast; and a tendency to sin is foreshadowed by a desire and habit of walking on all fours, or pride by short noses and goats' feet. The Mandevillean Islanders, who had flat faces without noses, and two round holes for their eyes, and thought whatsoever they saw to be good, were earth's foolish ones; as those foul men, who have their lips so great, that when they sleep in the sun, they cover all their face therewith, are the just men, the salt of the earth.

Aristophanes, among the wonders seen by the clouds, in his comedy of that name, records the Sciapodes, whom Sir John after Pliny describes thus: “There ben in Ethiope such men as have but one foot, and they go so fast that it is a great marvel; and that is a large foot, for the shadow thereof covereth the body from sun or rain, when they lie upon their backs.” It may, with some reason, be doubted that Aristophanes and his humble followers would be no little surprised to learn that their Sciapodes, or parasol-footed mortals, were nothing more nor less than the charitable. It is not always the case, that he that runs, even on one foot, can read his own destiny. The pigmies of the East, who measure two cubits in stature, and ride upon goats, and wage fierce and never-ending wars on the cranes, are those mortals who begin well, but cease to do well

before they are perfect ; whilst their neighbours, with six hands, who despise clothes in favour of long hair, and inhabit rivers, are the hard-working and laborious among men. It is not easy to decide why those who have six fingers and six toes are the unpolluted, and why virtuous men are represented by a race of women with bald heads, and beards flowing to their breast ; nor is it very clear that virtue is well represented by a double allowance of eyes. But one curiosity remains—the beautiful men of Europe who boast a crane's head, neck, and beak. These, says the author of the *Gesta*, represent judges, who should have long necks and beaks, *that what the heart thinks, may be long before it reach the mouth*. We have heard of a man who accounted for the fact of his laughing at a joke when the rest of the company were making sorrowful faces at some solemn story which had succeeded the pleasantry, by his great height preventing the joke from acting on his midriff so soon as on that of his shorter friends ; but we never did, as yet, hear of the length of a judge's neck being cited as the cause of his judicious awards, or of measuring equity by the chancellor's beak.

Time and space is the only limit which we can discover to this article, so numerous are the fables which we might select from those collections which are before us ; but let us pause here. Infantine as these fables are, it is not from their morals that this quality arises, but solely from the credulousness of their machinery, from the preposterous nature of the facts by which these lessons are conveyed. We have doubtless advanced in the structure and materials of didactic fictions, but we have left morals where we found them. "This," says a late writer, "is one of the reasons why we recur with so much pleasure to ancient legends and stories. We find the same general notions, which we acknowledge at present, prevailing in them under a somewhat different aspect. This is, no doubt, as far as it goes, highly satisfactory. But have we built thereon, have we added thereto ? We think not. The political revolutions of society have made some change of application in this primitive notion ; philosophy has corrected some errors, and analyzed *ad infinitum*. But, after all, we go back to the fable or the proverb, and there find contained in a nut-shell what we have been reading of in volumes.

The Mechanics of Engineering ; intended for Use in Universities, and in Colleges of Engineers. By WILLIAM WHEWELL, B.D. Fellow of Trinity College, &c. &c. Cambridge: Deightons. 1841.

Encyclopædia Britannica. Seventh Edition. Articles, Roof, and Carpentry.

THE study of such works as the above, would, we cannot but think, be more profitable just now, than the heaps of publications daily issuing from the press in the form of tempting and pictorially inviting "Treatises on the Styles of Gothic;" "Helps to the Acquisition of Architectural Knowledge;" "Enquiries into the Principles of Pointed Architecture," &c. &c. We do not object to such works—very far from it; but they are not enough, and it is highly important that those who aspire to directing the progress of architecture, should feel the necessity of a scientific insight into the real principles of construction, in addition to mere taste and antiquarian lore.

Among the difficulties which stand in the way of those who build churches in the styles of pointed architecture, no inconsiderable one relates to the roofing. Since it has been ruled, by general consent, that stone vaulting is too expensive, and in consequence of a preference of abundant precedent over æsthetic propriety, that it is by no means a necessary mode of covering buildings of any style, wood and plaster is all that is left us for that purpose, if we are to work from the ancient models. At the dawn of modern Gothic, a tolerably successful attempt was made to roof one of the new churches with a stone vault, the architect being of opinion, no doubt, that that was the only true way of developing the most striking feature in the revived style: and it seems that most of his brethren in the same art were much of his opinion, from the almost universal botchment they made in the roofs of their churches; for their performances lead us to suppose that they must have despaired of producing any good effect in wood. Perhaps they thought that people's eyes need not wander in search of any beauties beyond the clerestory; and that all architectural effect might very well end at the wall-plate. Indeed, the poverty of roofs became at last the constant subject of complaint, and the result was, that church builders directed their more especial attention to this weak point. Ancient examples, no doubt, were more carefully examined than ever, but they were found wanting in what was then very generally supposed to be an essential property; they were without a tie-beam. Moreover, it had been decided by the commissioners for building churches, that no grants of money should be made from the funds at their disposal in any cases where a substitute for tie-beams should be proposed. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that tie-beamed imitations of untie-beamed roofs continued in vogue, until within the last year or two, when there were found men bold enough to cover churches with the old open roof of the fifteenth century, apparently with no other principle of construction than what the

ancient examples afforded ; and thus have the commissioners, at length, been induced to withdraw their prohibition, principally, as we understand, at the suggestion of the Cambridge Camden Society.

Whether or not this be any great advance which we have made in the method of constructing the roofs of churches—whether the improvement be a real and substantial one, is, perhaps, more questionable than many persons might suppose. Our masons and carpenters are in no degree inferior to those of the fifteenth century ; and if to the massive work of the former, the latter were to apply a roof formed after the fashion of some approved ancient model, and of the same material, their work would bid fair to stand as long, very possibly longer, than the original from which they copied ; but, unhappily, the same cause which has banished stone vaulting, has also substituted, in too many cases, fir for oak. Now, these deal imitations of oak roofs, are, in many respects, highly objectionable. The material of which they are formed is not adapted to curves of large dimensions, especially those which appear in the constructive portions of the roof. Let any person observe the fir-tree as it grows in the forest, or as it lies sawn up in a timber-yard, and he will at once perceive how very unsuitable that sort of timber is for forming curves of any considerable magnitude. If he happens to be in the neighbourhood of Leicester, he will find in that town a church which illustrates the above remark. It consists of a chancel, transepts, and nave, without aisles ; the walls are of brick, substantial, and well buttressed. The roof is somewhat high pitched, and formed after the fashion of a fifteenth-century roof, without any tie ; having hammer-beams at the foot of the principal rafters, and other characteristics of that style of roof. The curved pieces which rest on corbels in the wall, and support the hammer-beams, are in three lengths (!) the portions being carefully fitted into each other, and made to look as much as possible like one entire piece. Now the most obvious form for a member so placed, would be, if of deal, as straight as possible, and of one entire length ; but then the appearance of that would have been objectionable. Hence the botchment to make it appear what it really is not, and cannot be. And besides this, the general impression which it gives one, is, that the church has been built for the roof, instead of the roof for the church ; and the whole of the interior has the appearance of a mass made up of roof and pews, with a small interval of bare wall between them.

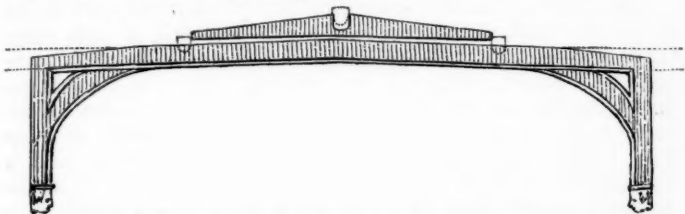
It must, one would suppose, be evident to the architects who have such tasks imposed upon them, that they are building upon false principles of construction : but it is not so to others, who consider the open roof the perfection of roofs, and one that cannot be too closely followed. The *British Critic* (1842) has a long article on the subject, illustrated with wood-cuts of some of the best specimens of that kind of roof, with a descriptive account, together with some judicious remarks upon the peculiarities of each. But the writer appears to have overlooked, or not thought it worth while to notice, the principle upon which these roofs

were, one and all of them, constructed, and which is the very opposite of the ordinary tie-beamed roof of the present day. Where stone vaulting was used to finish the building internally, the external roof, though an important feature in the outline of the building, was, in fact, a mere protection to the vaulting, and nothing more; but the open roofs which succeeded them, took the place of the vaulting quite as much as it did that of the outer roof, and were constructed on the same principles, as far as their connexion with the side walls is concerned. They required a similar, though, for obvious reasons, not so strong an abutment; and all the mass of wood-work connecting the principal rafters with each other in pairs, so far from acting as ties, only served to increase the thrust. Even were there room for doubting this, it is well known to every builder, that, in practice, a tie can only act as such when placed at the very feet of the rafters; even placed a short distance up, the strain becomes too great to make it a desirable position for a tie. The collars, therefore, which connect the principal rafters from purlin to purlin, so far from acting as ties, only serve to keep the rafters sufficiently apart, and to prevent them from bending inwards by their own weight, and what they have to carry. Some examples, which have two purlins on either side, have but one collar, and that so placed as to connect the principal rafters at the top pair of purlins only. In others, where, as before, there are two purlins, on either side, with a collar to each, to connect the principal rafters to each other, the lower one might be supposed, theoretically, to act as a tie; but many have not even that, and the principal rafters have but one collar, and that placed at their junction with the higher purlins. The side walls may, therefore, be said to receive the whole weight and thrust of the timber roof, just as they used to do the stone vaulting, the weight in most instances being applied to the walls by the spandrels below the hammer-beams, abutting against them between every two windows of the clerestory. Flying buttresses were dispensed with only because the walls themselves were thought to be sufficiently massive to form an abutment; the timber roof, heavy, as in many instances it was, being incomparably lighter in its application to the walls than the stone vault. But to suppose that there was any resisting power in this form of roof to counteract the thrust, is acting on an assumption which has been disproved in every case where the side walls have at all given way. Westminster Hall has had flying buttresses built in places where the side wall has bulged fearfully. In Castle Hedingham church, Essex, the walls have been thrust out sufficiently to spoil the effect of a roof which once must have been very beautiful. In other roofs of this kind, it has been found necessary to connect the hammer-beams with iron ties from side to side of the building; all this tends to prove how completely this form of roof is dependent upon the side walls for support.

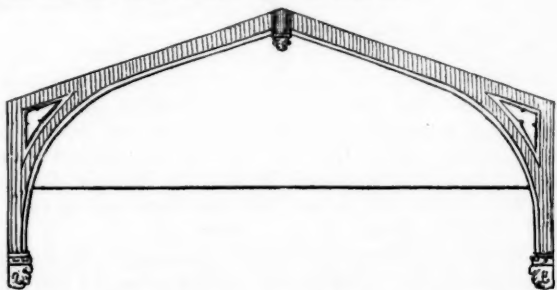
Some appear to think that a roof of this character, when applied to a short building, (one of two bays only, for example,) requires less abutment than the same would if applied to a long building.

Now, except in so far as the ridge and purlins could not sink at the ends, being supported by the gable underneath, and so could not at that point thrust out the side walls, the abutment is not stronger in a short than in a long building. For example, the east end of a chancel has usually a large window so placed that the impost of the arch is very little below the top of the side wall; and the space between the window jambs and the side wall being a very small portion of the entire distance between the angles of that part of the building, it is clear that those portions of the wall have enough to do to resist the thrust of the arch of the east window without having to act as a tie to keep the roof from thrusting out the side walls. Of course, the angle can be well buttressed, but then it is the buttress and not the wall that does the work of resistance. Be this as it may, however, it would hardly be safe to overload the side walls, because they happened to be short in the direction from east to west. In vaulted buildings, where the side walls rose above even the apex of the east or west window, the wall might, and doubtless did, act as a tie, to a certain amount; but in open roofs of a high pitch, the case is usually otherwise. It seems that this particular kind of roof became less common for churches, but was retained for halls, the low-pitched roof having been adopted very generally in the later perpendicular churches. The safety and durability of this style of roof, the lapse of nearly four centuries goes far to prove; and though it may be demonstrated to the satisfaction of some persons that they are altogether unfit for our climate, and incapable of bearing the weight of snow that in winter must often rest upon them, yet they have most provokingly stood firm four hundred winters, more or less, and promise to last for many more. The structure of this kind of roof is extremely simple, and well adapted to a small church. Here, the side walls do not usually form abutments to the roof, which, in most cases, merely rests its weight upon them, and in theory connects them with each other after the manner of a tie. The mode of construction may be thus described:—Strong stiff beams are laid across, at intervals from wall to wall; and across these, and at right-angles to them, are laid others, the middle piece acting as ridge piece, the side pieces as purlins. Upon these are laid the rafters, which receive sufficient inclination downwards to the side wall, by the ridge piece having a block, or a short length of timber, laid between it and the beam below it. On the rafters are laid, longitudinally with the building, the boards upon which the lead cover is laid. On this simple principle the roofs of a large portion of our village churches are constructed. It is not always easy to discover what the use, real or intended, of the spandril is; whether it be to stiffen the beam above it, or the walls against which it is applied. Where it is very large, and the clerestory wall very lofty, as is the case at St. Mary's, Oxford, in the roof of the nave, it may very well act as a stay to the side walls; in this particular instance the spandrils meet each other midway below the beam; but this is not one of the class we are describing.

In general, however, the spandrils do not extend beyond the purlin. We may take as an example the roof of the nave of All-Saints' church, Stamford. It has to cover a considerable space, the distance between the walls being twenty-three feet.



From a slight deviation from the original form, perceptible in some of the principals, it would appear that there the spandrils serve, as it were, to help out the length of the beam, rather than to combine with it the form and use of an arch. If the latter were the case, it would act as a powerful lever against the walls to thrust them outwards. But this, if we may so say, is the proper office of the spandril, and therefore the wall should always, in these cases, be of sufficient thickness to resist the thrust. In the chancel of this church, that office seems in a fair way of being performed. There, the pitch of the roof is much higher than in that of the nave, and the span less by seven feet, yet it has been found necessary to furnish the principals with an abundant supply of iron bolts and plates, and to connect the side walls near the east window with an iron tie.



But if the spandril does not combine with the beam above it the form and purpose of an arch, it is in the wrong place to stiffen it merely. A better arrangement may be seen in the chapel on the south side of the chancel. The space covered is, as in the last example, only sixteen feet, which is not much; but the beam does its work effectually.



In the chancel roof of Cherry-Hinton church, Cambridgeshire, the beams are constructed on this principle, on a much larger scale. It is in the middle of the beam, not at the ends, that the greatest substance is required. In the majority of instances, however, whether with or without spandrels, the principle of construction seems to be the simple one of connecting the side walls to each other by strong beams, and crossing them with others so arranged, as to carry the entire covering of the building. There is no attempt at mechanical contrivance. The principle of the modern truss-beam seems to have been unknown* to the architects of those days. They made no attempt to place each piece in such a manner that it might act to the greatest advantage, that its dimensions would admit of. The strain upon it was mostly in a transverse direction, not in that of its length. But the waste of material is, perhaps, more than compensated, by what is gained through its depressed form, and the capability of oak to resist lateral pressure.

As far as decoration is concerned, the interior may be made very beautiful, at a comparatively trifling cost; trifling, when we take into the account the quantity of timber and workmanship to make an equally handsome high pitched roof, and the increased thickness of the walls to aid the abutment. But such roofs are usually too flat for blue slate, and lead is too expensive an article for modern church builders. But if lead of sufficient thickness be found impracticable, on the ground of expense, zinc has the advantage of being both lighter and cheaper, considering the thickness sufficient to form a covering; and its temper and ductility are better known now than when it was first brought into use.

The flat roof has not been a favourite of late years, owing to the rage for early English, the prevalence of which seems to have been, and to continue to be, almost universal. Perhaps some persons may be bold enough to suggest the possibility of this roof being as suitable to early English, as are the roofs now usually placed upon such buildings. Many, perhaps most of the early English churches that remain, are covered with them, and what kind of roof they might have had originally seems difficult to determine.

In Rickman it is stated (and he still continues to be an authority in these matters) that "there do not appear to be any early English wooden roofs, which can clearly be distinguished as such." The south transept of Castor church, near Peterborough, is early English, with a high pitched roof, very possibly the original one;† but it may

* To whatever age the introduction of the truss-beam may belong, it will be admitted that the general character of roofs constructed before the sixteenth century, would lead us to the above conclusion. Even the tie-beam, as such, does not appear to have been thought of any great advantage.

† We speak of this roof from recollection. It was one of those called by Britton, in his *Architectural Dictionary*, a compass roof. The whole of this church is very interesting, and will repay the trouble of a visit. The greater portion of it is Norman, but with the exception of that of the south transept, the roofs are, if we remember

be doubted whether an architect could be found who would be willing to copy it; and it is unlike any of the productions of the present age. Mr. Rickman, though he mentions this church in his Northamptonshire list, could not have visited it. In many a village church of that period, the low pitched roof harmonizes well with the massive Romanesque-like character of its masonry; and we can scarcely fancy the internal view would be improved by its having a new open roof substituted for the old one. However, such examples of the architecture of the thirteenth century are never copied now-a-days, be the church to be built great or small. Nothing but fragments of Beverley or Westminster will satisfy the age in which we live. The miniature cathedral has superseded the rectangular box with which we were contented ten years ago, and will, in its turn, it is to be hoped, give place to something as different ten years hence. Of all the styles of pointed architecture, that of Westminster Abbey may justly be considered as the most complete; and perhaps for that very reason, it is the worst to follow, unless we are prepared to use it in all its glory, with its noble and graceful proportions mounting upwards from base to boss. It is the last of all to bear mutilation. Much is said in these days of the importance of producing a fine development of the style, but this appears to be forgotten when the building is to be covered in. From a pier of elegant, and at the same time sufficiently massive proportions, flanked with four graceful detached and banded shafts, capped with the most correctly copied foliage—from such a pier, there spring arches which carry a meagre clerestory wall, from the top of which rises a roof, made after the fashion of those of the fifteenth century; a style of roof, moreover, which was far more common for halls than for churches: * every thing in character till you are half way up the pier arches, when you are gradually prepared for the disappointment of not finding a splendid vault, crowning a building, which in many respects might be worthy of it.

Whatever may be the improvement which the attentive study of the principles of pointed architecture has produced within the last few years, it can scarcely be said to have extended to roofs. Much ingenuity may have been displayed in some cases, and very successful copying in others, but hitherto, early English in the hands of the moderns may be said to have fairly withstood every effort to make it accommodate itself harmoniously to an open roof. The later the style of pointed architecture, the more does the timber roof become it. It seems almost a question whether the peculiarities of the

correctly, all of perpendicular date. The author of the Glossary of Architectural Terms, speaks of early English roofs, as though there were some still existing, and he instances Old Shoreham church, Sussex. He may be, and probably is right, but we have not heard of any attempt being made to investigate the question, with a view to building roofs in the true early English style, whatever that may be.

* This may, however, be partly attributed to the comparatively smaller width of churches.

perpendicular style would not, in many cases, lead us to prefer wood to stone, for the internal covering, especially where the form of the depressed arch is predominant. Almost every pattern of timber roof which antiquity presents to our notice, has been applied to buildings of that age; and with those who profess an adherence to principles, this should be a powerful argument in favour of the perpendicular style. The examples of it are most numerous, from the cathedral to the humble village church; and it is certainly the most manageable of all the styles.

We now come to the modern trussed roof. It might be interesting to trace the progress which this kind of roof made, from its origin to the present time, when it is exhibited, in every conceivable form, and of every available material, especially in railroad architecture. But a few examples are all which will be required to illustrate our subject. A question may here be asked, which involves principles belonging to architecture generally, and may, therefore, very well affect particulars; namely, whether it be right to exclude from church architecture, every useful discovery or invention, whether in the materials or construction, or in the method of applying them to the purposes of building, which the experience of three centuries may have brought about.

And this suggests another, somewhat more practical—whether it be not as objectionable even on the ground of architectural propriety, in an eminently constructive department, such as that of the roof, to try how much useless timber we can put into a building by way of ornament, as to endeavour to ascertain the smallest quantity that will be sufficient for the purpose, and build accordingly. The question may be put in a variety of ways, but whatever be the proper answer, it cannot be denied that the system lately introduced, of copying the old high pitched open roof, requires that we should increase the solidity of our walls, merely to make them bear a heavier description of roof! If this be really necessary, must it not serve as an argument against the use of a style that requires such a sacrifice?*

But to return to the tie-beamed roof. The principle of the flattened timber roof is here brought into operation, only with this difference, that in the place of a solid beam in one length, we have a beam formed of many pieces, and the ingenuity of the builder is exercised in placing these pieces to most advantage. It becomes in fact a large piece of frame-work. The whole beam thus constructed is technically termed a truss-beam. These are made to rest upon the

* It has been said that the average increase of the population of the whole kingdom, is one thousand a day! This is unhappily not so far from the truth as some will perhaps suppose. But set down the increase at only half that, what are our means to meet the demand for more churches? We recommend this to the serious consideration of those who profess, and whose real object, we doubt not, is to build churches to the honour and glory of Almighty God. But see further, *Christian Remembrancer*, vol. v. page 89, and vol. iv. page 265. Article, "Styles of Church Architecture."

walls at intervals, and so to bear up the covering laid upon them. The comparative strength and lightness of this kind of roof is enormous, and when contrasted with the old open roof, the difference of weight between them appears almost incredible. Take, for example, one section of Westminster hall and one of the theatre at Birmingham; the span of the latter, clear, between walls, is eighty feet. Compare the weight of the material of the latter with that of the former, and it is as nothing; not to mention the light upright walls of the one and the bulging buttressed abutments of the other. It is not here recommended, God forbid! to substitute in all cases, and in every particular, the former for the latter; but only, that by bringing these matters before the notice of amateurs, they may see what an amazing mechanical power they are spurning from that architecture, which ought to be, were it possible, perfect in every point of view. The truss-beam can be accommodated to any pitch, from the highest, to one which is not much steeper than the flattened roof of the fifteenth century. In favour of the old roofs, it may, however, be observed (as regards their constructive features, and not taking the appearance of either into account,) that they are better able to contend against neglect and other casualties, than the modern trussed roofs. The former owe their strength to the solidity and profusion of their parts; the latter to the form and position of theirs, on which every thing must depend. But as the one could be repaired as easily as the other, the old roof has no very decided superiority over the modern in this respect. Again; in churches with aisles, the thrust of the old high-pitched roof can be partially brought down within a few feet of the aisle roofs, which contribute greatly to increase the abutment required, and render a lighter wall sufficient. But these are small gains for the cost. No provision is made against the contingencies of defective masonry, settlements, insufficient abutments, and the like. The walls, instead of being held together as they would be by the modern truss-beam, are in continual danger of being pushed outwards, should any part of the building, which helps to form the abutment, fail. This is not the case with the old flattened roof, which, if constructed of sound well-seasoned oak, of sufficient scantling, would bid fair to last as long as the materials of which it is formed are capable of lasting. For small churches having aisles, it might still be found a convenient form of roof; and in the hands of an architect of genius and real taste, might serve to exemplify the capabilities of the later Tudor style. In large churches, the truss-beam might take the place of the massive oak-beam, and the inclination be thereby made sufficient to enable slate to be used instead of lead. Much would depend upon the taste and skill of the architect, in making his roof harmonize with the rest of the building. In nine churches out of ten which are now in progress, it becomes almost impracticable to cover the nave or the chancel with the old flattened roof: in these instances, therefore, the truss-beam might take the place of the old solid beam, and the attention of the architect would then be directed towards making it both effective

and efficient. Although we do not profess to be designers of roofs, or indeed of any other portions of an edifice, whether ecclesiastical or domestic, we may still venture to suggest the principles upon which, as we think, they ought to be constructed. They should be what they appear to be, and not imitations of other kinds of roofs. The constructive features should be fully developed, and made the vehicles of decoration. Every piece should be clearly seen to do its work; and therefore no appended spandrels, or other curved pieces, should be admitted, except in entire subordination to the main features of the frame-work, and that only by way of ornamental filling up, should such decoration be thought advisable. Of course, the architect will keep in view the character of the building upon which he is engaged—that it is a church, and not a rail-road station; and it would be for him to consider well which material would be the more suitable, wood or iron, for ties and posts (king or queen posts). For many reasons we should give the preference to wood for such purposes; but as iron for such minor purposes as bolts, plates, stirrups, &c. is now so generally adopted, (in preference to the old mortise and tenon,) it might possibly be made in these the means of decoration, as it used to be in the hinges and fastenings of doors. In that case it would appear as iron, and not be painted that it may resemble the wood-work, as is usually done. Perhaps iron might be found available in many ways, both in the constructive and decorative features of the roof. As far as the appearance of such roofs is concerned, the main difficulty to be overcome seems to us to be, the extreme tenuity and general absence of massiveness in their several parts, as contrasted with those of the old styles. When we consider that a roof of this description would be something considerably less than half the weight of the old untied roof, it is evident that it must assume a new character. The old roof abounded in timber, and rose from the side as well as from the top of the walls which carried it. The hammer-beams and arches are often of vast proportions, and the interval between them and the principals are usually filled up with tracery or panelling. All this gives to this kind of roof an appearance of massiveness which the trussed roof could not have. To carry out the principle of lightness, the interval between the truss-beams must be short; but if the appearance of a stronger frame be desired, as it probably would, then the purlins might be trussed from the bottom of the queen posts, without the intervention of subordinate principals. Again, as the tie-beam would have nothing but itself to carry, it might be considerably reduced in bulk, in the interval between the queen posts. Even an iron rod of sufficient strength might do in that position, and then what remained would have the appearance of hammer-beams. In short, the ways and means of constructing such roofs, would be found to be at least not more limited than in any of the old styles of roofing. We do not, however, go so far as to affirm, that all the hints we have given might be advantageously acted upon; but having an opinion of our own as to the practicability of these roofs for churches, we have ventured to give it in detail, in

the hope that when the rage for imitating the performances of the mediæval builders is somewhat abated, there may be found those who will be willing to make the experiment.

It will be said, perhaps, of the diagrams given at the end of this article, the models of the roof here recommended, that they are those of ceiled roofs, which were never intended to be seen from below, the builder's sole aim being to construct a strong, not a beautiful roof. Granted so far. But towards this most desirable end, one step is already gained in the mechanical power therein exhibited. Taken by themselves, the forms are not otherwise than pleasing; the constructive features are prominent, and the intent of every part is soon perceived. This never fails to produce a satisfactory impression on the eye of the beholder. But let us give a little further examination to the objection. In some of the earliest wood roofs that remain, the frame-timbers are carefully concealed by boarding. That of the nave of Peterborough cathedral is a well-known Norman example; and the old compass roof, such as we may suppose to have been in very general use in the thirteenth century, was usually boarded underneath the frame, and the construction of the roof thereby concealed. Examples of this may be seen in the choir of the chapel and in the library of Merton College, Oxford, in the old church at Yarmouth, and in some others. But these were the parents of the open roof of a later age. The picturesque effect of a frame so constructed was observed in the course of time: the boarding was omitted, the arrangement of the parts by degrees more and more accommodated to architectural effect, and by the close of the next century the style became thoroughly elaborated in the stupendous roof of Westminster Hall. Certainly the resemblance between roofs of that style and the old compass roof, is not by any means a perfect one; but that the latter was the parent of the former will not be denied: and why should not the same success attend the adoption of a more scientific method of construction? The objection we think sufficiently answered in the success which followed upon the removal of the boarded ceilings of the compass roof. Perhaps we shall here be met with another objection to our theory, namely, that the kind of roof we are advocating has been already tried, but without any success; and we shall be referred to our own account of the matter at the commencement of this article. Now, it is not exactly to the purpose, to say that because a scheme has been tried by one set of men and failed, the same fate must necessarily attend it in the hands of another. If they have failed it is because in endeavouring to accommodate the trussed roof to pointed architecture, they have rather sought to imitate the features of the old open roof, than to develop in Gothic characters the principle upon which the modern roof is constructed.

It must be confessed, however, that to mature such a scheme, or even to make a good beginning at the present time, is almost hopeless. The tide of fashion sets just the other way, and our architects are now fully occupied in calculations of the weight, not the strength of timber, and the capability of brick clerestories to resist lateral

pressure. They will not therefore like to go back again to their former work, and reconsider it, with a view to its improvement. But we cannot tell for how short a period the taste which now prevails may last. Just now, the peculiar merits of the masonry of the thirteenth, and the carpentry of the fifteenth, centuries, engross all our attention: by-and-by we shall, perhaps, become tired of that occupation, and look for faults. To assert, or to attempt to prove, that the mediæval architecture is defective in principle is not our object. Indeed, many of the productions of that era prove the contrary; but there are instances, and those not few, which lead us to think it probable that the recognised principles of construction were not always fully understood by those who ought to have been guided by them. In most cases, where failure has taken place in the construction, it must be attributed either to this, or to their system of building; very possibly to both. The length of time which many of their works have stood, bear witness to the solidity of the workmanship, and the skill of the builders; and that some failures should have occurred in the lapse of centuries is not to be wondered at. But, upon examination, these failures are found to be almost always in one and the same direction: the side walls are thrust outwards; and this has taken place more or less in every building constructed on the principle of counterpoise, from the stone vault to the untied open roof of timber. Nor is this otherwise than what might be expected: a building always "settles" after, or at the time of, completion: struts and braces are compressed, and ties placed in a state of tension. Even masonry and brick-work are not exempt from the effects of "settling," however little their form may change in consequence. Now, it is only in bridges that the system of counterpoise is fully carried out, and the nearest approach to that in ecclesiastical architecture, is where the clerestory is dispensed with, and the aisle roofs are of equal height with that of the nave. When these are vaulted, as they are in the Temple church, the whole may be compared to a bridge of three arches;* only there is this important difference between the two, that the one finds a firm resistless abutment in the earth or bank which terminates it at either end; the other has not this advantage, and in practice it cannot have even an equivalent. In general the architects are content to provide against the thrust, so far as to prevent the walls being pushed down; but they do not appear to have gone much beyond that in the means they took to form their abutments. The Temple church is a case in point, and an exemplification of what has just been stated. Such buildings cannot be otherwise than affected by settling, in all parts where the system of counterpoise is not perfect. The same may be said of walls carrying wood roofs that are not tied. Where there is a clerestory, the aisle roofs push the walls inwards, while the nave roof pushes them outwards; and according as the lines of contact are near or far apart, in such proportion will the wall be affected in settling:

* See *British Critic*, 1842. vol. xxxi. p. 461. Article, "Open Roofs." But we differ with the writer on some rather important points.

so rarely can the system of counterpoise approach anything like perfection in these buildings; nor indeed is it actually necessary that it should. Could it be proved to be so, then indeed would the whole system be defective in principle. It is as well, however, to keep in mind that it has these peculiarities, and that they may become, under some circumstances, serious drawbacks to the adoption of the pointed styles. The liability to alter in form is the same in all systems of construction; but it is far greater in the mediæval than in other systems, as has been exemplified in, perhaps, two out of three of the many productions of that period which still exist.* One great recom-

* On the assumption that the practical development of the mediæval system of construction was perfect, the whole theory of buttresses becomes involved in mystery. We are not now endeavouring to make out a case against Pointed Architecture, and therefore will not complain of buttresses being out of place in situations where they are obviously only ornamental, as in stall and screen-work, &c. If one uniform system had been acted upon we might reasonably have expected to find every oblique pressure on the walls counteracted by a proportionate abutment. In chancels without aisles, where the side walls have to carry a spandrilled roof, they are found to be quite as often without buttresses as with them, and we have seen instances in which, to all appearance, they are placed where they are not wanted, and omitted where they might be of service. Sometimes an abutment seems to be unnecessarily massive; and again, at other times, positively insufficient for its work. How often a buttress occurs at an angle of a building when the side is altogether without one. Surely if one was really required at the angle, it would be doubly so on the flank. Take fifty mediæval churches in their alphabetical order, and we will venture to maintain that it would be difficult to establish from them any satisfactory theory of buttressing, either with respect to their relative height and width, the thickness of their walls, or even date of erection; more particularly if we are to take them all as exemplifications of one uniform system of construction. Perhaps the most striking instances of what we cannot but regard as the capricious mode of applying buttresses, are to be found in towers. These have them, or they have them not, whether they are covered with spires or not: nor does the relative thickness of the walls appear in all instances to regulate this. A small slender spire that rests its base on the inner side of the tower walls, will, perhaps, have them double buttressed at the angles; while one which is more massive, and more obtuse, and spreads at its base to the very outer edge of the tower walls, will, perhaps, have none whatever. Supposing a spire to be circular at its base, like a dome, instead of polygonal, its usual form, the three lowermost courses of stone, if the material were good, and the joints of each course properly crossed in the course above it, would, taking friction into the account, act as a tie to the whole superstructure, and even to the tower on which it rested. Indeed, each succeeding course helps to tie the others, as the eye follows them downwards from the apex. Nor does the octagonal form of most spires cause them to deviate materially from this law, as may be noticed in some early English spires, where their alternate faces actually overhang the wall by about half their thickness. The system of counterpoise, therefore, can hardly be applied to these instances, otherwise than as it gives a firm base to a lofty superstructure. Of course it were an easy task, if we select our own examples, to build up by their medium almost any theory we may fancy ought to be maintained; but as far as our own investigations have carried us, we have come to the conclusion, that as regards buttresses, and indeed abutments generally, whether in the wall, or external to it, there could have been no fixed principles relating to them, generally recognised as such. Their abutments were usually sufficient for what they had to resist; often more than sufficient; too often unhappily the reverse of being sufficient, or only just enough to maintain a counteraction, and they have in consequence suffered from the effects of time.

Abundance of material rather than ingenuity of construction is what is most observable both in the wood-work and the masonry of that period; and when, for appearance sake, it became an object to use the smallest quantity that was sufficient for stability, the skill of the architects, it must be confessed, was often exerted in a wonderful degree, but they sometimes approached to the verge of absolute danger, as the experience of succeeding ages has proved.

mentation in favour of it, is its massiveness—the strength that it has through sheer weight. Were it not for this property, a lofty narrow building, like Westminster Abbey, would be seriously affected by storms of wind taking it on the flank: even churches of greater proportionate width might suffer from this cause, were lightness of construction carried out to too great an extent. A church is not like a house, which though it may be built with thin and lofty walls, yet receives great strength from the floors and partitions within. We do not forget the destruction of certain methodist preaching houses, one having its front blown inwards, and another unroofed, during a hurricane. Such buildings, hideous as they usually are in appearance, and absolutely deficient in the quantity (often, no doubt, defective in the quality also) of the materials of which they are constructed, are no criterion of the probable disadvantages of the system we advocate. For the advantages of Romanesque, or rather of results learned from Romanesque, over the styles now usually adopted, our readers are referred to the articles on this subject which appeared in our magazine last year. Let the style be what it will, we think the age ought to have one which, if it must not take into its system all modern improvements, may at least be an expression of itself, and be sufficient, in some measure, to meet the spiritual wants of our increased and increasing population.

The following diagrams are taken from two articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, under the titles of *Carpentry and Roof*.

Fig. 1. is one of the trusses of the original roof of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, by the architect, Inigo Jones. This roof was destroyed by fire, and the present one, fig. 4, put in place of the other, in 1796.

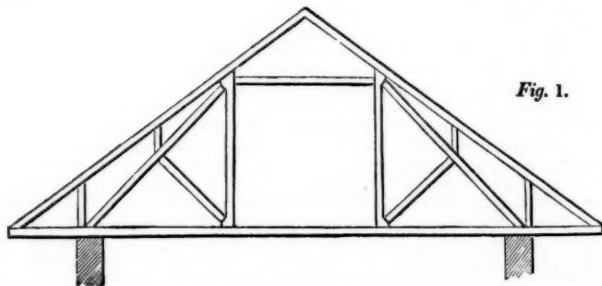


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2. is the celebrated roof of the Theatre at Oxford, by Sir Christopher Wren.

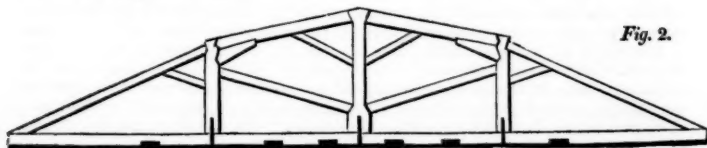


Fig. 2.

"The span between walls is seventy-five feet. This is accounted a very ingenious and singular performance. The middle part of it is almost unchangeable in its form; but from this circumstance it does not distribute the horizontal thrust with the same regularity as the usual construction. The horizontal thrust on the tie-beam is about twice the weight of the roof, and is withstood by an iron strap below the beam, which stretches the whole width of the building in the form of a rope, making part of the ornament of the ceiling."

Fig. 3. is the roof of the chapel of Greenwich Hospital.

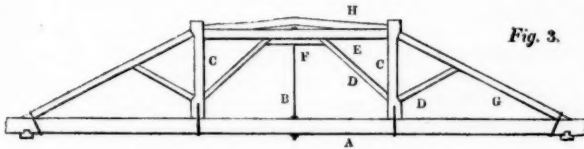


Fig. 3.

A	Is the tie-beam 57 feet long, spanning	In.	In.
	51 feet clear, and in bulk is . . .	14	by 12
C C	Queen posts	9	× 12
D D	Braces	9	× 7
E	Straining beam	10	× 7
F	Straining piece	6	× 7
G	Principal rafters	10	× 7
H	A cambered beam for the platform . . .	9	× 7
B	An iron string supporting the tie-beam	2	× 2

"The trusses are seven feet apart, and the whole is covered with lead, the boarding being supported by horizontal ledges of six by four inches. This is a beautiful roof, and contains less timber than most of its dimensions. The parts are all disposed with great judgment. Perhaps the iron rod is unnecessary, but it adds great stiffness to the whole."

Fig. 4. The present roof of St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

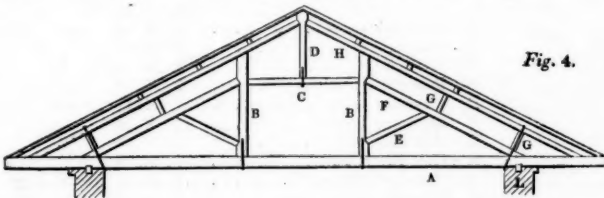


Fig. 4.

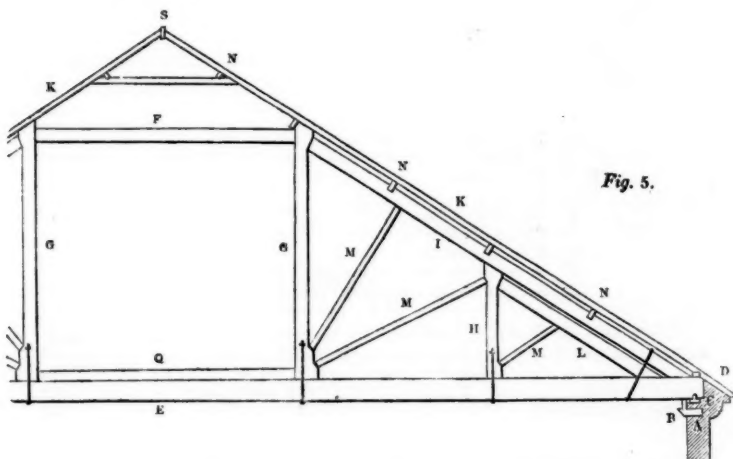
A	The tie-beam spanning 52 feet 2 in. .	In.	In.
		16	by 12
B B	Queen posts	9	× 8
C	Straining beam	10	× 8
D	King post (fourteen at the joggle) .	9	× 8
E E	Struts	8	× 7½
F F	Auxiliary rafters (at bottom) . . .	10	× 8½
H H	Principal rafter (at bottom) . . .	10	× 8½
G G	Studs supporting the rafter . . .	8	× 8

"The trusses are about ten feet six inches apart. This roof far exceeds the original one put up by Inigo Jones. One of its trusses contains 198 feet of timber. One of the old roof had 273, but had many inactive timbers, and others ill-disposed,

The internal truss, F. C. F., is admirably contrived for supporting the exterior rafters, without any pressure on the far projecting ends of the tie-beam. The former roof had bent them greatly, so as to appear ungraceful."

The difference of the pitch between the diagrams, representing the old and new roof, does not appear to be taken notice of by the writer.

Fig. 5. "The roof of the Birmingham Theatre, constructed by Mr. George Saunders. The span is eighty feet clear, and the trusses are ten feet apart."



		In.	In.
A	Is an oak corbel	9	by 5
B	Inner plate	9	× 9
C	Wall plate	8	× 5½
D	Pole plate	7	× 5
E	Tie-beam	15	× 15
F	Straining beam	12	× 9
G	Oak king post	9	× 9
H	Oak queen post	7	× 9
I	Principal rafters	9	× 9
K	Common ditto	4	× 2½
L	Principal braces	9 and	6 × 9
M	Common ditto	6	× 9
N	Purlins	7	× 5
Q	Straining sill	5½	× 9
S	Ridge piece		

"This is a fine specimen of British carpentry, and is one of the boldest and lightest roofs in Europe."

Mandement de S. E. Mgr. le Cardinal de Bonald sur la D  votion    la Sainte Vierge, et en particulier sur le Culte de l'Immacul  e Conception. Lyons : de l'Imprimerie d'Antoine Perisse, Imp. de N. S. P. le Pape et de S. E. Mgr. le Cardinal-Archev  que. 1842.

THOUGH we prefix this comprehensive title to the remarks we have to offer, we are far from supposing that one short paper can exhaust so great a subject. Continental Romanism is a system so vast, so complicated, so curiously mixed up of good and evil, that it would require much more space than we can spare, and much more knowledge than we can pretend to possess, in order to present it to the reader in its full and accurate proportions. Our present purpose is to say no good of it. Lest, therefore, we should be thought to take a narrow and one-sided view, we shall premise a few remarks on its favourable and honourable characteristics.

Now, in the first place, we cannot withhold our tribute of admiration to the noble christian virtues so often displayed by the religious orders. Easy, comfortable gentlemen, who roll through Europe in luxurious carriages, looking down contemptuously on monkish asceticism and austerity,—and talkative young ladies, who make themselves merry at the expense of silent and secluded nuns,—are, of all persons in the world, precisely those with whom we have least sympathy. It is not merely that we feel a farmer's gratitude towards the agricultural Cistercians, to whom St. Bernard said, "Believe me, you will find more lessons in the woods than in books; trees and stones will teach you what you cannot learn from masters:"—nor a scholar's gratitude towards the rich and aristocratic Benedictines, though we cannot speak without enthusiasm of the congregation of St. Maur. We confess a certain partiality for the wandering Franciscans, even the Capuchins; albeit we do not forget what rough work they did for the Jesuits, in the times that succeeded the Reformation. In regard to the Jesuits themselves, so justly feared and suspected, is there not much truth in what was said of them in the *Quarterly Review*, more than twenty years ago: "They were [are] an order of men of whom, considering them at different times and in different countries, it would hardly be possible to speak worse or better than they deserved, so heinous were their misdeeds, and so great were their virtues?"* But it is not to our point to recur to the medi  val orders, or to those which were elicited (as it were) by Protestantism. We refer rather to the institutions of St. Vincent de Paul; for these grew up in the midst of Continental Romanism in its modern, settled, and Tridentine form. Who can gainsay the christianlike devotedness of the Sisters of Charity? and what have we to show in comparison? We will use the remarks made at

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxvi. Jan. 1822. At that time eight years had not elapsed since their restoration, and they had attracted comparatively little notice.

Lyons by a physician and observant traveller, one who has no love to popery, and who tells us that he "prefers the Quaker worship to the Catholic."* Dr. Cumming says of the great hospital in that city:—

"The whole duties are performed gratuitously by three hundred *Frères et Sœurs de la Charité*. . . . Some of the attendants were young girls of twenty. It was strange to see them in the sombre garb of *La Charité*. . . . In what other religion do we find so many of its professors devote their whole lives to unrequited services of charity and benevolence? Here are three hundred persons, male and female, voluntarily submitting to the strict discipline, the irksome confinement, and disgusting drudgery, of a large hospital, without other fee or reward than that derived from the approval of their own breasts. . . . I can hardly conceive an office more irksome (unless to a mind overflowing with benevolence) than that of an hospital-nurse. In England it is one that is highly paid, and yet its duties grudgingly performed. In France, on the contrary, the Sisters of Charity do everything without pay, and, so far as my observation has extended, with a cheerfulness and tenderness to the sick not elsewhere to be found."

Closely connected with the monastic orders, is the high honour which the Roman church pays to poverty. We all know how poverty is put forward in Scripture, as if it had almost a sacred character; and in that light it has always been held by Roman Catholics far more than by ourselves. It is not merely that the poor are cared for, that hospitals and schools are endowed, that bread and clothes are distributed.† It is that wealth has not usually that false position in the estimation of Continental Romanists, which it has with Englishmen. No man is necessarily despised because he is poor. A clergyman need not have an income sufficient to constitute him a gentleman. A Missionary Bishop can go to the ends of the earth without 1,000*l.* a year. To be *comfortable* is not the highest object of ambition; and being rich is not always the same thing with being *respectable*. Our social vocabulary does not *fit* the manners of the continent. We do not mean that there is no Mammon-worship there, no bribery, no cheating, no extortion. We are speaking of the religious system of Rome; and we do think, that in more ways than one, and in honourable contrast with our own, it may justly claim the high and distinguished honour of being the willing friend and ally of Poverty.

Whatever travellers may think on the last topic, they cannot fail to have been struck with the frequent prayers, the open churches, and

* Notes of a Wanderer in Search of Health. By W. F. Cumming, M.D.

† We should be sorry to have it supposed that we are depreciating the charitable works of our own island. Few places are more Protestant than Glasgow, and in few is there more liberality. London is proverbial for its hospitals and benevolent institutions, founded by private benefactions. And so many instances of noble self-denial in these latter days rise to our mind, that we almost feel as if we were guilty of injustice in writing the above paragraph. Nevertheless, there is no denying that *money* has had, and still retains, a most unnatural and unchristian prominence in our social system. Since these lines were written, we have seen an admirable letter in the *Times* (Oct. 12th) on this subject, so far as it relates to the Clergy. The same newspaper announces a gift from Sir Robert Peel of 4,000*l.* to the fund for the settlement of additional Clergymen.

the constant worshippers, which they see in all the churches of the Roman obedience. As we write, we remember an incident which made a deep impression on us, some years ago, in a lone valley of the Alps. It was at Engleberg, near an ancient Benedictine convent, the bell of which awoke us at four in the morning: on looking out, we saw the peasants coming from all parts of the valley, and going towards the abbey-church; among them little children, walking alone and unattended towards the house of prayer, as if by a holy instinct. In half an hour the mass was over, and the people dispersed to their work. Who, in visiting foreign places, has not often witnessed such a spectacle? Who has not often had occasion to feel as a young poet and traveller felt, one market day at Liege?

"The market-girls went in to church,
To pray as they passed by:
Alas! that such a sight should be
So strange to an English eye."

Our churches are shut from Sunday to Sunday: and men who mean well, and might know better, rail against the notion of reopening the sanctuaries where the poor and afflicted may pray in peace, and the passer-by may at all times seek a refuge from restless and distracted thoughts.

These admissions, and more than these, we make cheerfully, willingly, and without reserve. Nothing is gained in controversy by an attempt to disguise the good points of the system we are called on to oppose, any more than by glossing over the defects of that which we wish to recommend. Nothing is gained unless our opponents see that there is something *real* in our accusations,—unless they see that they are not founded on mistakes and misrepresentations,—unless, in short, we can appeal to their consciences. Such an appeal we think we are able to make, in what we have to say on one great topic—the worship of the Blessed Virgin.

Roman Catholics frequently complain, that in regard to this subject, in common with others, local abuses and individual opinions are alleged, and that on these are founded accusations which are in no wise applicable to the church of Rome, as an organic body with a definite creed. Than this complaint, abstractedly considered, nothing can be more just. We, at least, should be very unwilling that detached sermons, or detached treatises, should be taken as expositions of the true doctrines of the Church of England: and what we demand for ourselves we ought in fairness to concede to others. Because we find an individual Romanist worshipping a wooden image, it certainly does not follow that the church of Rome is idolatrous: or because we find the peasantry of an ignorant district looking to indulgences as that which delivers them from eternal punishment, it does not follow that they are so put forward by the Council of Trent. Nevertheless, when we find certain doctrines and practices prevailing, not at this or that time, nor in this or that place, but at various periods, and in various countries, sanctioned and

promoted by those in the highest offices, approved by authors of universal credit, and with no one venturing to protest against them : in such a case we do not see how we can be justly complained of for directly charging such doctrines and practices on the Church of Rome, and *for considering them, if not the necessary, at least the natural development of her creed as it stands.* At all events, no such complaint can be fairly urged against the document we are about to quote. It is not the composition of some obscure and superstitious friar, nor a foolish tract, taken up with keen controversial fingers, out of the hands of ignorant or deluded peasants. And this our readers will presently see for themselves.

The publication which is prefixed to this article is a charge issued by the Archbishop of Lyons, in the course of last year, to the clergy and laity under his spiritual oversight. It treats of devotion to the holy Virgin, with an especial reference to the festival of the Immaculate Conception, (December 8th.) About the time of that festival it might have been seen fastened, in the usual manner, upon the church doors in the city of Lyons. It was there that we first read it : and we subsequently purchased a copy of it at a place not unlikely to attract the steps of an ecclesiastical tourist, Allard's shop, nearly opposite the cathedral ; where may be seen the popular theological books of modern France ; the works of Gueranger, Le Maistre, and Chateaubriand ; the translations from the German, (not always, it is said, to be implicitly relied on,*) such as Voicht's Hildebrand, Hürter's Innocent III., and Neander's St. Bernard ; and the *Bibliothèque de la Jeunesse Chrétienne*, approved by the Archbishop of Tours, or the *Bibliothèque Chrétienne*, under the editorship of M. de Genoude, issued periodically in attractive volumes, like Mr. Parker's reprints, or the Englishman's Library of Mr. Burns. But we must recollect ourselves ; we have a more serious and solemn task than to expatiate over the fields of French Bibliography ; and we proceed to quote from that copy of the charge which we purchased at Lyons, and which is now lying before us. It commences thus :—

“ When the Christian religion was born on Calvary of the blood of Jesus Christ, she appeared to the world with a countenance austere as her language ; and, daughter of the Man of sorrows, she received as her heritage only a crown of thorns ; her hands bore no other sceptre than the cross. But this guise would have too much terrified the human heart, if the Saviour had not given to religion, even from her cradle, a companion whose sweetness was to temper her severity, whose charm was to cause the rigour of her law to be forgotten, and the weight of her yoke supportable. This faithful companion was, my dear brethren, *the devotion to the Holy Virgin.* United by the bond of a common origin and the same calling, these two sisters descended together, hand in hand, from the holy mountain, to go and work together the conquest of souls. Thenceforward, wherever was planted the standard of salvation, there were seen displayed the ensigns of Mary. Jesus, in taking possession of a heart, caused his mother to reign there with him : and these two sacred names became inseparable on the lips

* See Faber's Foreign Churches and Peoples.

of the Christian,—as they are in the highest heaven, in the songs of the angels.”*

Pausing here for a moment, we see, even in these words, in how perilous a manner the divine name of Jesus and the human name of Mary are consociated together, as the objects of a combined worship. And this is one of the ways in which the blessed Virgin is so constantly presented to the regards of continental Christians. It is not that men's minds are led to think with a peculiar reverence (as all who *literally* believe the Incarnation must think) on that human mother who bore our Saviour in her womb, and imparted her human substance to the Son of God. Men are taught to conceive of her as reigning with Christ now, as the ever-present Queen of Heaven, even as He is an ever-present King. It is impossible for any intelligent traveller not to see a thousand proofs of this in France and Italy. Jesus is the object of duty and stern obedience: Mary the source of love, tenderness, and compassion. They are equally put forward (can we say *equally*?) as Beings to be prayed to and trusted in. Life is to be devoted (to quote the exclamation of St. Thomas of Canterbury, with which the cardinal concludes his charge) life is to be devoted and consecrated “to God and to Mary:”† and the sinner is taught to believe that, *avec Jésus, avec Marie*, he has nothing to fear in life or in death.

The cardinal next alludes to a sanctuary, as well known to those whom he addresses,—the seat of a mother who watches over a dear family,—and a queen who once stopped the waves which threatened them,‡—“*et a arrêté* (he continues) *dans sa mission de colère, cette maladie mystérieuse, qui n'aurait traversé votre cité, qu'en levant sur toutes les classes et sur toutes les âges un affreux tribut de sang et de larmes.*” This is, no doubt, the chapel on the hill of Fourvières, a conspicuous object in Lyons, that most picturesque of manufacturing cities. It is a place of pilgrimage, and a scene of special devotion: for St. Mary, as worshipped there, is believed to have saved the city from the awful visitation of the cholera. He then proceeds to trace,

* “Lorsque la religion Chrétienne fut née sur le Calvaire du sang de Jésus-Christ, elle apparut au monde avec un front austère comme son langage; et, fille de l'Homme de douleurs, elle n'avait reçu en héritage qu'une couronne d'épines; ses mains ne portaient d'autre sceptre que la croix. Mais cet appareil eût trop épouvané le cœur humain, si le Sauveur n'avait donné à la religion, dès le berceau, une compagne dont la douceur devait tempérer sa sévérité, dont le charme ferait oublier la rigidité de ses lois et supporter la pesanteur de son joug. Cette compagne fidèle fut N. T. C. F. la dévotion à la Sainte Vierge. Unies par le lien d'une commune origine et d'une même vocation, ces deux sœurs se donnant la main, descendèrent ensemble de la montagne sainte, pour aller faire ensemble la conquête des âmes. Dès-lors, partout où fut arboré l'étendard du salut, on vit se déployer les enseignes de Marie. Jésus, en prenant possession d'un cœur s'y fit régner sa mère avec lui; et ces deux noms sacrés devinrent inséparables sur les lèvres du Chrétien, comme ils le sont, au plus haut des cieux, dans les cantiques des anges.”

† “Puisse notre dernier soupir s'exhaler avec ces dernières paroles de Saint Thomas de Cantorbéry, tombant sur le fer de ses assassins: *A Dieu et à Marie!*”

‡ “... Ce sanctuaire célèbre, d'où une tendre mère veille avec amour sur sa famille chérie, où siège une Reine puissante dont la main a posé une digue à l'impétuosité des flots, et a arrêté,” &c.

in the incidents of the marriage at Cana, proofs of the virgin's regard for men, and her compassion for the afflicted.

"We still love," he says, "to read in these words [John ii. 3—5] that the unhappy man, as well as the guilty man, will always find in Mary a comforter and an advocate; that from the abyss of sin, as well as from the abyss of tribulation, no cry will ever rise without avail towards her throne; and that, in the midst of the storms of the passions, or in the ruins of empires and of fortunes, she will always appear to us in the heaven, like a tutelary star."*

A passage follows, having in it much of truth and beauty, on the spectacle of St. Mary standing near the cross on Calvary:—*Stabat juxta crucem Jesu*. But we proceed to what is of a less general character. The passage will sufficiently introduce and explain itself; and we think it will almost give a shock of horror to our serious readers:—

"Why, in the times wherein we live, does the devotion to Mary spread in the christian world, with increasing splendour and rapidity? Why those burning invocations of the faithful to the *immaculate heart of Mary*, and that incessant reference (*ce recours à tous les moments*) to her mighty intercession? True Catholics no longer pray, in a manner, to Jesus except by Mary: they have no longer any festivals without her: one might say that apart from her they have no longer any hope. Her name is incessantly found on their lips, and her image in all their hearts. Far from opposing these transports (*élans*) of filial piety, the Church applauds them; and from his storm-tossed bark, Peter turns his eyes continually to the *star of the sea*. It seems as though God had handed over his omnipotence to his mother; as though the hands of this pure Virgin could alone dispense to the Jew and the Gentile, the rays of truth and the waters of grace.

"And doubtless, beloved brethren, it is because we are fallen on the evil days wherein we live, that the Spirit, who will aid the church even to the end of time, has re-animated among the faithful the trust in Mary, and propagated under a thousand different forms, and under so many denominations, the worship (*culte*) of the Queen of the Angels. Does it not enter into the economy of his providence touching religion, to send her more succour, in proportion as the dangers crowd with greater multiplicity on her steps, during her passage over this earth?"†

* "Nous aimons encore à lire dans ces paroles, que l'homme malheureux, comme l'homme coupable, trouveront toujours en Marie une consolatrice et une avocate; que de l'abîme du péché, comme de l'abîme des tribulations aucun cri ne s'élèvera jamais inutilement vers son trône; et qu'au sein des orages des passions, où sur les ruines des empires et des fortunes, elle nous apparaîtra toujours dans les cieus, comme un astre tutélaire."

† "Pourquoi dans les temps où nous vivons la dévotion de Marie se propage-t-elle, dans le monde chrétien, avec plus d'éclat et de rapidité? Pourquoi ces brûlantes invocations des fideles au *Cœur immaculé de Marie*, et ce recours de tous les moments à sa puissante intercession? Les vrais catholiques ne prient plus, en quelque sorte, Jésus que par Marie; pour eux il n'y a plus de fêtes sans elle; on dirait que loin d'elle il n'y a plus pour eux d'espérance. Son nom se trouve sans cesse sur leurs lèvres, et son image sur tous les cœurs. L'Eglise applaudit à ces élans de la piété filiale, loin de les contrarier: et, de sa barque agitée, Pierre tourne continuellement ses regards vers l'étoile de la mer. Il semble que Dieu ait remis à sa mère sa toute-puissance; et que les mains de cette Vierge pure puissent seules dispenser au Juif et au Gentil, les rayons de la vérité et les eaux de la grâce.

"Et sans doute, N. T. C. F., c'est parceque nous sommes arrivés aux jours mauvais où nous vivons, que l'Esprit, qui assistera l'Eglise jusqu'à la consommation des siècles, a ranimé parmi les fideles la confiance en Marie, et propagé sous mille formes différentes et sous tant de dénominations diverses le culte de cette Reine des Anges. N'entre-t-il pas dans l'économie de sa providence sur la Religion, de lui envoyer plus de secours, à mesure que les dangers se pressent plus multipliés sur ses pas, pendant son passage sur cette terre?"

After lamenting the profanation of the Lord's day, the prevalence of cupidity, and the laxity of education, he proceeds:—

"Who shall protect us against the strokes we have merited? We need nothing less, dear brethren, to implore our pardon, than the voice which gave commands so often to the Master of the earth, made a humble and little child for us Accordingly see how the Spirit of God, who willeth not the death of the guilty, but his salvation, re-awakens from every side the trust in Mary; how he inclines the Catholic people to press to the heart of this mother, to seek there an asylum and a protection!"*

Now is this idolatry, or is it not? We confess we do not see how the question can be satisfactorily answered. At the close of the Charge, the cardinal-archbishop addresses a few words to his "separated brethren," and says, that the same worship is not given to the Son and the Mother,—that adoration is due only to the Being who is sovereignly independent,—that the heart of Mary is not the source of grace, but only its mysterious channel. But we do not see how these statements can be reconciled with the passages we have quoted, or with others we shall quote presently. Again, we ask the question, is this, or is it not, Idolatry? Is it, or is it not, a *New Gospel*?

How is it possible that the *extraordinary* discrepancy of all this with the whole tenor of the New Testament,—whether in the Acts, the Epistles, or the Revelation,—should not instantly strike the reader? Take the Acts of the Apostles: they do not even mention the name of the Blessed Virgin after the fourteenth verse of the first chapter. It seems as if, after the ascension of our Lord, she stepped back at once into the privacy of a subordinate character. St. Peter preached Christ as in all things preeminent. The modern Gospel seems to say (we almost tremble to write it):—"HER (Mary) hath God exalted to be a queen and a saviour." Take the Epistles. How different are St. Paul's charges from those of the Bishop of Lyons! These are some of the Bishop's words: "The Christian cannot confide to her any sufferings which she has not experienced; he cannot recount to her any misfortune, but that she will be able to show him greater ones in the course of her life. . . . We fear not to say, that Providence was pleased to cause this incomparable Virgin to pass through all kinds of sacrifices . . . in order that she might have more compassion for the evils she had experienced."† Can we read these words without awful emotions,—our minds, instantly perceiving the parallel between them and those well-known words on the sympathy of Christ, in the Epistle to the Hebrews? Lastly, if

* "Qui nous protégera contre les coups que nous avons mérités? Il ne faut rien moins, N. T. C. F. pour implorer notre pardon, que la voix qui commandait, si souvent, au Maître de la terre, fait humble et petit enfant pour nous Ainsi, voyez comme l'Esprit de Dieu, qui ne veut pas la mort du coupable, mais son salut, réveille de toute part la confiance en Marie, comme il incline les peuples catholiques à se presser sur le cœur de leur mère, pour y chercher asile et protection!"

† "Le Chrétien ne peut lui confier aucunes peines, qu'elle ne les ait éprouvées; il ne peut lui raconter aucune infortune, qu'elle ne puisse lui en montrer de plus grandes dans le cours de sa vie Nous ne craignons pas de dire, que la Providence s'est plu à faire passer cette Vierge incomparable par tous les genres des sacrifices . . . afin que . . . elle eût plus de compassion pour des maux qu'elle aurait éprouvés."

we turn to the Apocalypse (and there we have prophetic visions of the later history of the Church)—where does it speak of the Assumption of Mary? Where of her coronation? Where is she united with her Son as the object of “Angels’ songs?”

But we have not finished with our quotations. We have to request attention to one passage more, and we present it without any commentary:—

“* It was not enough to revive among the faithful the devotion to the Holy Virgin; God, who seems to have made over our destinies into her hands, has pointed out to us the surest way to make our homage (*culte*) acceptable to her, and the secret of making her more favourable to our prayers. And what can be more pleasing to this *Virgin of Virgins*, than to celebrate her spotless purity, than to proclaim her exempt from every stain, even the original stain? Is not this entire innocence her most glorious privilege? Does she not place it far above the dignity of Mother of God, and of Queen of Heaven? Sets she not a greater value on her exemption from the very slightest spot, than on the immortal crown which surrounds her brow? To supplicate her in the name of the *Immaculate Conception*, is thus to be assured of finding access before her; and to behold her lend an attentive ear to our demands or our complaints.

“The Church of Jesus Christ has well understood this,—in that in her zeal for the honour of her heavenly protectress, she speaks to us unceasingly of her spotless purity. She invites all her children to recur to the *Immaculate Heart* of Mary. This heart she shows to the most guilty, as a sanctuary which, far from being forbidden them, is the refuge where the Divine mercy waits for them: and the name of our Mother, that name blessed of all generations,—she is unwilling, in a manner, that we should pronounce without recounting at the same time that the breath of the infernal serpent had never tarnished its brightness. By a happy inspiration, she has wished that Mary’s exemption from original sin should be solemnly proclaimed in the midst of her liturgy, when the blood of the spotless Lamb, the source of all redemption, is in the act of flowing on our altar. Lastly,

* “Ce n’était pas assez de ranimer parmi les fidèles la dévotion à la sainte Vierge; Dieu qui semble lui avoir remis nos destinées entre les mains, nous a indiqué la voie la plus sûre pour lui faire agréer notre culte, et le secret de la rendre plus favorable à nos prières. Et que peut-il y avoir de plus agréable à cette *Vierge des vierges*, que de célébrer sa pureté sans tache, que de la proclamer exempte de toute souillure, même de la souillure originelle? Cette innocence entière n’est-elle pas son plus magnifique privilège? Ne la met-elle pas bien au-dessus de la dignité de Mère de Dieu et de Reine du Ciel? L’exemption de la plus légère tache n’a-t-elle pas pour elle plus de prix que la couronne immortelle que lui ceint le front? La supplier au nom de sa *Conception Immaculée*, c’est donc être assuré de trouver accès auprès d’elle; et de la voir prêter une oreille attentive à nos demandes ou à nos plaintes.

“Elle l’a bien compris, l’Eglise de Jésus-Christ, puisque dans son zèle pour faire honorer sa céleste protectrice, elle nous parle de sa pureté sans tache. Elle invite tous ses enfants à recourir au *Cœur Immaculé* de Marie. Ce cœur, elle le montre aux plus grands coupables comme un sanctuaire qui, loin de leur être interdit, est le refuge où les attend la divine miséricorde; et le nom de notre Mère, ce nom béni de toutes les générations, elle ne veut plus, en quelque sorte, qu’on le prononce sans rappeler, en même temps, que le souffle du serpent infernal n’en a jamais terni l’éclat. Par une heureuse inspiration,* elle a voulu que l’exemption pour Marie de la

* The Council of Trent is adduced below. “Plein de ces sentiments, le saint concile de Trente, écrivant un décret sur le péché original, s’arrête devant la sainteté de Marie, et proteste qu’il n’est point dans son intention de comprendre, dans ce décret, la Vierge bienheureuse et immaculée.”

As regards the allusions made in the course of the charge to St. Irenæus and St. Augustine, we think it sufficient, at present, to refer to what Dr. Pusey has said on this subject in his recent letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

she encourages the pontiffs to recur to the Apostolic See, to obtain power to celebrate, without restriction or hindrance, that festival so lovely for angels and men, that of the *Immaculate Conception of Mary*."

Thus we are brought to the practical end and purpose of the Charge; which is simply to announce that permission has been sought and obtained from Rome, to celebrate the Festival of the *Immaculate Conception* with high solemnities, on the second Sunday in Advent, and to insert the words *Regina sine labe concepta* in all Litanies of the Holy Virgin, whether privately or publicly recited; to give notice that no edition of the "Hours" of the diocese would be approved, unless this invocation were added to the Litanies; and to exhort all clergy with cure of souls to propagate in their parishes the worship (*culte*) of Mary of the Immaculate Conception, and to instruct the faithful in the spirit of this devotion. These notices are given in five articles* at the close of the document, which is dated from the Archiepiscopal palace, Nov. 21, 1842. The whole is concluded with the *Litteræ Apostolicæ* previously received from Rome, signed by Cardinal Pedicini, secretary of the sacred rites, and dated June 10, 1842.

Now, who is the author of this publication, on which we have been so long employed? Is he an obscure priest in some unknown and superstitious hamlet? No. Lyons is not a city unheard of in the annals of ecclesiastical history. Who has not read of the famous martyrs, whose acts are so valued a record of the Primitive Church,—of the "poor men of Lyons," so notorious at the end of the twelfth century,—or of the council a hundred years later (Aquinas died on the road to join it, and Bonaventura during its session), when the Saone saw bishops from Greece and ambassadors from Tartary? Of this city the author is Bishop. He sits in the seat of the famous St. Irenæus. Nay more: he is the first Archbishop in the country which calls itself the most enlightened in the world,—the Primate of all the Gauls. He is also a member of the College of Cardinals, chosen within these three years by Gregory XVI. the reigning Pope. His title-page, as it lies before us, is conspicuously ornamented with the cardinal's hat, surmounted by a scroll bearing these words, "*Prima sedes Galliarum*;" and a paragraph which we

faute originelle, fût solennellement proclamée au milieu de sa liturgie, lorsque le sang de l'agneau sans tache, source de toute rédemption, est au moment de couler sur nos autels. Enfin elle encourage les Pontifes à recourir au siège apostolique, pour obtenir de pouvoir célébrer, sans restrictions et sans entraves, la fête si belle pour les anges et les hommes, de l'*Immaculée Conception* de Marie.

* Art. 2.—A l'avenir, toutes les fois que l'on chantera ou récitera publiquement les Litanies de la sainte Vierge, on ajoutera à la fin, immédiatement avant le premier *Agnus Dei*, l'invocation, *Regina sine labe concepta, ora pro nobis*. Les fidèles ajouteront la même invocation aux Litanies, lorsqu'ils les réciteront en particulier. Désormais nous n'approuverons l'impression des *Heures* du diocèse, qu'autant que cette invocation sera ajoutée aux Litanies.

"Art. 4.—Nous exhortons tous les pasteurs des âmes à propager dans leurs paroisses le culte de Marie immaculée dans sa conception, et à instruire les fidèles sur l'esprit de cette dévotion."

The 3d article proclaims a plenary indulgence in the usual manner: the 5th inculcates charity to the poor in connexion with this particular devotion.

have just read in the *English Churchman*, containing extracts from some French journals, testifies to his importance in France.

On this high ground we build our accusations against Rome. In the face of this document, it cannot be said that a corruption, against which we Anglicans especially protest, is a floating and accidental one, having no connexion with the inner life of the Roman Catholic system. We find it authorized and sanctioned, promoted and propagated, by the very highest authority. Assiduous efforts are made to widen and deepen its influence, its present growth is hailed with pleasure, and its future advancement looked forward to with sanguine expectation. "Henceforward," says the Archbishop, "the city of martyrs, the city of alms, shall be more than ever, and for ever, the city of Mary."*

It was our intention to have added some extracts on this subject from a kindred work lately published at Rome; but at present we forbear; and, indeed, nothing further is required to strengthen our case. We conclude by pointing out two or three simple circumstances which it is very important for those to take into account who would rightly estimate the place which the worship of St. Mary occupies in the system; and, *let us be permitted to add, very important to be weighed and pondered by those who are tempted to join the church of Rome, and in danger of being involved, insensibly but irresistibly, in the most dangerous delusions, to the peril of their immortal souls.*

First, let us consider how entirely the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception, and the Assumption, have passed into the *devotions* of the Roman Church. We do not merely allude to popular books of prayer, to images and representations in churches, or to the high ceremonial and religious zeal with which the festivals of the Virgin are ordinarily accompanied; though these things might be held sufficient proofs. We refer to the Roman Breviary, than which nothing can be more authoritative. Let any one examine the services for Dec. 8 and Aug. 15; or that appointed for the third Sunday in September, the Festival of the Seven Sorrows of Mary; and then say whether the surest methods have not been taken to rivet in the minds of the people the most perilous views of the honour due to the Virgin.

Another cause, of widest influence, leads to the very same result. Every one knows how largely *art* is intermixed with the religion of Roman Catholics. In ways far more manifold than can here be described, they act and react one on another. And no subject has been so inspiring to painters and sculptors, none has led to such noble artistic results, as the feeling of homage and devotion to the Virgin. So it was in times past. This feeling was full of inspiration for the early masters; and what the influence of their works may be on pure and imaginative minds, let those say who have seen the heavenly frescoes left by the hand of Fra Angelico on those convent

* "Et désormais la ville des martyrs, la ville des aumônes, sera plus que jamais et pour toujours la ville de Marie."

walls at Florence. So again in later times, when art was more earthly and artists less religious. We may instance that glorious picture of the Assumption at Venice, which is like a blaze of light at the end of the gallery where it hangs, the grandest perhaps of all Titian's works. And, as we write of Italy, there comes back on our memory a picture symbolical of the Immaculate Conception, of a very different school from the former, but still of the same tendency. We forget where it is to be seen, but it is by Sassoferrata, and of softest and most impressive beauty. But we may say generally, that whenever a series of scenes from the Virgin's life are represented, in the highest or the lowest style of art, they always end in the Assumption and Coronation. So it is in those sculptures with which Borromeo surrounded the choir of Milan Cathedral. So it is in the rude wood-work of the old church at Sion, in the Valais. How are worshippers to separate the evil from the good, when they see them united in the aids and incentives to devotion?

Lastly, we must say a few words of another agency, which interpenetrates the whole Roman Catholic Church, and carries with it, through many imperceptible channels, the same unfortunate effects. The devotion to the Virgin seems to be especially practised among the *monastic bodies*; and these bodies are the sinews and arteries of the Church. This subject cannot now be entered into fully, and we content ourselves with an allusion to some of the orders which took their rise in that great revival of the thirteenth century, which left such important results behind it. One order, which came into being at Florence, adopted the devotion to the Virgin Mary as a characteristic principle, and assumed a title indicative of the same; and what the Servites did then, the Augustinians appear to do now, in a different way; if one may judge from the spectacle which is daily witnessed before the celebrated image in the Church of S. Agostino, at Rome. Nor is the case different with the Dominicans and Franciscans, those two magnificent communities, who waged the war of the Immaculate Conception. We believe that the success of the preaching of St. Dominic has been partly attributed to his frequent invocations of St. Mary; and we ourselves lately heard one of the preaching friars at Naples, labouring to prove that, of late years, peculiar holiness in members of his order had always gone along with a peculiar devotion to the mother of our Lord. And, as to the Franciscans, it is to their great doctor, Bonaventura, that the Psalter of the Virgin is ascribed, though falsely; and it was Haymo, an early general of the order, to whom the worst portions of the present Roman Breviary are mainly attributable.* And let it be remembered how important an office the first of these orders holds in connexion with the censorship of the press in Rome; and what copious supplies of missionaries (most devoted missionaries, it must be conceded) are yearly sent out by the second: and therefore, how that, by means of them, a corruption may at once be fostered at the centre of the Roman Church, and circulated to its remotest extremities.

* See the 75th Tract for the Times.

The Rector in search of a Curate. By a CHURCHMAN. London : Hatchard. 1843. Post 8vo. pp. 381.

PART of our education consisted in a branch of literature now too much neglected, and which lives only in the recollection of such grey-beards as ourselves, or in the healthy practice of dame schools ; it was the "getting by heart" divers copies of verses. These pleasant poetical prolusions, we own, were of very diversified character ; besides crude lumps of Watts and Cowper, some even took the undignified form of anonymous fables and apologues. Treacherous memory has displaced them by sterner, and often less profitable lore ; but being addressed, at least in theory, to "the heart," we gladly own that some scanty traces of our youthful accomplishments remain. Of our pleasant confabulations of foxes and geese all traces have departed, save that which usually makes the least impression on the fancy ; and contrary to the recognised laws of thought, we have preserved only that dull tag of a fable which youthful moralists usually make it a point of duty not to retain—we mean the sage and unpalatable "moral," which, from Æsop to La Fontaine, like the dose of rhubarb, which it is held right by all motherly dieticians to season our juvenile luxuries, points the otherwise too pleasant fiction. The homely couplet runs—

"The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,
But tax not ourselves, though we practise the same."

We are reminded of this simple warning by the present state of the Religious Fiction. In the vulgar Low Church periodicals, one staple complaint against "the Tractarians" is, their use of tales of the imagination. "Mr. Paget's last novel," "The Reverend Novelist," "Mr. Gresley's Love Tales," are stock *τόποι* of reviling—stereotyped heads of declamation—common-places as stately and crushing as undeniable—useful alike to point a sneer, or to veil an inuendo. And yet, if our memory serves us right, the credit, however questionable, of inventing this class of works, is not quite attributable to the orthodox writers of the Church ; but little acquaintance with what one of our contemporaries calls "Popular Religionism," will show that the Lichfield divines found this weapon ready forged—they are but humble imitators of their present critics. We have forgotten neither "Cœlebs in search of a Wife ;" nor "The Velvet Cushion ;" nor "Father Clement ;" nor "The Siege of Londonderry ;" and other, in every sense of the word, fictions, from the Charlotte Elizabeth scandal-shop. The Oxford writers here, at any rate, can substantiate but flimsy claims to originality ; and the work which we are about to notice, shows, that if the "Evangelical" churchmen were not above opening this mine, neither are they prepared to relinquish its useful veins. Disdaining to quit what their organs would wish us to believe a preoccupied stage, they not

only become play-wrights themselves, but steal our plots: they dress *our* lay figures in their own tinsel, and they not only condescend to be imitators, but plagiarists; and under their rather unscrupulous novel-craft, "Bernard Leslie" is travestied into the "Rector in search of a Curate;" and the Yoricks, if such they be, of Portman-street and Rugeley, must at least admit rivals on their throne, in the facetious jesters of Piccadilly or Fleet-street.

We, at least, can afford to call attention to a fact which other critics find it convenient to suppress; *we* have not been backward in owning our suspicion, whether mere fiction is a legitimate weapon in the Church's armoury. We own that it is a missile brilliant and effective, but like the Greek fire, it is one which is apt to burn the compounder's fingers; or, like its pyrotechnic substitute, it may amuse women and boys, but it is apt to explode with more sparks than shot. It is too showy and attractive to tell upon a serious contest; it suits Pekin rather than Salamanca; it is more of the fancy than of the heart; it does no execution. But good or bad—Church-like or emasculate—sound or trifling—dignified or the reverse—our adversaries have no right to complain, if—and we own it to be a questionable point—any respected writers who claim and receive our sympathies, if not our more cordial approval, choose to have recourse to it, they are far from standing alone in their tactics; others can imitate as well as abuse them.

The "Rector in search of a Curate," is a novel of the most approved type; it has several nice young men, and nice young ladies to pair off with them; it has the legitimate amount of declarations of attachment; a disappointed swain who never told his love, and a successful rival who did, and consulted papa first, which is pretty, and dutiful, and unusual; it has the prescribed quantum of tea-parties and smart dialogues. It has sweet glimpses of evangelical domesticities and charming families. It has the still life of rectorial conservatories, where the curate and the parson's daughter "walk for a few minutes before dinner," p. 160. Moon-light reveries; the damsel's dress, and the Corydon's hair, are duly chronicled; the brother jokes knowingly, and the sisters simper sympathizingly; the mother is prudent, and the father conciliating; the house is furnished, and the *fiancée* blushes—no; looking again, we think that she is of sterner stuff; the friends of the family congratulate and make presents:—

"Lo! two weddings smile upon the tale."

The happy pairs retire to their duties, parochial and connubial; and it all ends in smiles and happiness, just like the story-books: the bride's signature to the register is not forgotten; her "firm voice," and "scarcely perceptible tremor," (p. 364,) do credit to the heroine's nerve, though, by an unaccountable *gaucherie*, her chip bonnet and orange flowers are not described; and while "the ordination" of the selected curate heads the last chapter, lest the tale should terminate in anything like inconvenient and inconsistent solemnity, the new

deacon is "married in the course of the week of his ordination," and "the same cathedral" (!) (p. 381) is the witness of his vows, clerical and hymeneal, which is all, we presume, according to the canons, both of the Church and the Minerva Press, in such cases made and provided. All is decorum and regularity—the unities of the novel are strictly adhered to—justice, doctrinal and poetical, is fairly awarded to the candidates for the curacy and the maiden—and the most fastidious critic cannot complain of a single bold innovation of the laws either of fiction or of the ordinary conventional propriety, amatory or ecclesiastical. The love is not too vehement to allow the lovers to commit matrimony till there is a fair prospect of a fire to boil the domestic pot; and the considerate novelist, by furnishing them with a good living, is charitably disposed not to dismiss his characters to anything short of plenty and happiness, which is the due reward of so rare a combination of piety and prudence. *Exeunt omnes*, while the stage is strewn with bouquets, and the piece is announced for repetition amid universal applause. All this is quite according to the card; and we have not the slightest objection to it; only we deprecate, for the future, the most delicate sneer at the similar good fortune and prospects of our friend, Mary Clinton, and the apposite paternal cautions of the excellent Warden of Berkingholt.

If we have a fault to find with the artistic effect of the whole performance, we should say that the limner had mixed his colours in treacle; to speak technically, (we adopt the phrase from one of Sir David Wilkie's letters,) they "work too fat;" they are quite viscid; we are absolutely saturated with success and triumph; blinded with excess of light; banqueted, even beyond satiety, on cates and honey: the comfortable arrangement of all the characters at last becomes quite oppressive: we are surfeited with virtues: the eyes swim, and the brain reels, and the limbs tremble, at the matchless constellation of graces and prosperity crowded upon one family: their faultlessness really requires relief. Oh, for a single blunder, just to show that even one of the little girls, the very youngest, almost approaches to humanity. But no, the author is merciless in his accumulated triumphs of propriety. The picture is not broken by a single shadow. No friendly fault offers the slightest prospect of a cool retreat from the meridian blaze of perfection. Like Greek illuminations, the very back-ground of the canvass is gilded. Take the following elaboration of "an early tea, which was ready in the library, which formed the drawing-room of the rectory:"—

"While the tea-things were being sent away, Mrs. Spencer and her two eldest daughters procured their needle-work, and the younger boy and girl withdrawing to a window, employed themselves with their lessons. The conversation which ensued was not interrupted by any noise from the children, nor by their continually coming forward to ask questions of their mamma and sisters, nor by unnecessary attention paid them by the latter, nor by whispering consultations about cutting out and sewing, nor by movements on tip-toe about the room, nor by searches for needles, reels,

and scissors, nor even by unquiet or impatient looks, and wandering eyes. One would have thought that Mrs. Spencer and her daughters did not possess the faculty to which so many ladies lay claim,—of bestowing deep and continuous attention upon what is read or talked about in their presence, notwithstanding and during numerous little animated discussions upon quite different subjects among themselves.”—P. 83.

Now this happy circle is a paragon of domestic right-mindedness. It is like one of Holbein's family groups. The rector, Mr. Spencer, and his wife; the temporary curate and the eldest Miss Spencer, his wife (*in prospectu*); Mr. Digby, the incumbent of the district church without a wife; young Mr. Spencer, and the other Miss Spencer; and the two little Spencers in the bow window;—all quiet, all attentive, all serious, and all discussing justification by faith only. And that happy stroke, the absence of all “impatient looks and wandering eyes,” not

“One touch of nature makes the whole world kin”

in Ecclesbourne rectory; there is not a single yawn; bed-candles are unsought: the cat purrs harmoniously, and

“The flapping of the flame,
And kettle whispering its faint undersong;”

all wrap the soul in one mellow haze of satisfaction and complacency. Should we ever encounter the “Churchman” again, we entreat him, in mercy to his critics, to be less profuse in purple lights and sunny glades; annihilation itself were preferable to endless Arabian festivities; in jewelled halls and brocaded pavilions we sigh for the rough heath and tangled brake; and it may be, that in justice to themselves, his readers will one day retaliate their too delicious wrongs upon their author. Awaking from their voluptuous slumber, they will make him to feel what it is to be thus prisoned in Circean bowers; and, to his cost, this Sybarite of controversy will find that

“To die of a rose in aromatic pain”—

to be pelted to death with comfits—to be smothered in myrtle-leaves—to be choked with Sabæan odours—is no joke after all.

And now, should our remarks shift at once from the playful to the critical, should we at one line leap

“From gay to grave, from lively to severe,”

we follow but our author. Amidst his bowers of roses lurks many a thorn and sting of controversy: it may turn, like the nettle, to velvet in his hands; but to the less-experienced, or weaker-nerved, it may irritate, even more than he suspects, or wishes. And now at once to be serious, we will own that, barring the tone of exaggeration, which we have sufficiently laughed at in “the Rector,” and some more serious causes of complaint, to be noticed presently, we are not unpleasantly disappointed in this little work. Its faults of structure, the one-sidedness of the arguments, and their very *unreal* character, as details of what never was, or could be conceivably, said in the defence

or attack of certain theological views—the undramatic and slender texture of the plot, are venial faults, in which perhaps it is hardly worse than many similar fictions on the other side of the dispute; but we hail it as a very marked and pleasing token of the general advance of Church principles in the ranks of those who still, with whatever unfairness, are pleased to denounce “the Tractarians” as papists and heretics. Of course there is not a little which we are bound to condemn and protest against in this tale; but, with very much of a party purpose, there are also counterbalancing surrenders of the stock dogmas of a narrow and meagre theology, now we trust passing away. There are extorted admissions of the improved tone of thought among the mass of the evangelical clergy on the most weighty subjects; that of baptism, for example; and, which is not so noticeable, though in its measure thankworthy, there are sure indications of vast improvement in ritual matters and other externals in the same quarter. Besides, the present author exhibits a very favourable contrast to many whom we could name in the mere conduct of a controversy. He is rude and unfair beyond all common decency, as we shall presently show; but though he hates “Anglo-Catholicism” with a bitterness all but rabid, he is not a mere party follower of evangelicalism. He candidly owns and deplures its many and serious vices. We believe him to be a lover of the truth, and therefore we cannot but feel some, though lessened, attractions towards him. Earnestness is so rare a virtue in these sad times, that we cheerfully own it, even in an adversary; and for the sake of truth-seeking, even in a rash spirit, we would pardon many sins, and all misconceptions. We may err on the side of charity in refusing to attribute to this writer the charge of wilful slander; but as we are about to produce instances both of what we like and dislike in his book, our readers may settle for themselves its motives. Our own judgment is about equally balanced as to its intentions. We can hardly measure an author’s purpose; indeed, our praise and censure must be alike so vehement, that we cannot calculate the preponderance of either, or even trust ourselves to say all that we think; but as the “Rector,” &c. is rather quotable than readable, extracts, though of the longest, will form a tolerable index of the better and worse—the more improved, and, alas! the more debased characteristics of one, and at all events an important, phase of the English Church, as well as will afford an estimate of the book itself.

It cannot be denied or concealed, that the so-called Evangelicals are but a disunited party: and it is well that it is so: for we cheerfully own that, since even as a body they are better than their principles, and since it is only in words that many of them deny the truth, and many of them begin seriously to suspect that there are latent vices in their whole theological system, the best of them will, at no greatly deferred period, be at one with us; and already some have advanced very considerably in the heavenly truth, that a recognition of the high doctrines of grace is best evidenced by viewing the

Church as its divine channel, a list of whom—and those not the least eminent in the ranks, were it not invidious, would be useful, and *to all parties*. Significant complaints of defections from the accredited formulæ of Scott and Henry, abound in the present conversations of the curate-seeking rector, though with a happy inconsistency he himself abandons so many of what used to be considered the strongest points in the whole line of defence since the days of John Newton, that we are rather surprised than displeased at certain awkward, and, we suspect, inconvenient admissions, “that evangelical preachers follow a traditional system;” and “*in the preaching of those who adopt it confidently as the interpretation of the Gospel, the faults of this human-built system are sure to become the germs of very grievous, and, perhaps, fatal errors.*”—Pp. 87, 88. And more than one inherent defect of the evangelical preaching is instanced.

“In the first place, call to mind the statements commonly made by them on the subject of the depravity of human nature; and I am sure you will agree with me that many of them are, at least, extravagant and injudicious. It has been asserted that there is, originally, in every heart, the disposition to commit every possible sin, and an absolute hostility to everything really good and holy. Man is represented as a creature, all whose mental and moral qualities are intrinsically evil, only fit for evil, and only employed for evil. Let me read to you two or three passages from the published sermons of a late most eminent preacher. “The pests and the greatest ornaments of society, when you come to analyze their principles, are under the influence of *one disposition*—they all glory in this, in discarding God; they hate him more than they do the disgusting wretch who is loathed,” &c. &c. And again, “I do not mean to say that there are not many amiabilities in the members of civil society, which ought to endear them to us as members of civil society; but, mark me! you will find the loveliest of these amiabilities in the brute creation.” And a little farther on, in the same sermon; “We hear a great deal of human friendship; human friendship, without the grace of God, I boldly assert, is *inferior* to the friendship of a dog.” In another sermon, he says, “What are we in a state of nature? My brethren, to declare the whole truth, we are *devils incarnate.*” The object of such sweeping and violent assertions,’ continued the Rector, ‘is, I suppose, to convince people of sin. But what is the actual effect of them? Many can appeal to their consciences, and to their knowledge of others, that what the preacher states is very far beyond the truth; and so, they either reject his doctrine altogether, and with it the genuine doctrine of man’s depravity, or conclude that, as his dreadful description does not apply to themselves, they must be in a state of conversion and grace.’”—Pp. 88—90.

And in another place another figment of Evangelicalism is disposed of with what must, in some quarters, seem most perplexing pertinacity.

“The next doctrine, in theological order, to that of man’s depravity,” said the Rector, ‘is the doctrine of his salvation. And herein I think there has been an approach to serious practical error. Their zeal for the great article of justification by faith only, has led them to exalt and magnify faith unduly. And it is curious to observe, that the same parties who have been so anxious to depreciate every act of the natural man, have attributed too much value to the appropriate act of the spiritual mind. Understand me. The importance and necessity of faith they could not assert too strongly, or too frequently; but faith itself, as an act of ours, has had too high, too influential an office assigned to it in the matter of our salvation. It has

been represented as the cause, rather than as the instrument, of our justification. People have, I fear, been brought to apprehend that they are saved by faith as a work. I have heard many a sermon, in numerous passages of which I could have desired to substitute the one "only name" for the word faith. In such discourses, the attempt to produce faith has been made by *preaching faith*, instead of *preaching Christ*. And I am sure, that, by this kind of preaching, numbers have had their attention so fixed upon faith, that they have almost forgotten the object of faith. In fact, faith has been quite impersonated.

" 'Yes,' said Charles, eagerly, 'that is precisely what Mr. Newman says, in his Lectures on Justification, p. 385. Here is the passage; how clearly he describes this error! 'True faith,' he says, 'is what may be called colourless, like air or water,' &c.

" 'It is true,' said the Rector, 'that the error is ably exposed in those words.'"—Pp. 95—97.

And as the corollary of this mistake about faith, Mr. Spencer rejects consistently the consequent doctrine of "imputed righteousness," when by that term is designated the tenet, that God deals with us according to such a legal fiction as the following:—

"It appears to me wrong to say that what Christ did to effect our reconciliation to the Father, is imputed to us, and considered as done by ourselves. It was done for us, and accepted in our behalf; but not made over to us, and reckoned as our own acts."—P. 102.*

To which if we add his great horror of Dr. Krummacher, pp. 164—177;—his extremely terse definition of the Bethnal Green fanatics, "THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING JUDAISM AMONG CHRISTIANS," p. 280;—that he refused a testimonial of respect, p. 13;—that he improved the bell-ringing at Ecclesbourne, and has already banished the reading-pew and clerk's desk, and the clerk along with it, p. 53, and shortly meditates sweeping away the pews, p. 60;—and that his daughter "played over [it should have been *sung*] some of the Gregorian tones," p. 56,—our readers will begin to think that we have been laughing at them instead of with them, and that Mr. Spencer, rector of Ecclesbourne, is only an *alias* of our old friend Bernard Leslie, in principles as well as in the plan of his pseudo-biography.

But fair and softly!—Mr. Spencer is not patient of logical definition—genus and difference will not class him—we can reduce him to no recognised species—his accidents alone can describe him,—in the language of the schools, he is *individuum vagum*: and if the theology of Fleet-street has no reason to boast of its eccentric and unmanageable champion, neither must the Oxford Tracts and the Camden Society plume themselves upon their new ally. With all these orthodox *σημεία*, the rector of Ecclesbourne has cottage

* Contrast with this the bishop of Cashel's doctrine of justification, as published by his lordship, in a rabid Dublin "Record:" (and we find, from the *Christian Observer*, the comforting, though not over-courteous assurance, "that Robert Daly is Robert Daly still.") "Not to mention the nonjurors, who appear the progenitors of the present Tractarians, we see such men as Hammond and Barrow *confusing*, and still more, Bull *corrupting* the doctrine of justification," &c. We suspect that had Bishop Daly offered himself for the curacy of Ecclesbourne, he could have found small favour in the eyes of the searching Rector, although the latter "esteems it an honour to be styled evangelical."—P. 85.

lectures and extempore prayers, p. 66;—denies the grace of the sacraments, pp. 116—143;—subscribes to the Bible Society;—fraternizes upon the union-of-various-denominations principle with “Mr. Hoskins, the independent minister,” and “the Wesleyan superintendent of the district,” and asks them all to dinner at the anniversary, p. 231;—indignantly rebukes the Church Missionary Society, for seeming to concede anything to the bishops, though owning that their pretended submission was all a sham;—but his discourses on this head are too curious and ingenuous to be suppressed:

“I observe that, of late, some eminent members of certain societies which have recently been taken under high ecclesiastical patronage, and especially their office-bearers, have considerably sublimed their churchmanship, as they are pleased to call it, and object to appear on platforms to which dissenters and Methodists are admitted. And particular circumstances have contributed to produce that effect more especially upon this society.”

“Do you then regret the accession of our chief prelates to these societies?” asked Mr. Aylmer.

“By no means,” replied the Rector. “I cannot regret to see men doing their duty. I am sorry they thought proper to require, as an indispensable condition, a concession by which, we have been anxiously assured by the responsible officers of the societies, nothing was conceded. For, if it be really true that, by the new rules or laws, which they required, no change is intended to be made in the constitution or practice of the societies, then we must conclude, that their stipulation was but a pretext, to prevent the imputation of having, for a very long time, neglected a now recognised duty.”

“I am afraid,” said Mr. Merton, who was present, “that the prelates themselves consider, that far more is conceded than the active friends and members of these societies are willing to allow. They have stipulated for the power of deciding questions of a certain order. But are they not likely also to claim the right of deciding what questions come within their jurisdiction? And as I have no doubt many will be sent home, either by parties adverse to the societies, or by injudicious, over-busy, friends and agents of them, I cannot help anticipating some serious collision between our episcopal patrons and our committees.”—Pp. 227, 228.

calling upon the same society to disavow a sermon preached at their anniversary, which very guardedly and imperfectly taught the Apostolic Succession, p. 311;—pronounces the Oxford Tracts, *en masse*, to be flat heresy, *passim*; and though he says of the Anglo-Catholics, “their present position is disgraceful to themselves, the Church, and the country,” he reserves his fullest censure for their opponents: with remarkable frankness he declares—

“But it is not from these men of extreme opinions that I apprehend the greatest danger to true religion, even if they remain with us. It is the infection of the Evangelical body with High-Church sentiments that I consider the worst sign of the times.”

“Do you really think, papa, that there are symptoms of such an infection?” asked Mary.

“I do indeed,” said the Rector; “I have heard several men of eminence among them contend lately for the apostolical succession, or something very like it; and have seen them separate themselves more widely than ever from their dissenting brethren. And, as Merton was telling us a little while ago, there are many who hold baptismal regeneration; besides, I have

met with some who stoutly defend the excessive ornamenting of churches, the introduction of altar-pieces, massive communion plate, pictured windows, and other like vanities and dregs of popery.'

" 'Indo-gothic cathedrals,' added Mr. Merton, 'and hundred-guinea-fonts for Jerusalem churches. But what you have said on the growth of High-Church notions among Evangelicals is most painfully corroborated.' "—Pp. 310, 311.

and lugubriously owns, that "from the notes he made of the discourses delivered not long since at a large meeting of Evangelical Clergymen, in which the Sacraments were the subject for discussion" (!) p. 120, he found three-fourths of them admitting the presence of regeneration in baptism, and, indeed, that one-half "hold that a change in the infant's spiritual relation to God, always, and *ex opere operato*, takes place in baptism," p. 123.

We have no desire to draw any conclusion from this strange medley of inconsistencies—the unexpected testimony to the (in some most important matters) improved tone of the main body of the Evangelical Clergy is very cheering, as are also some indications of right-mindedness in the judicious rejection of a worn-out human tradition, dating from Romaine, in our own author. We cannot be too thankful for all this; we cannot too anxiously hail the first openings to reconciliation, and a better mind among the brethren; but then we cannot, on the other hand, but wonder that notwithstanding this, a vigorous and well-informed mind like the present writer's is so determinately, we had almost said savagely, set against some of the fundamentals of the Christian faith, the whole sacramental system, and the true idea of the Christian Church and Priesthood: and from Mr. Spencer's example, let us remember, that to disband parish clerks, and to kick down pews, and to admire the Gregorian chants, may consist with undisguised Zuinglianism and Hoadleyism. On the one hand, let us distrust the doubtful evidence of an agreement with us in the æstheticism of externals; on the other, let us hope, even against hope, that even when our opponents are most frantic in their abuse and misrepresentation, there may be deep in their souls some little element of heavenly truth, of which they may be almost unconscious, but which may, as in this case, retain them from utter corruption.

But we desire to exhibit our author's powers in a way, at least, worthy of them. Controversy is not so much his forte as satire; and we can scarcely call it playful, with the utmost latitude of that useful adjective. But we are reminded, that we have never detailed the plot.

Mr. Spencer, rector of Ecclesbourne, is in search of an assistant, Mr. Chirpingley, "the curate," whom he found on the living, being a dancing gentleman, who compiles sermons from Simeon; he is got rid of, somewhat clumsily. The first that offers is "the Evangelicist," Mr. Scattermore, who is rejected. This is a rich character, too good to be lost: then comes the "unfortunate man," also evangelical, who has been plucked six times, and lives as a married undergraduate at Cambridge, is "teacher at a Sunday school, visitor of a district, committee-man of one society, collector for another, secretary for a

third;" very deep in Hebrew, but very shallow in Greek and Latin; is willing to be ordained without a degree, because his "pass," even in the lowest gulf of the "Poll," is hopeless; has "read most of our popular religious books, and only "failed in his examination" because he had written for the divinity prize; was nervous in the schools, and thought the papers and examiners unfair. He is also rejected. Then comes "the scholar," also evangelical, who has been tutor and examiner for many years: he backs out of the curacy. His examination of the school-children is vile caricature. Then comes an episode of the Millenarians, which is clever and amusing. This is followed by "the Anglo-Catholic"—a word about him anon—he is, of course, rejected; and last, and in every sense least, comes "the approved" Mr. Leighton, who is, we suppose, evangelical, but his chief merit lies in his partaking of the nature of Pope's women, who have "no character at all." Indeed, we suspect our author to be a theological Ishmael; "his hand is against every man;" he can find fault, which requires a rough brush, but he is incapable of the delicate discriminating touches of praise. The jest lies in Mr. Spencer acting showman in this lecture on heads, accompanied by the temporary curate, Mr. Merton, who marries the daughter aforesaid, as a sort of chorus, who never leaves the scene, and never furthers the action of the drama more than to say ditto to the hero. The rest of the stage persons are Charles, a Cambridge lad, "half a Puseyite," to whom, of course, we take kindly, Mrs. Seymour and family, an inimitable group of Millenarians, and the travelling deputation of the Jews' Society, &c. &c. The characters are drawn with wonderful spirit and sharpness of outline: there is an exquisite perception of the ludicrous—keen and cutting satire, far beyond the Gresley and Paget school—and a disregard of offence, and often of propriety too, quite reckless. But let our readers judge of this new Evangelical Theophrastus. Enter Mr. Scattermore, the Evangelicist:—

"The opinions of the various parties to whom [Mr. Spencer] applied for information about [Mr. Scattermore] were conflicting. The Bishop thought him pious and active, but somewhat too confident, and could not say much for his learning. Mr. Hoskins, the Independent minister, who often visited M——, said that he could affirm upon the best authority, namely, that of a deacon of a congregation in the town, that Mr. Scattermore preached the gospel faithfully and boldly, and had suffered much persecution for its sake. A fellow collegian of Charles's, 'a gay man,' whose friends lived in M——, assured him that his preaching was pompous, vulgar, and personally abusive, and that he was setting every body against religion. A friend residing also in the town wrote to say, that he was considered an out-and-out Evangelical; perhaps rather bigoted and indiscreet; but added that he thought Mr. Spencer would be able to make something of him. From these opinions the Rector was induced to conclude, that, like many other young clergymen, with the best intention to do right, he was deficient in judgment, but excessive in zeal. The one fault might be removed by experience and good advice—the other might be improved into a virtue.

"The facts which he ascertained respecting him were these:—Mr. Scattermore had been brought up by his father, a respectable linen-draper, to his own trade. His first religious impressions were produced by the

sermons of a popular preacher, whose church he occasionally attended. But as this church was at a considerable distance, and he could hear at none in the immediate neighbourhood either the doctrines or the eloquence of his favourite, he readily accepted the invitation of one of his father's shopmen, who was a dissenter, to accompany him to his meeting. He liked the minister, and took a sitting, although he still attended the parish church with his family once on a Sunday. After some time he became a teacher in the school attached to the meeting. In this capacity he discovered that he possessed the gift of speaking; and being introduced to several young men of his own age and station, who were students in dissenting academies, soon began to think of following their example, and quitting the counter for the pulpit. At first his father tried to keep him to business, and to detach him altogether from his new connexions; but finding his efforts unavailing, told him that he would never consent to his becoming a dissenting preacher, but that if he would pledge himself to study hard, and be very economical, he should go to Cambridge, and qualify himself for orders in the church. The young man gladly accepted the offer, procured a tutor to help him to recover the little Latin which he had long lost, and to initiate him into Greek and mathematics, and after a year's preparation commenced residence as a sizar in a certain Hall, well-known as the favourite resort of the late-learned, and *quondams* of all sorts. After obtaining his degree, he was ordained to the curacy which he was now about to leave, having held it nearly two years. The incumbent was non-resident, and he had the whole charge of the parish. From the first he had failed to conciliate the good will of the regular congregation, which was chiefly composed of the most respectable families in the neighbourhood. Hence, though the church was still much frequented by ex-parishioners, the principal pews were generally empty. It was owing to the representations of some of the leading people in the parish that the vicar had intimated to Mr. Scattermore his desire that he should resign the curacy.

"Mr. Spencer did not draw so favourable a conclusion from the facts as from the opinions stated by correspondents; but he thought that this was a case for personal investigation. Accordingly, he accepted the invitation of his friend at M—— to go over and spend a Sunday there, accompanied by his son.

"'You are fortunate in coming to-day,' said Mr. Mildmay, on their arrival, 'for I can take you to a meeting at which Mr. Scattermore will be present, this very evening.

"'What kind of a meeting?'

"'A social meeting,' replied Mr. Mildmay; but, perceiving that his guest required further information, added, 'It is a meeting of the teachers of the Church Sunday Schools and their friends, which is held quarterly. They have tea and talk, then speeches and prayers. To-night, I fancy, it will be a kind of farewell party, in honour of Mr. S., who is a great favourite with our Sunday-school teachers.'

"'What do you think of these meetings?' asked Mr. Spencer.

"'I have only been at one, and I do not allow my daughters, although teachers, to attend them; so that I know very little about them. But I believe they are found to be useful in keeping up the young people's interest in their work.'

"In the evening, Mr. Mildmay conducted his friends to the place of meeting. It was a large room in a public building, tastily decorated with green boughs and festoons for the occasion. They found a large company, principally consisting of young men and young women, dressed in their gayest attire, already assembled, and at tea. The clatter of cups and saucers, universal conversation, loud laughter, the running about of amateur waiters, the screams for hot water, for more toast, more butter, more milk, and the merry jokes with which they were answered, caused such a deafening tumult, that Mr. Spencer could hardly hear a word of the account which

Mr. Mildmay began to give him, as soon as they were seated, of the flourishing state of the schools of M—— and of the surprising number of young persons who had become teachers in them, and were thus withdrawn from the dissipation and the vanities of the world.

"When tea was over, the chairman commanded attention by making the usual noises, and said grace. After which he gave out the hymn commencing—

' 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live,'

which was well sung, because everybody sung. He then called upon a middle-aged man, the superintendent of one of the schools, to pray. (!) The prayer was over-long, but serious and solemn, contrasting strangely with the previous proceedings. This ended, and another hymn sung, the chairman said he should request their well-known and much esteemed friend, Mr. Scattermore, to speak. Amidst abundant clapping and knocking on the part of the gentlemen, and a buzz of remark, inquiry, and ejaculation among the ladies, a young man, of yellowish complexion, with long curling black hair, rather stout, and wearing his surtout and double-breasted waistcoat closely buttoned up to his chin, arose, drew out a white pocket-handkerchief, and proceeded to address the meeting. His speech was long and rambling, interspersed with many anecdotes, some of which were droll enough to cause considerable merriment, full of allusions to his trials and persecutions in M——, and concluding with a pathetic farewell.

"When he sat down the applause was loud and long-continued. Many of the softer sex were in tears; more wiped their eyes; and Charles declared that he heard several of them sob. One young lady near them remarked that it was a most interesting speech. 'Oh he's a dear man!' said another. 'He's a duck of a man!' exclaimed a third.

"There were many more speeches, hymns, and prayers, and the meeting was kept up to a late hour."—Pp. 69—75.

"On Sunday the party went to Mr. Scattermore's church. There was a congregation, though many of the principal pews were empty, and others occupied by one or two persons only in each, whose listlessness and occasionally scornful expression of countenance showed that they entertained little respect for the teaching of their minister. Mr. Scattermore, who, as usual, did the whole duty, read the prayers with much emphasis and variety of intonation, but so mismanaged, as to convince at least two of his hearers that he was utterly devoid of taste, and that he understood neither the spirit nor the language of the Liturgy. Moreover, Mr. Spencer remarked that his pronunciation had a twang of vulgarity; and that he was by no means correct in his omissions and insertions of the aspirate. The sermon was upon a text taken from the history of Joseph, and appeared to be the last of a series on that subject. Joseph, the preacher contended, was a remarkable type of Christ. He proved this,—first, by the points of resemblance between them; and, secondly, by the points of difference or contrariety,—the approved method of establishing typical relations, and a perfectly infallible one,—for if you fail under the first head you are sure to succeed under the second. He took it for granted that Jacob, Joseph, and his brethren, were perfectly acquainted with the truths and doctrines of Christianity. And he gave an exposition of several covenants, which, he asserted, had been made by God with man. There were the Adamic, the Noahic, the Patriarchal, the Abrahamic, the Mosaic, and some others. But whether he intended to maintain their dissimilarity, or their perfect identity with each other, was not very clear. His diction was somewhat grandiloquent; and enriched with a frequent repetition of such phrases as 'federal head,' 'covenantal relations,' 'beatific vision,' 'antepest of heaven.' He indulged abundantly in metaphor; his manner was often extremely vehement; and Mr. Spencer thought that he discovered an attempt to imitate a

certain celebrated preacher, not merely in his general style, but even in the peculiarities of his tone and pronunciation.

"They attended also the afternoon service. The congregation was much smaller, and composed chiefly of servants and poor people. The sermon was extemporaneous, and being intended to be simple, was on the subject of faith. The skeleton was Mr. Simeon's; the filling up partly from that divine, partly from Scott and Henry, but mostly from the resources of the preacher's own mind. By a number of illustrations, none of them very original, he explained, with an air of ease and self-satisfaction, the deepest mysteries of our salvation, or, as he called them, 'œconomy of grace;' and in the same way reconciled the doctrines of man's free-will and God's absolute decrees, proved that predestination did not involve reprobation, and showed the difference between justification by faith and justification by works."—Pp. 77—80.

After this, the Bible meeting in the warden of Berkingholt is tameness itself: and Mr. Scattermore is twice as pungent as Shimei Gadd. What says *our* friend the Record?

One conversation piece, after the Watteau style, in which the Jew Society's deputation figure, is irresistibly comic; though, whether Dr. M'All will, or ought to, like it, we have no means of ascertaining.

"When the rest of the gentlemen, not long after, obeyed the summons to tea, they found Mr. Weatherhead engaged in reading aloud a letter from Jerusalem, not yet published, which had been just received by the Society, and forwarded to the deputation by that day's post. It stated, that there was every reason to expect the speedy commencement of the restoration of the Jews, and of that great prosperity which, according to the prophecies, would attract the cupidity of the northern powers, and so bring on the battle of Armageddon; for that a rich Jew had purchased land in the city, and was beginning to build houses. When the letter was finished, and the due amount of comment and exclamation bestowed upon the information it contained,—as that it was 'highly interesting,' 'most gratifying,' and a 'wonderful fulfilment of prophecy,' Lady Tattleton, in the name of the company, begged Dr. M'Cloud, to whom she offered a seat next her, to explain to them his views of the duties and privileges of the Gentile Church, with respect to Israel.

"'Before I do that,' said the Doctor, 'it will be necessary for me to say a few words upon the intentions of God towards his people. They form the basis of our Society, and, indeed, of all operations in favour of the Jews; but, I believe, they are not so fully understood as they ought to be, though so very plainly and prominently set forth in Scripture. You are a student of prophecy, Lady Tattleton.'

"'Oh dear! yes; it is a sweet subject.'

"'Delightful!' exclaimed Mrs. Whimlingley.

"'Very, oh very!' cried three or four other ladies, ecstatically.

"'Difficult,' observed Mr. Merton, in a quiet tone.

"'Not so very difficult,' said Mr. Roughton, rather morosely, 'if you have the true key to it.'

"'And that, I am sure, Dr. M'Cloud will supply us with,' said Lady Tattleton.

"'Oh, certainly!' exclaimed Mrs. Whimlingley, 'it is a great privilege to be permitted to do anything for a dear Jew. But will you tell us, Dr. M'Cloud, in what way, and in what order of time, these events will come to pass?'

"'The Gentiles,' continued the ladies' oracle, 'will be employed, as I was

saying, in the preliminary measures. And I think the prophecies point to our nation as that by which the Jews will be assisted in returning to their own land. There will be a great movement among them in all parts of the world; large numbers will become christian, I trust, through the agency of our Society, and they will receive supplies of money and ships to enable them to make their way to Jerusalem. The Holy Land will, about this time, be ceded to them; and their national conversion will be rapidly accomplished.

"Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Weatherhead, "I always thought their conversion would take place long after their restoration; and, indeed, after the rebuilding of the temple, and their victories over the Gentiles."

"You thought wrong, I assure you," said the Doctor, with a magisterial air; "we have come to the conclusion lately that it will be as I have said."

"No doubt of it," added Mr. Roughton; "pray go on, Dr. M'Cloud."

"Do you see, my dear," said Lady Tattleton, addressing Mrs. Whimlingly across the room,—"do you see whether they are to be restored in their converted or unconverted state?"

"I am not quite clear upon the point," said Mrs. W., "but I will make a note of it, and tell you my opinion to-morrow."

"Well, I think they will remain unconverted till the second coming," said Lady Tattleton.

"Depend upon it they will not, madam," said the Doctor, decisively; "but allow me to continue. While the Jews, properly so called, are removing from all lands to Judea, they will be joined by the Israelites of the ten tribes, who will then recognise their own descent, and emerge from their long unknown hiding-places between the Euphrates and the Indus. In my opinion, it will appear that the Affghans are the ten tribes."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Roughton, "I am more disposed to think they will be found in China."

"Oh, no," exclaimed Lady Tattleton; "I quite agree with Dr. Asabel Grant, who proves that they are the Nestorian Christians. Don't you remember, my dear, (to Mrs. Whimlingly,) how clearly he proves it from the similarity of their customs—planting willows by the water courses, just as we know they did in Judea, and such like?"

"Well, perhaps they are part of the ten tribes," said Mrs. Whimlingly; "but, I own, I think it far more probable that the American Indians are the main body of them."

"I thought so once," said Mr. Weatherhead; "and also, I must say, saw a good deal in the arguments for China; but am now quite convinced by a book I read lately, which proves that the modern nations of Europe are the ten tribes."

"Other opinions were pronounced. One lady was an advocate for the South-Sea Islanders; and another, for the Hottentots; a third, for a people yet undiscovered in the centre of Africa. Charles whispered to his sister something about the moon, which being overheard by Mr. Roughton, who sat near, elicited from him a severe look, and a groan. Mr. Aylmer, finding that separate discussions of the question had commenced, and seeing Dr. M'Cloud look very disconcerted at the interruption, begged him to proceed. Accordingly, he resumed his prophecy:—

"The twelve tribes, having been united in the Holy Land, will divide the country according to the directions in Ezekiel. After they have been some time in possession of it, their prosperity will excite the jealousy, and their wealth the avarice of a great northern nation—Russia, as I firmly believe—which will make war upon them, and invade the land with an immense army. At this period we may look for the second advent, and commencement of the personal reign, in or near the year 1616."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Lady Tattleton, "I thought the 1260 days were expected to end in the year 1844."

"In 1866, madam," said Mr. Roughton, "or I am much mistaken."

" 'I am afraid,' said Mrs. Whimlingley, 'that the numbers in Daniel's vision point to a century later—1966.'

" Mr. Weatherhead preferred the year 1900; and several ladies contended very earnestly for the present, or the next year. Charles Spencer quietly suggested 1836.'

" 'Are you a student of prophecy, sir?' asked Mr. Roughton, in a tone of reproof.

" 'No, sir,' replied Charles; 'but the author whose opinion I quoted, is, and has been so for thirty years.'

" Mr. Spencer now thought it was time to interfere. He saw that Dr. M'Cloud and Mr. Roughton were getting angry, and some of the ladies 'excited.'—Pp. 236—243.

And lest we should be thought partial, we conclude this *piquant* group of sketches with "The Reverend Ambrose Loyola Kirkstone, who had graduated at Oxford, and had been ordained to the curacy of Leddenham.*" This is "a tall starched figure, cased in a long coat reaching almost to his ancles, buttoned up to his chin, and with a straight collar; he wore his cassock underneath, and a broad-brimmed, or, rather, slouched hat, and his bands; and, evidently, he had not shaved, nor, I imagine, washed, for a day or two at least," p. 285; who refuses to bury children baptized by Dissenters—has adopted the tonsure—restored the architecture of his Church—obeys the injunction of the Church in baptizing by affusion, and receives the Holy Eucharist fasting (which seem to be two capital jokes,) and in his church—

" 'Opposite the north door, which was the principal entrance,' said Charles, 'we saw on the wall a large, dim, shadowy cross; and when we asked him how it came there, he told us, that there had been a stove on that side, the smoke of which had blackened the wall; and when he had the stove removed, and the wall scrubbed, he had directed the workmen to leave the form of a cross.'—P. 289.

" 'He then showed us his improvements in the chancel,' said Charles. 'He had removed all seats out of it, and had put up what he called an *oblatarium* (?) on one side, for the elements to stand on before consecration. The altar was covered with a fine velvet crimson cloth, having a great gilded cross in front; and there was a *bronze crucifix* against the wall, and a canopy over the whole. And he had put up as an altar-piece a great picture of St. Peter, with the keys and sheep; for Peter, he told us, was the patron saint of the parish. He had also got together a number of fragments of stained glass from different parts of the church, enough to make a large cross in each of the side windows of the church; and he had replaced the brick flooring just outside the rails of the communion table with a mosaic, composed of black and red tiles.'

" 'And after he had shown us all his toys,' added Mr. Merton, 'he unlocked a box under his *oblatarium*, took out a small set of communion plate, with bread and wine, on a stand, put a red cloth over it, and set off to carry it in state to the sick person he was going to visit; the sexton and his boy following in his train.'—Pp. 289, 290.

" 'He thought it great presumption in any one now-a-days to write sermons, and that he preached nothing but translations from the fathers.'—P. 291.

" 'And in his family evening service, he read a kind of liturgy, a short lesson of Scripture, two or three Latin collects, and the Lord's Prayer in Latin.'

* This allusion is a disgraceful personality, like that on Dr. M'All; and another still more disrespectful, (p. 181,) to the present Bishop of London, is beyond, or beneath, our rebuke.

" 'And wore his surplice,' interrupted Charles; 'and when he came to the blessing, went and laid his hands on the heads of the two maid-servants, and the footboy.' "—Pp. 291, 292.

But to describe him in full, we follow our author:—

" 'When we got to church, we found two great candlesticks, wreathed with flowers, on the communion table, and Mr. Kirkstone kneeling at the rails, with his hood and scarf so arranged* as to form a large broad cross over the back of his surplice. The school-children, as they went to their seats, which were just outside the chancel-screen, each turned, and knelt for a moment towards the table; and so did some of the few people who attended. When the clock struck, Mr. Kirkstone rose, and came to the desk, which was, of course, so contrived that he could turn to the east in prayer.'

" 'You have forgotten his clerks,' said Charles. 'There were four boys, two on each side of him, in the chancel, dressed in surplices, who led the rest in the chants and responses.'

" 'I suppose he read in the sing-song, muttering tone adopted by most of his party,' said the Rector.

" 'He did,' replied Mr. Merton; 'except that he regularly chanted the psalms and the litany.'

" 'And when he announced the psalms and lessons,' said Charles, 'he added, "for Mattins," and "for Even-song;" and before each psalm in the morning he repeated the Latin heading; and in the afternoon, read the whole of the Magnificat in Latin. And before he began the prayer, "Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time," &c., he repeated in a loud and solemn tone its title, "A Prayer of Saint Chrysostom."

" 'Yes, and told us afterwards,' added Mr. Merton, 'that he had taught the people that this title must be understood to mean, A prayer now offered by St. Chrysostom—an intercessory prayer.'

" 'Talking of saints,' said Charles, 'he announced that the days of Saint somebody, bishop and martyr, and Saint somebody else, virgin and martyr, were to be observed in the week following.' "—Pp. 293, 294.

" 'He preached in his surplice, I presume?'

" 'Oh, of course,' said Mr. Merton; 'his whole tribe consider themselves sanctioned in that custom, as well as in their bowings and scrapings, their altar-candlesticks, their singularity of dress, and all sorts of 'revivals,' by a late unlucky Charge.'

" 'Kirkstone's sermon was upon penance,' said Charles, 'and was from St. Bernard, I think Merton said. He was about a quarter of an hour in reading it.'

" 'There was a communion, was there not?' asked the Rector.

" 'There was,' replied Mr. Merton, 'and we stayed, though we feared, as indeed it turned out, that we should be pained by witnessing a good deal of wretched mummery. When the collection of alms was brought to him, he knelt down before the table, and raised the basin containing them in both hands above his head for a few seconds; he then got up, and, after bowing once or twice, poured out the money on the table, and left it there. He then had the bread and wine brought from his *oblaturium*, (?) and placed them on the table with similar ceremonies. When he came to the word "alms," in the prayer for the church militant, he pointed to the money; and, at the word "oblations," to the bread and wine.'

" 'Tract 86, to wit,' observed the Rector.

" 'Just so,' said Mr. Merton; 'and of all the impudent perversions of the language of the Prayer-book in the Tracts, I think that about the worst. But to proceed. He pronounced the absolution with arms outspread, like

* [We trust in the next edition of "The Rector," &c. to be favoured with a diagram of this cruciform arrangement; at present we are puzzled.]

a Romish priest, and sung, "Therefore with angels and archangels," assisted by his little choristers.'

" 'Yes; and one of them had a small censer of incense,' added Charles.

" 'That I did not see,' said Mr. Merton, 'though I thought I smelt it. Well, when he came to the consecration prayer, the bowing was renewed, and he made the sign of the cross several times over the bread and wine, for which, he told us, he had authority from the Prayer-book, but refused to explain himself, as he said he knew that we should not be convinced.'

" 'I can give you his explanation,' said the Rector; 'but was there anything more?'—Pp. 295, 296.

" 'The Bishop wrote to him about some of his proceedings, and has been so obliging as to send me the reply he received about a fortnight before your visit. It is in consequence of this correspondence that he is about to resign his curacy. This is the letter:—

" 'MY LORD,

" 'Leddenham, Vigil of Saint Enurchus.

" 'It is with the most profound reverence that I venture to prostrate myself before the Episcopal throne, and beseech your lordship to accept my humble submission. The slightest word of my Bishop is most deeply felt by me; and I beg to assure your lordship that it is inexpressibly distressing to my mind that any acts of mine should be visited with your lordship's displeasure. But I am far more grievously distressed to think, that these are acts which are all sanctioned by Catholic practice, and Catholic and apostolic doctors. It is shocking to one's Catholic feelings to be rebuked by one's Bishop for one's attempt to approach, as nearly as our present bondage will allow, to conformity with the Catholic church. And nothing can be more miserable than to have to defend one's conduct in so doing, not against schismatics, and heretical brethren, but against those whose duty it is, one would have thought, to encourage all endeavours to restore to our immediate Mother some of the jewels she has lost. I cannot, however, believe that your lordship considers any part of the teaching or practice of the Catholic church, either wrong in itself, or opposed to the principles of the Church of England, or that anything in our Articles or Rubrics contradicts or forbids anything Catholic. The very idea is too shocking to be dwelt upon—one shudders as it passes through one's mind. I trust, therefore, that your lordship will be prepared to admit the sufficiency of the explanation which I beg, with the very utmost submission and respect, to give of those parts of my conduct to which your lordship has particularly adverted.

" 'In regard to the arrangement of my sacred vestments, all I have to observe, is, that I have endeavoured to discover, and to follow, that which is described by Saint Ambrose, and other Catholic Doctors, who have treated on this important subject; and that there are no canons or rubrics of our Church, that, as far as I am aware, forbid the arrangement which I have adopted.

" 'Your lordship has been misinformed respecting the cross on the north wall of the church. I did not place it there; but when the wall was cleaned, I desired the workmen to leave it.

" 'It is most true that I always repeat the Latin headings of the Psalms; and I venture humbly to ask, if they are not to be repeated, why are they retained in our Psalter? I also acknowledge that I frequently, but not always, chant the Magnificat, and the Nunc Dimittis in Latin. And I crave your lordship's attention to the rubrics preceding these hymns, to which I refer in vindication of my practice. They are in these terms: "And after that, Magnificat, (or the song of the Blessed Virgin Mary,) or Nunc Dimittis, &c. in English, as followeth." This I understand to mean "Magnificat in English," i.e. "when sung or said in English," "as followeth," but not, of course, when in Latin. And I would observe, that when the Church wishes a hymn or psalm to be sung always in the vulgar tongue, she specifies as

much; for instance, in this rubric, "After that, shall be said, or sung, in English, the hymn called *Te Deum Laudamus*," daily.

"Your lordship animadverts on my usage and doctrine respecting the prayer of Saint Chrysostom. Of course, your lordship cannot mean to impugn the Catholic faith concerning the intercession of the saints for us, or the propriety of our invoking them, of which we have so remarkable an instance in the *Benedictus*, "And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest." And I would remark, as before, that the words are in the *Prayer-book*, and, therefore, of some use. And, further, that the word of will manifestly bear the Catholic interpretation which I have put upon it, as well as any other. And your lordship would, undoubtedly, (it were shockingly irreverent to think otherwise,) agree with me, that we are bound to put a Catholic interpretation upon all our formularies.

"An objection appears also to exist in your lordship's mind to my manner of offering the alms of the people at the holy altar, and of replacing the holy mysteries thereon. The rubric enjoins that the former shall be presented "humbly," and the latter replaced "reverently." I can hardly approach the holy altar, especially at such a season, "humbly," without kneeling; and the word "reverently," appears to me, in such a connexion, to imply, or even to express, bowing or kneeling; a "reverence" being a common term for such an act. I must add, that I take care to make such a distinction in my two presentations as is obviously intended by the words "humbly" and "reverently;" for I kneel and bow *after*, as well as before, the latter.

"Your lordship adverts to ceremonies used by me in consecrating the holy mysteries. I answer, that I follow out what I conceive to be the mind of the Church as indicated by the significant symbols prefixed to the more important passages of the consecration prayer. I make the sign of the cross twice when I take the paten into my hand, as is directed by the double cross (✠) placed before the words "took bread," and once when I break the bread, because the single cross (†) is placed before the words "brake it;" and so on, according to these direction-marks, through the rest of the consecration.

"It would be said, I know, by some, I trust and believe not by your lordship, that these are only marks of reference to the marginal rubrics. But I find the mark (†) continually inserted in prayers in the missals of our sister Church, undoubtedly with the meaning which I attach to it. And, even if it were not so, we are bound, as I have said, to put upon everything the most Catholic interpretation it will bear, and as much upon signs and marks as upon words.

"Notice is also taken by your lordship of my custom of carrying the holy sacrament of the Eucharist in my hands when I go to administer it to the sick; and of keeping the holy elements in the church. And your lordship alleges the words of the Twenty-eighth Article, as forbidding the practice. Those words are, "The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not, by Christ's ordinance, reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped." I beg to reply, that though the Article states that "it was not *by Christ's ordinance* reserved, carried about," &c., nothing is said which forbids me so to deal with it, or to believe that what was not commanded *by Christ's ordinance*, was commanded, and "set in order," by the apostles "when they came."

"I have only to express, in conclusion, my deep and painful regret that your lordship should have written to me, evidently under excitement, arising from misrepresentation, and misconception, and have appeared to condemn (for it can be only in appearance) somewhat precipitately, unexplained, and unheard, practices and doctrines undoubtedly Catholic. I trust your lordship will allow me to implore you, as one of your most devoted and faithful sons, to reconsider the matter, and to assure you, that I do not for a moment attribute anything your lordship has said concerning my conduct to any indifference to Catholic truth, and Catholic principle, (it is miserable to be

obliged to make such a disclaimer) but solely to those infirmities inseparable from your lordship's venerable age, which none can more heartily deplore than

" 'Your Lordship's most humble

" 'And most obedient Servant and Son,

" 'AMBROSE LOYOLA KIRKSTONE.' "

—Pp. 297—304.

Upon all which we offer no comment whatever; not one of these extracts, either against ourselves, or our opponents, is to our own taste. How much on either side such caricatures will promote peace, charity, and love, let us all lay to heart; and how near it comes to the apostolic "jesting which is not convenient," let the writer especially consider. If slander, exaggeration, and mere polemical wit, will do it, we shall soon be a united Church; but if increased bitterness, irritation, and wrath, are to be our judgment, we have only to regret that some among us, whom we most deservedly respect, have, though in a comparatively slight degree, set an example of which the results are before us. And, for ourselves, if in any measure we have contributed to them, we would gladly unsay any reviling, of which, however, we are unconscious. We claim allowance for the criticism, however satirical, which, in the early part of this paper we passed upon the mere *literary* composition of the work under review; but we trust that we have abstained from studied misrepresentations of serious *doctrine*. We may have been called upon to condemn principles, but we have not held up individuals to laughter; and should any of us require chastisement for the sportive exercise of the sarcasm and jesting, "The Rector in search of a Curate" will read the wildest a severe but useful lesson. May we all profit by this very clever, but mischievous book!

In expressing any strong opinion against the modern religious fiction, we are, we fear, laying ourselves open to misunderstanding in quarters to which we gladly own many and personal obligations. But we feel it a duty which we owe to the Church, to question much the propriety of this class of works in principle; and the book which we have been reviewing is enough to prove the extreme danger of this weapon in unscrupulous hands. Finding the use which has been, and which will yet be, made of it, we had better surrender it; and if it be objected to ourselves that we have been tardy in adopting this conclusion, the reason may be found in the fact, that it often requires an extreme case, such as the present, to compel us to differ in opinion from the many respected writers who have, if not set the example of, yet at least given the license of their own authority to, this precarious style of writing. But though we have not spoken out, we have never been quite satisfied. Neither are we actuated by particular hostility to the "Rector in search of a Curate;" perhaps it excels in the literary power of character-drawing any of the fictions which are altogether unobjectionable, or even praiseworthy, in theology and purpose: and though it is distressing enough to find such deep matters as the grace of the sacraments and justification treated in such a way, and in such a place, yet a reply might, and probably

will, be made to *our* objecting to this, which we are not quite sure that we can successfully parry. Or even waiving this higher ground of, to say the least, suspicion, surely these religious tales have done their business; the mine is worked out; on every ground, even a critical one, we deprecate the formation of a *school* of semi-doctrinal fictionists. There is a fatal facility, as has been said of ballad metre, in the composition of the works in question which will render them worthless as contributions to sound English literature, and, without undue disparagement, as mere *works of the imagination*, that is, as mere fictions, the very best of them are below criticism. And in the way of helping a solemn and awful controversy, that is, as *religious works*, we find, from experience, that the young of both sexes read them as mere tales, as we used to do Miss Martineau's series on political economy, with a fixed resolve to shirk the principles, and all that purported to have a didactic aim. Here, then, the danger is obvious and instant. There is a significant passage on this subject in the number of the Foreign and Colonial Quarterly, to which we have alluded elsewhere; (and this, as the editor has taken some ingenuity to let us know, is from the pen of a novelist both able and unobjectionable, Mr. G. P. R. James;) and we are not displeased that fears, which we have some months since partially and playfully expressed, are shared in by a writer whose judgment on such a question is not to be despised.

"The Americans are scantily if at all chargeable with another *mistake*—the religious novel; and this is remarkable in a society where shades of sectarian difference abound, tempting the weak and the earnest to controversy. . . Our hearts sink so low while contemplating the vast field of *trashy literature of this class*, with which the readers of England have been inundated, [we are not answerable for Mr. James' confusion of metaphor] and while recollecting that clever women and *learned men* have permitted themselves to use an engine of mere amusement for the discussion of sacred things, that we cannot but record the absence of American 'Cœlebs,' and 'Father Clements' as a sign of health and sound sense worthy of our serious contemplation. We could say more on this point, which must be *one of painful interest to all thinking and believing men, &c.*"—*Foreign and Colonial Quarterly*, No. iv. p. 488.

The reviewer seems to point only to a class towards whose doctrines we have few attractions; but his strictures are not altogether irrelevant in other quarters.* The only sort of fictions, partaking of this character, which we desire to rank entirely above our fears (we confine ourselves to English literature, otherwise the names of Fouqué, and Tieck, and Novalis, would not be omitted) are those of Mrs. Mozley, and that because they have no bearings on *present controversy*, or theology as such: this is to us the *tanti causa doloris*.

To point out by a familiar example the practical lowering of holy

* We would especially desire to exclude from censure Mr. Gresley's works, particularly his earlier ones, in which the fiction is as slender as the dramatic part of Plato or Shaftesbury. It is only when the plot assumes, or affects to assume, sufficient interest to be read as a mere story, that we have our fears.

associations of which we are in dread. Of course we feel much interest in the improved and more unsecular illustration and "getting up" of books; but have we not somehow got into the wrong track, or overshot the mark? Should the ornaments of the Missal, and the Hours, and the old Catholic Devotion, reappear in the story-book, however religious? We should at once feel it wrong to bind our Bibles like the Keepsake and the Forget-me-not; is it not in the same degree suspicious to find a flood of rubrication well over our most trifling productions; to meet with parish notices studded with initial letters; and the commonest literature "in cloth," bristling with crosses and stanchions, quatre-foils and finials? Even the good taste of the Camden Society has not preserved it from the repetition of a brass on the whitey-brown cover of the Ecclesiologist. There is the whole side of a house in Fleet-street, a newspaper office, one vast illumination and blazonry; and we lately fell in with a *pamphlet* on pews, (a good one by the by,) by Mr. Gillmor, flaming and frowning with church-text, red and black. These being the most extreme, and to us, recent cases of this mistake, to call it by no harsher name, have brought us to the conclusion that we are all wrong together; and it is as well to own our fears, lest we get worse, and fall, from however good motives, into errors even more serious than bad taste. Our greatest present deficiency is in severity, in painting and music, in literature and controversy, in art and ritual, in preaching and prayer, in writing and visiting, in our own hearts, and in our practice.

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1. *A Narrative of Events connected with the Publication of the "Tracts for the Times," with Reflections on existing Tendencies to Romanism, and on the present Duties and Prospects of Members of the Church.* By the Rev. WILLIAM PALMER, M.A. of Worcester College, Oxford. Oxford: Parker. London: Burns, and Rivington. 1843. Pp. x. 112.
 2. *The Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review*, No. IV. London: Whitaker. 1843.

THERE will be no lack of materials and contemporary documents for the future historian of the English Church. When another Burnet sits down to write a History of the "Second Reformation," his main difficulty will consist in the superabundance of his records: he will rather have to reject than collect. And there is this very remarkable and palpable difference between the present and all other religious movements with which we are acquainted, that it seems to have gone upon a plan of some sort or other from the very first: at least, some of those who ought to be the best judges, assume this fact. Luther never drew up the plan of a campaign against the then existing state of things in the Western Church: Cranmer and Ridley

were not in the habit of meeting in each other's rooms to concert a scheme for the rejection of the supremacy of the Roman pontiff, and with an eye, however distant, to the Thirty-nine Articles: Whitefield and Wesley never chalked out any settled rationale of a new schism: and whatever their first essays were towards the mighty results, which, for good or for evil, are connected with their respective names, we at least are deprived of any use to which they might be put; whether our loss is in any way serious, certainly remains questionable. Such, however, is not the case with that great Transition, which is not yet a matter of history. Not only was there a plan, but we are possessed of it, and that authenticated by its authors. Whoever was connected with it seems to have gone—may we say it?—out of his way in presenting at least his own share in it, and that of course not under the most unfavourable colours. But we must give a synoptical view of the whole matter.

Some few years back, Messrs. Newman and Keble, in editing the remains of Mr. Froude, published one of his letters, abounding in blanks and asterisks, all of them, however, *φωνήματα συνεροισιν*, which related to five individuals, and these connected with a sixth; and all of them embarked in what might be, and was in the unguarded language of private intercourse, (*i. e.* in a letter, never intended for publication, though addressed to one who afterwards published it)—styled “a conspiracy,” whose object seemed to be a change in the *de facto* state of the Church. This phrase, first employed by a writer, who dealt largely (in private be it remembered) in fervid language, has been eagerly caught up; and though up to this time there had been only a few inarticulate wailings about it, from a gentleman who writes letters to some of the Low-Church newspapers, under the signature of “A Member of Convocation,” or “An Oxford M.A.” (in such qualifications consisting his not very distinctive claims to immortality,*) in the year 1838, Dr. Faussett, in his celebrated sermon, “The Revival of Popery,” if we remember right, by calling attention to it, seemed to suggest that certain individuals of the University of Oxford, names and numbers unknown, had been in the habit of meeting, in secret conclave, for the express purpose, with articles drawn up, and a scheme of operations digested and settled, of introducing Romanism into England, and of getting the whole Anglican Church to subscribe to the Tridentine decrees. How far this wild notion was ever seriously entertained, even by those who advanced it, or even avowed beyond quarters far from unscrupulous, it is now not worth inquiring: but, for reasons satisfactory to himself, and actuated

* We allude to an otherwise insignificant individual, a Mr. Golightly, of Oriel, who says that in some way he was consulted about “the plot,” as much, we presume, as Brutus' pocket-handkerchief had to do with the assassination of Julius Cæsar.

by a sincere desire of soothing public agitation, late in the last year, one of the parties asterisked in Froude's Remains, Mr. Perceval, volunteered a letter to an Irish journal, naming, with one exception, all "the conspirators" alluded to, which were Messrs. Newman, Keble, and Froude, Mr. H. J. Rose, Mr. Perceval, and —, which — has been since filled up with the very respected name of Mr. W. Palmer, of Worcester College; who refusing, in the case of Mr. Perceval's letter (which was afterwards expanded by its author into a miscellaneous pamphlet—"A Collection of Papers, connected with the Theological Movement of 1833"), to allow his name to appear in it, has since been "induced, by subsequent circumstances, to throw off this reserve, and avow his responsibility." Hence the publication named at the head of the present paper.

Now, it will be observed that of these six gentlemen, two, Messrs. Froude and Rose, have gone to their rest; two have given separate statements of the rise and progress of this movement (Mr. Perceval's "Collection of Papers," and Mr. Palmer's "Narrative of Events," supply all that can be required to its elucidation; public curiosity has been amply, we had almost said prodigally, catered for in their publications;) and of the other two, Messrs. Newman and Keble, as far as we can understand Mr. Perceval's (Collection, p. 2) very general, and, indeed, somewhat vague allusion to "all parties," whose letters appear in it, we assume that they were consulted before their private and fragmentary papers were brought before the world, and that their consent was obtained to all the disclosures which have been made. The object of Messrs. Perceval and Palmer seems the same; it is twofold:—first, *personal*, to clear themselves from misapprehension on points where they had been supposed, and as it turns out incorrectly, to have incurred responsibility in sharing in all the opinions advanced by their colleagues in various publications, avowed or anonymous, such as the "Tracts for the Times," &c.;—and, secondly, *public*, to show the world, first that in the original "association," as they term it—"conspiracy," as one of themselves sportively phrased it—"plot," as their enemies thought fit to designate it, they had all along maintained certain fixed definite principles, which principles they had always held—which principles were the sole bond of union when they formed the association in 1833; beyond which principles they never had advanced, and never would advance: *but*, beyond which, and here comes in Mr. Palmer's second title, certain writers, not parties to the original association, especially within the last two years, and particularly in the British Critic, had advanced, and this Romewards:—hence, in his case, the need of protesting against "existing tendencies to Romanism." Mr. Perceval's exceptions are not so specific, either because his own feelings do not recognise so much against which he desires to except,—and

this, perhaps, we might be justified in concluding from the fact, that he remained longer in "*intimate confidence*" with his colleagues than appears to have been the case with Mr. Palmer (Narrative, p. 23),—or because, which is most likely the case, there was not eighteen months ago so much in print against which it seemed needful to protest, as at the time when Mr. Palmer writes; in other words, the Romanizing tendencies had not advanced so far.

Here, then, if ever that paulo-post-future historian of the English Church, whom we have ventured to anticipate, would write under the most favourable auspices, contemporaneous documents exist in unparalleled profusion. Not only has he facts which are unquestionable, but the gloss and comments of those who were the originators of the movement which he is called upon to paint; be he Sarpi or Pallavacino, Burnet or Heylin, Collier or Short, his task it would seem will be an easy one. The facts he can scarcely dispute; the motives it would seem impossible to distort; the end proposed it would, on such indisputable authority, be difficult to mistake. Whose testimony so irrefragable as that of those who not only select their own subjects, but choose their own light, under which they call upon the world to view their pictures? Every avenue to error or misunderstanding appears to have been foreseen and provided against.

And yet with all this caution and careful weighing of contingencies—and we are desirous to express our unfeigned sympathy with Messrs. Perceval and Palmer for the dutiful and affectionate solicitude for truth which they have evinced, and which alone could have prompted narratives, from which pain of some sort or other appears inseparable—may we be permitted to confess a very paradoxical impression? It is that after all—and we protest against being supposed to impugn either their motives or their judgment—after all, they may not, however appearances go, be the best judges of what they contemplated ten years ago. It seems to us, of course we speak doubtingly, that no man, unless he can assume the prerogative of controlling distant results, which are out of his own power, can decide whether these or those effects are or are not in strict conformity with his own original intentions. At the best, we are not infallible judges of what ought to come of any line of action; and yet more, is it not usually the case, that we view at such a distance even our former avowed purpose rather under the refracted medium of its success or failure, than in the pure light of our first conceptions? Is it quite clear that the parties to the original association had any distinct purpose at all; or is it proved that though they all agreed in some definite formula and certain means, which is beyond a doubt, that they all proposed the same end, or viewed it from the same point? Because, upon

the resolution of these queries will of course depend—not the present faithfulness of what they now record as their intentions, which is unquestionable, but—the fact of the real nature and tendency of what they then agreed to. Viewing it from a very abstract position, we are not prepared to assume it as an axiom that the *animus imponentis* is necessarily and in all cases the true standard of interpretation; knowing, that is, how our minds are withheld or stimulated under certain conditions by something extraneous to our own powers. If Caiaphas prophesied unconsciously, may we not—we speak of it but as a theory—be in some such way influenced to take a certain line for ultimate results, and which are independent of our own volition, and which never could be a matter of distinct personal contemplation to ourselves? It is one thing for us to say, that the present state of things is very different from that which we had hoped and anticipated would have come of our association ten years ago; and thus far, we not only concede their right to criticize and protest, but thankfully accept the instruction which we trust to derive from the labours of divines so gifted with charity and learning and high principle as Messrs. Palmer and Perceval; but it is surely another thing to assume—as they have done—that our present deplorable state, with all its dangers and dissensions, and we are not desirous to understate such, indeed the existence of which all admit and bewail, arises for the most part from an abandonment of *any* fixed principles, to which, if all the original parties had maintained their allegiance, no such disasters would, or could, have followed. All then turns upon this single point—what were these original principles of 1833, and are Messrs. Palmer and Perceval the legitimate exponents of them? To this question we propose to address ourselves; and this not, we trust, in a captious spirit, but with Mr. Palmer's own most amiable object, “not to add to our divisions, or to create unkindly feeling in any quarter; but to obviate mistakes which might have a most injurious effect on the cause of truth.”—P. 89. Oh! could we but in our measure contribute to this healing end; could we but prevail on ourselves and others calmly to trust the issue in His hands, and to possess our souls in peace; could we but distrust our own weak judgment, and be persuaded that He not only can, but will, bring order out of even this wild chaos of misunderstanding and perplexity; then there would be less room for explanation and apology, for these harassing protests and distinctions—these apparent differences—these distressing confessions—these approaches to mutual recriminations and suspicions—which however needful, are still very, very sad!

Mr. Palmer has ably and forcibly drawn the state of the Church of England in the year 1832. Indeed, it has been so often and so faithfully pictured, that we can but indicate its prominent features. However, rather than copy too much from the

work, which is the more immediate subject of discussion, we prefer an extract from a contemporary review,* and this the rather because it will be seen that its author's statements, though viewing the matter under a different light, and with an object altogether dissimilar from ours, yet bear out the position to which we wish to confine our notes. The Foreign and Colonial Review argues that the movement was *ab intra*, of the whole Church—that it was a development of the Church's mind: to which we add, if so, then it may be that we give undue prominence and authority to the acts of certain individuals; what they thought or what they intended is partly beside the question: their step, though most important, was but a link in a chain. We are not consequently bound to attach too much weight to the account which they now give of their projects: it is somewhat too hard and technical a view of God's providential care of His Church, to fix it in grooves of our own devising. Why are we to confine ourselves to the *principles* of the Tracts for the Times, or the *principles* of the Hadleigh conference, or the *principles* of the "Churchman's Manual;" What are these principles? Are they crystallized? The Foreign and Colonial Review denies that "the original and casual thought of three or four individuals" was the sole cause of the commencement of the great religious revival. We assume this position; and we then say that if so, though Messrs. Palmer's and Perceval's statements cannot be otherwise than valuable, they are not authoritative criteria; they are not decisive as to what *ought* to have been our present state: that serious errors have been committed, we should be very loth to deny; that none would have occurred, that all our deficiencies would have been supplied, and none of our requirements as a Church overlooked, upon Mr. Palmer's ideal, we think that we may be permitted to pause before we admit. The truth is, that far and wide the Spirit of the Lord was blowing, elements of change were rushing from every quarter of heaven.

"Without taking particulars of exception into view, but regarding the operation as a whole, that operation has been a development from within of the mind and sense of the Church itself; not proceeding from fortuitous causes, not coloured by individual caprice, nor by merely individual genius, piety, or earning, but a tribute providentially supplied to the imperious necessities of the

* In mentioning our new compeer, we desire again to express our satisfaction at the general line of this periodical, now completing its first annual cycle. If, as is said, the Foreign and Colonial Quarterly is the political exponent of the commerce and economy of the Board of Trade, it is not too much to assume that the article on the present state of the Church, from which we quote, may be deemed the view taken of our present needs by the able author of the work, which has assumed the dignity of an English Classic—"The State in its Relations with the Church." The importance of such a view can scarcely be over-estimated; and had Mr. Gladstone made a somewhat fuller admission of our present needs, towards understanding which, however, a layman is debarred from the fullest access, there were little to desire in this very valuable paper.

time, whose emphatic language sounded in the ears of the English Church, bidding her either to descend from her eminence, or else to assert its prerogatives and discharge its duties. It was impossible for her any longer to stand in the public opinion upon the grounds of political utility, of national tradition, of an accommodating tone of doctrine, too long and too widely prevalent, which, instead of rousing dead consciences like a trumpet, made itself in a certain sense agreeable and popular, by humming and lulling them into deeper slumbers. Administrative abuses, such as non-residence, pluralities, and the progressive reduction of sacraments and other services, had reached a most frightful height; and the progress of reforms late begun for some time appeared to be so slow, that it was to be feared the scythe of the destroyer might overtake them, and remove the abuse and the thing abused together. The clergy were, as a body, secular in their habits; and, unless in individual instances, had fallen altogether below the proper level of their lofty calling, although they continued to be much above that of general society. The lives of the portion of our youth intended to recruit their ranks, were generally unrestrained; and they passed at the period of their ordination, from indifference or dissoluteness to decency, rather as a matter of social arrangement, than as the fruit of any religious emotion, or effectual training for the most sacred and awful of all functions. Those who were pious and earnest, had for the most part to frame standards of character, of discipline, and of operation, for themselves; so that the priestly type, in its sanctity and elevation, was almost obliterated. A faithful few, indeed, ever continued to exhibit it, in their teaching as well as in their life, embodying the true spirit of the Church: but they were lights rather each to his own sphere, than to the country as a whole. In fact, the Church of England at large had seemed at one time to be rapidly approximating, in practice, to the character of what a powerful writer denominates, in homely phrase, 'a sham'; an organization of vast dimension and detail, professing to convey to the door of every native of the country Divine grace and knowledge, but really being and meaning to be little more than a provision for supplying younger sons, tutors, and incapable persons in general, with an independent livelihood and a position in society; and for the perfunctory discharge of a minimum of religious offices in public places but just kept weather-tight for the purpose, without the establishment of anything like a personal and spiritual relation between the pastor and his people, and without the smallest appreciation of the high and holy aims embraced in the adjustment by our forefathers of her services and her discipline.

"This, we say with pain and shame, was what the Church of England appeared to be about to become."—*Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review*, pp. 556, 557.

"We do not say that the elements of which the best theological teaching ought to be composed, have as yet, in any school, or in any large proportion of writers or teachers among us, adjusted themselves, by their reciprocal action, in a perfect equilibrium; but the fundamental proposition which we seek to establish and illustrate is this—that the popular divinity of thirty years ago, although it had indeed many recommendations in comparison with that which it resisted and displaced, and although it sprung from the vivid re-awakening of religious instincts and desires, yet did not spring out of nor stand in harmonious relations with those principles which belong to the constitution of the Church, and did not avail to secure for those principles and that constitution their proper place in the Christian system. And thus the restorative process, which we rejoice to honour, even in its crude commencement, was both narrow in its extent, and, what was worse, faulty in its quality, because it did not comprehend the elements necessary for its own permanent immunity from deteriorating influences.

"But strange indeed it would have been,—at least in the view of those who regard the Church visible and Catholic as the everlasting Spouse of Christ, dowered with the gifts which He purchased with His blood and tears,—most strange to them it would have been, if in a great religious revival that Spouse

had not found herself a voice for the assertion of her prerogatives; not, indeed, as if it were to do battle with her foes, like earthly potentates, for the sake of acquisition or possession, of admiration or renown, but because her prerogatives are also her duties, and by them alone can she discharge aright the high trusts committed to her by her Lord. And so, in an order which seems to us to bear every mark of the hand of Almighty wisdom, after that the embers of faith and love had been extensively rekindled in thousands upon thousands of individual breasts throughout the land, there came next a powerful, a resistless impulse, to combine and harmonize the elements thus called into activity, to shelter them beneath a mother's wings, that there they might grow into the maturity of their strength, and issue forth prepared for the work which might be ordained for them to perform. This was to be done by making men sensible that God's dispensation of love was not a dispensation to communicate His gifts by ten thousand separate channels, nor to establish with ten thousand elected souls as many distinct, independent relations; nor again was it to leave them unaided, to devise and set in motion for themselves a machinery for making sympathy available and co-operation practicable among the children of a common Father: but it was to call them all into one spacious fold, under one tender Shepherd; to place them all upon one level, to feed them all with one food, to surround them all with one defence; to impart to them all the deepest, the most inward and vital sentiment of community, and brotherhood, and identity, as in their fall so in their recovery, as in their perils so in their hopes, as in their sins so in their graces, and in the means and channels for receiving them.

"That, therefore, which we are now discussing, was not the original and casual thought of three or four or more individuals; it was a link in the great chain of causes and effects, by which the mind of this country has now, for half a century and more, been made the subject of so remarkable and of so general a religious progression and development. To have had the smallest share in impelling the movement of which we speak, was indeed an honour; to have had a greater share in directing it, a surpassing crown; to have marred it by temerity or excess, among the heaviest of sorrows: but do not let us suppose that, in contemplating it, we are contemplating an affair of mere individual volition; it is, as a whole, the divinely prompted answer of our Christian humanity to its own cry for its proper meat and drink; it is as much the offspring of providential necessity as any great historical event of any age; let us add, it was the infallible sequel and complement of the work of religious renovation, which began apart from, and almost in antagonism to, ecclesiastical rule, but which never could be complete or fully worthy of its Author, until it ceased to deal with men as isolated individuals, and steadily and uniformly regarded them as members of that Divine society, within which they are appointed 'to grow up into Him in all things, which is the head, even Christ, from whom the whole body, fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body, unto the edifying of itself in love.'—*Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review*, pp. 559, 560.

"We assert, without the fear of contradiction, that the progression of which we speak is, as a whole, the progression not of a party or section, but of the Church. Some few individuals there may be, who may have been scared through their own sensitive timidity, some few who may have been scandalized by particular excesses or defects of act or language, into a mood of more decided aversion or suspicion towards Catholic principles and practices, than any of which they were formerly conscious; but even here, as we believe, the process has rather been to evoke what was latent, than to infuse what was new. But, when we speak of the country and of the Church at large, it is evident that the body, as a body, moves forward, from year to year, we might almost say from day to day, in the line of Catholicism: of Catholicism we

* Eph. iv. 15, 16.

admit, regulated and tempered by the Anglican mould in which it has been cast, but involving all its essential principles, and more and more predisposed to their development."—*Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review*, p. 561.

But it is high time to learn what these principles were. Mr. Perceval states them ("Collection of Papers," p. 13,) "as in their matured form, dated Oxford, September 6, 1833, drawn up by Mr. Keble."

"Considering, 1. That the only way of salvation is the partaking of the body and blood of our sacrificed Redeemer.

"2. That the mean expressly authorized by Him for that purpose is the holy sacrament of His supper.

"3. That the security by Him no less expressly authorized, for the continuance and due application of that sacrament, is the apostolical commission of the bishops, and under them the presbyters of the Church.

"4. That, under the present circumstances of the Church of England, there is peculiar danger of these matters being slighted and practically disavowed, and of numbers of Christians being left or tempted to precarious and unauthorized ways of communion, which must terminate often in virtual apostasy.

"We desire to pledge ourselves one to another, reserving our canonical obedience as follows:

"1. To be on the watch for all opportunities of inculcating on all committed to our charge, a due sense of the inestimable privilege of communion with our Lord through the successors of the Apostles; and of leading them to the resolution to transmit it, by his blessing, unimpaired to their children.

"2. To provide and circulate books and tracts which may tend to familiarize the imaginations of men to the idea of an apostolical commission, to represent to them the feelings and principles resulting from that doctrine in the purest and earliest Churches, and especially to point out its fruits as exemplified in the practice of the primitive Christians; their communion with each other, however widely separated, and their resolute sufferings for the truth's sake.

"3. To do what lies in us towards reviving among Churchmen the practice of daily common prayer, and more frequent participation of the Lord's Supper. And whereas there seems great danger at present of attempts at unauthorized and inconsiderate innovation, as in other matters so especially in the service of our Church, we pledge ourselves—

"4. To resist any attempt that may be made to alter the liturgy on insufficient authority; *i. e.* without the exercise of the free and deliberate judgment of the Church on the alterations proposed.

"5. It will also be one of our objects to place within the reach of all men sound and true accounts of those points in our discipline and worship, which may appear from time to time most likely to be misunderstood or undervalued, and to suggest such measures as may promise to be most successful in preserving them."—Pp. 13, 14.

Upon which Mr. Palmer observes:—

"It is, however, a mistake to suppose that either of them was finally adopted as the actual formulary of agreement. It always seemed to me, that, however true in a certain sense might be some of the doctrines comprised in those documents, their introduction as fundamental conditions of our union might create much embarrassment, and might limit the sphere of our utility, in prematurely obtruding on the friends of the Church questions, which, either from want of knowledge, or from the difficulty of adopting unobjectionable phraseology, might cause offence rather than promote harmony and cooperation. There was some difference of opinion on the question of the union of Church and State, which some of our friends* seemed inclined to regard as an evil; while

* Mr. Keble and Mr. Perceval.

I (and perhaps* another) was desirous to maintain this union, notwithstanding the evidently hostile disposition of the State, and its tyrannical suppression of the Irish sees, because, as it appeared to me, we could not attain absolute independence, and the power of self-legislation, and liberty to elect our bishops, except by sacrificing the endowments of the Church, on which our whole parochial system, and the dissemination of religious truth throughout the land, are practically dependent; and, considering that no plan had been suggested for the election of bishops which was not liable to objections and to evils, fully as great as any which may exist under the present system of nomination by the Crown; considering also the fearful consequence of leaving our clergy as a body dependent on the voluntary contributions of the people, who were wholly unaccustomed to the discharge of such a duty, and would be disposed to shrink from it; I could not but think that any efforts which went towards the separation of Church and State, would be injurious to the Church, as well as unavailing in themselves, and prejudicial to our union. Circumstances might be supposed, indeed, in which the Church should be prepared to make the sacrifice of her endowments; *i.e.* if she could only retain them *by relinquishing their vital principles*; but, on the occasion now under consideration, we were not reduced to this extremity."—Pp. 7, 8.

But Mr. Perceval again restates them distinctly in two places; one on the express authority of Mr. Palmer himself, in a letter dated Oxford, August 23, 1833.

"The two principles of the society would be—a firm maintenance of the apostolical succession, and a resolution to preserve the integrity of Christian doctrine in our Prayer-Book; that is, not to allow it to be watered down into Socinianism. Such would be simply *the principles of our Society*."

This is Mr. Palmer's own account. (Collection, p. 13.) And similar is Mr. Perceval's own account of them:—

"On the breaking up of our meeting at the house of Mr. Rose, at Hadleigh, Mr. Froude and Mr. Palmer returned to Oxford, from whence, after they had consulted with the two others [Mr. Newman and Mr. Keble], I heard from them both [*i.e.* Froude and Palmer] to the effect that it was agreed we should at once make an united effort, &c."—*Perceval*, p. 16.

Now all that we claim for these "principles," is that they be construed with the utmost latitude; and that no one party put his private interpretation upon them to the exclusion of the others. Supposing, which we conceive a possible case, Mr. Newman or Mr. Keble were to publish their narrative or statement, at the present moment, we think that they might make out quite as good a case for their present and possibly more developed position as Mr. Palmer and Mr. Perceval for theirs: we charge neither "pair of friends" with inconsistency; but we can, at least, believe another interpretation of these same principles, quite as honest and trustworthy and sincere, as that presented to us in the commentaries which we already possess, and yet even one quite different.

Neither are we left altogether to mere conjecture as to what each party meant by subscribing the *Formula Concordiæ* of 1833. Messrs. Palmer's and Perceval's exposition is before us; in the main features, though there are shades of difference, it is identical;

* Mr. Newman.

what sense Mr. Rose affixed to it, we have fewer materials for determining. Mr. Froude's may be easily anticipated; and towards ascertaining what the *then* views as to the future held by Mr. Keble and Mr. Newman were, and what sort of progression they contemplated, we have materials—in no quarter, that we remember, sufficiently noticed—for gaining a tolerably safe approximation. And, we think, that it will be found that, *in limine*, these two latter theologians took a larger range than their two friends: that they anticipated a change much more extensive; and that, in *their* case, the *development* of the Church, —to use the phrase which is now the great stumbling-block, we had almost said, party signal or pass-word—was foreseen as likely to be more general, and that it ought to be more general, than Messrs. Palmer and Perceval then contemplated, or are even now disposed to acknowledge.

On Sunday, July 14, 1833, Mr. Keble preached an assize sermon in St. Mary's, Oxford, containing very strong and momentous language on the then existing state of the relations between Church and State: this sermon he afterwards published with the startling title of "National Apostasy," and in the preface, alluding to the suppression of the ten Irish Bishoprics, he spoke in these very memorable words:—

"The anxiety of churchmen turns not so much on the consequences to the State of what has been done, (*they* are but too evident) as on the line of conduct which they are bound themselves to pursue. *How may they continue their communion with the Church established* (hitherto the pride and comfort of their lives), without any taint of those Erastian principles on which she is now avowedly to be governed? What answer can we make henceforth to the partisans of the Bishop of Rome, when they taunt us with being a mere parliamentary Church? And how, consistently with our present relations to the State, can even the doctrinal purity and integrity of the MOST SACRED ORDER [sic] be preserved? . . . This [to deprecate and abjure the tyranny] seems the least that can be done: unless we would have our children's children say, 'There was once here a glorious Church, but it was betrayed into the hands of libertines for the real or affected love of a little temporary peace and good order.'"—*Preface*, pp. iv. v. July 22, 1833. [The bill having passed between the preaching and printing of the sermon.]

Mr. Keble, though the most retiring character of all those whose names have been brought so publicly before the world—perhaps from his peaceful life the more eminently gifted with an almost prophetic intuition—has always been in advance of his age. Referring to the Christian Year (?) Dr. Pusey, in 1837,* spoke of him as one "who in years past unconsciously implanted a truth which was afterwards to take root;" and we think that, in the passage just quoted, published before the Oxford articles were drawn up, is contained very much more than at that time Mr. Palmer foresaw. Our present distresses are almost literally foretold: to attempt to preserve "peace and

* Dedication of "Fifth of November Sermon."

good order," consistently with higher duties, he saw was hopeless eleven years ago; and even then serious doubts were entertained and expressed by him as to the possibility of remaining in the Anglican communion; and a great fear was expressed that in conducting the Roman controversy we should have great difficulty in proving that ours was better than a parliamentary Church; and that the purity of the Episcopate itself—and consequently the very essence of the Church—was perilled, if not impaired.

Here, then, was Mr. Keble more than eleven years ago doing what? exactly what ardent minds are so strongly censured by Mr. Palmer for doing now: speaking of our Church "undutifully," as it is called, doubting of the continuance of the sacred presence in her—apprehensive that the Church, as at present *established*, might have ceased to be Catholic, and uncertain whether the Romanists might not have the best of it in an argument on their favourite *τόπος* of State interference and Acts of Parliament. But are we saying that all this proves a Romanizing tendency in Mr. Keble? God forbid: but we only quote it for this double purpose, that those who say the same thing at present, may be as far from Rome as was Mr. Keble in 1833,—and again, that be present tendencies what they may, they were shared in and expressed by one of Mr. Palmer's own colleagues many years ago; and though while we are writing, they may be more widely spread, yet the germ of them is anything but novel: it is not only coeval with, but anterior to the date of the Suggestions, &c., and the lay and clerical addresses to the Archbishop of Canterbury. If, then, at this time Mr. Keble had openly avowed such sentiments as we have quoted; and if, with all this, as Mr. Palmer forcibly observes, there was in *all* the parties to this movement,—

"No dishonesty on our part; no wish to promote Romanism; no disloyalty to the Church of England; no want of charity towards any of her members; no design, except that of seeing all the principles of the English Church in full and active operation; no wish, but that of promoting the glory of God, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men!"—Pp. 89, 90.

some among us may claim from the charity of their brethren that same immunity from suspicion and censure which Mr. Palmer cheerfully extends to Mr. Keble in 1833, even if *they* say now what *he* said then.—But what of Mr. Newman?

"I trust that in speaking of recent theories of 'development,' a sufficient distinction has been drawn between the views of an eminent and much respected writer, and those of other men. I would not be understood to offer any opposition to the former when rightly understood; but there is much vague and dangerous theory afloat elsewhere on the subject. The continual cry of the 'British Critic' for 'development,' 'progress,' 'change,' &c."—*Palmer's Preface to Narrative*, p. ix.

And elsewhere kind and courteous language is used respecting Mr. Newman by Mr. Palmer, who goes out of his way

to indicate, that, bating minor particulars, he is for the most part at one with Mr. Newman's published doctrine. And yet, if we recall certain passages in the History of the Arians, published in 1833, and written "in the early part of 1832," (see Advertisement to that volume,)—we allude particularly to the celebrated chapters on the principle of the formation and imposition of creeds, and on the Scripture doctrine of the Trinity,—views are propounded as to the inherent principle of development in the Church, which, were they now to appear for the first time, Mr. Palmer would be apt to censure as extravagant, and all would reckon of the strongest. A passage from Gregory of Nazianzum, cited by Mr. Newman with approval, p. 169, seems to us to go very far in declaring the very *oikonomia*, to which Mr. Palmer would except.

But why are we thus particular in affixing to Messrs. Newman and Keble, at so remote a period, these very high sentiments? Because we think that they go far to establish our position, that there was not in 1833 that perfect identity of views and aims which Mr. Palmer seems to claim for all the parties to the original Oxford Association; and, to repeat our observation, that some of them might mean much more by embarking in such a scheme than others profess, and that with all good faith, to have done. Our sole difference with Mr. Palmer is, that we are not bound to attach so narrow and restricted an object, even to the principles enunciated ten years back, as he now construes them with. From the very first, as the course of events, particularly in the publication of the Tracts for the Times, was not slow to show, there were two, at least, lines of thought which soon diverged.

And—shall we own our impressions?—we are disposed to think that the fact of the very frequent revisions which the enunciation of the bond of union underwent, is a sufficient proof that the harmony was never complete and entire. The final document has, at this distance, rather the appearance of cautious wording, which was meant to combine and to conceal real differences, than to proclaim perfect identity of sentiment. There appears in the address to the Archbishop particularly, something like an effort to combine discordant elements. It was rather too guarded; one clause of it about "proved defects" is little short of an equivocation: the orthodox meant it in one sense, the reforming body was asked to sign it in another; and Mr. Palmer's boast, that it was accepted by all parties in the Church, knowing what irreconcilable differences now as then divided us, is in our eyes anything but a commendation of its trustworthiness as an exposition of principles which could be legitimately carried out in all their inferences. In illustration of which an anonymous communication printed by Mr. Palmer is very noticeable.

"October 24, 1833.

"I thank you much for the copy of the 'Suggestions,' which I duly received, and think them drawn up with both ability and caution, and defining very accurately the object of the Association, and supporting the measure by reasons which must satisfy every reasonable mind. Your letter I confess staggers me, for I am no novice in the points at issue, between the two parties designated Orthodox and Evangelical, and my conviction is, that without compromising fundamentals, no union between them can be formed. Such a union I admit to be most important; I could almost say vitally so to us both, and I am quite prepared to forget all the past, and to give to every individual of the latter class the right hand of fellowship with all the cordiality possible, if they will lay aside Wesley's conceits, and return to the genuine doctrines of the Reformation. . . . I do not say these things to throw cold water upon your measures, but merely to urge deliberation, and the obtaining a clear understanding of the views of those to whom you join yourselves."—*Palmer*, p. 104.

And a subsequent acceptance of it is even more suspicious:—

"Norwich, Feb. 1, 1834.

"I have heard of only five or six persons in this radical county, who have positively refused to sign the address; and their opinions in general have very little weight in the Church. Whigs and Tories, Evangelicals and High Churchmen, who have on no occasion been induced to act together before, have readily united in the present measure."—*Palmer*, p. 105.

Indeed, how Mr. Palmer's strictly technical and formal view of the Anglican Church could, for any practical purpose, long remain combined with those larger aspirations of his colleagues, who were from the first admirers of the non-juring Theology, p. 24, and who openly exclaimed against the union of Church and State, (*Palmer*, p. 7; *Perceval*, p. 12,) we are at a loss to conceive. And the very Erastian objections (*Palmer*, Narrative, p. 98,) even to the guarded address to the Archbishop, and the wish expressed by —, (we believe a son of Bishop Tomline,) not to go into "questions relating to *episcopacy*, *apostolicity*, and so forth," (*ibid.* p. 106,) and even the opinion expressed by one so able as Mr. Rose, (*ibid.* p. 105,) that "the necessity of reviving *discipline* in the Church ought not to involve any controversy upon doctrine," go far towards proving that the meagreness of the original principles, and their over scrupulousness as to bringing out the distinctive and spiritual nature of the Church, was their chief recommendation in too many quarters where they gained acceptance.

On the whole, then,—not that we would, even in thought, suppose Mr. Palmer to share in these unworthy suspicions which we have quoted,—our view of the Association of 1833 is, that, for the sake of rallying the clergy round such Truths as they held in common, and for the estimable, though polemical, purpose of presenting an uniform and bold line of defence, objects in which it was successful to a great extent, it necessarily involved too much compromise and suppression of earnest convictions to be long maintained,—that it cannot be quoted as a very accurate or distinct indication of principles at all,—and that the division which Mr. Palmer would seem to ascribe to

subsequent steps really existed at the time of its formation too strongly and seriously to make their continued concealment compatible with honesty on either side. Mr. Palmer tells us that he "looked as kindly on one set of *men* as another;" and so viewing them, merely as sets of men, he was right, we think, in doing; but the avowed principle of the association was compatible with looking as kindly on one set of *opinions* as another; and considering that then, as now, the grace of the sacraments, the apostolic succession, baptismal regeneration, the doctrines of grace and unity, and the power of the keys, articles of the creed and catholic verities, were openly denied, we cannot think that it supplied any basis of permanent union. Let it be remembered that we are not blaming it as a particular measure on a particular emergency; to summon all who held posts in the Church to rally round her, was not only summoning them to their plain duty, but it was also a preliminary which might enable those who had in them the capacity of entering into a living and holy Unity, to see, and learn, and understand each other's minds. But, obviously, this latter must be a subsequent process, not provided for in the watch-words of the association, remaining, it may be, still in progress; perhaps necessarily involving, in that progress, the very perplexities, eccentric movements, uncomfortable suggestions, individual crudities, which Mr. Palmer deplures, and which he seems to think altogether alien from the Catholic movement. Supposing that it were a permanent basis, it could not amount to more than a truce which could be kept but upon a negation, rather than an assertion, of that "Liturgy, which embodied, in the language of ancient piety, the orthodox and primitive faith," (Address to the Archbishop;) it would suit the meridian of Berlin, and the evangelical church of Prussia, rather than the stern theology of Oxford. For such reasons, then, we argue either that Mr. Palmer has attached undue importance to, or has interpreted too narrowly, the gist, and it may be the real value, of the Oxford Association.

We have been particular on this point, not because it were in itself of such vital importance, even though Mr. Palmer had, from the peculiar bias of his mind, been disposed to overstate the value of that isolated course of conduct upon which he lays so much stress, and in which he was the main agent, or to understate the dissatisfaction with those ultra-Protestant tendencies at work in the Church entertained elsewhere: we say that it were comparatively indifferent in itself, though we had established, as we think to some extent, that we have done, the existence in Mr. Palmer's chosen associates of fixed resolve to expand in every direction the energies of the Church,—to give it fuller and freer breathing-room than it had ever enjoyed since the Reformation,—to supply, if it might be, some of those deficiencies which the, in many respects tragical, era of the

Reformation had caused,—deficiencies which Andrewes in his prayers lamented, and which the Hampton Court Conference, and the rule of the Caroline prelates, and the Savoy changes, only partially met; and thus, in a due sense, even to unprotestantise, if we may construe that perilous phrase as equivalent to catholicise, the English Church. But we have spent this time with an indirect object, which is to claim for many minds among us, even though they are of the “dissatisfied” and “developing” school, a warmer sympathy than they seem to receive from Mr. Palmer's award. What we mean is, that there is a very large and influential body, animated by the best spirit of loyalty and dutifulness to the English Church, and *without the slightest tendency to Rome*, (on which we shall have something to say presently,) whose wants must be recognised, and whose resolution, under God, to claim their full heritage in the Church of their baptism, must receive not mere attention, and a cold polite hearing in high places, but a frank and unsuspecting measure of cooperation. The day is gone by when spiritual needs can be adequately supplied, or rather repressed, by a hard literary weighing of evidence. We have obtained the verdict from our spiritual Fathers; how long shall we be denied the solid, substantial estate for which we went to law? It seems to be little short of mockery, if, as the Foreign and Colonial Reviewer proves, the great “majority of the late Episcopal Charges” are in an upward direction; if they all tend, more or less, to “assert and vindicate the legitimacy of high views relating to the Church and sacraments,” p. 562; and if “men in general are coming more and more under the power of the great essential principles now at issue,” p. 563, to see all these fine prospects on paper, and to look out into the world and find so little *done*. There is in too many quarters an inadequate perception of what still remains to do.

It is not every one who has the means of forming a judgment upon so complicated a question as the positive effects upon the mass of men's minds of certain principles. Very far are we from desiring those who have accompanied our remarks thus far to accept us as infallible guides as to the actual state of the Church. We can but witness what we know; and since for our own individual testimony we shall have to give account, we are not altogether without a sense of our responsibility: but could we select individuals whose estimate, both of our condition and prospects, would naturally be drawn in colours far too bright, we should name studious men, who, happily for themselves, are removed from a very close contact with the thousand-fold religious distresses of men and women of opposite characters and pursuits; who live but with others of kindred views and sentiments; who know the Church of England rather from an extensive acquaintance with its literary treasures than from per-

sonal experience of the working of its *actual* system in the life and death of Christian souls; in preserving holiness in the unspotted, or in inspiring reverence in the worldly, or in urging penitence upon the sinner. We speak of its general, not of its particular, success. It is neither fair nor kind to brand with the severe names of undutiful and reckless censurers those who in the bitterness of their hearts know, from a miserably and daily increasing experience, how utterly defective in converting the world the English Church system—not as it ought to be, but as it is; the *de facto*, not the *de jure*; the real, not the ideal Church—has proved; how far her works have fallen short of her capacities. Divines, in their studies; men of high rank, in their cabinets; nay, even our Most Holy Fathers, who are promoted from the headship of a college to the headship of a diocese, and who see but the culled fruits of the Church, who are welcomed by crowds, respectful, dutiful, and often liberal, at consecrations and charity sermons, who mix with none but avowed Churchmen, and for none but Church purposes, who preside over meetings where nothing but success and glowing anticipations are permitted to intrude;—none of these know the defects of the Church so well as those whose humbler office it is to wrestle with the awful doubts and despondencies which come across the individual souls of their flocks; who look into “the doctrines of antiquity of our formularies and of the Scripture itself; who are schooled in the doctrines of Bancroft and Andrewes, Bramhall and Taylor, Hammond and Beveridge, Bull and Wilson” (Palmer, p. 85); and who find in all these writings high doctrines, which if they preached now they would be perhaps pelted from their pulpits—most certainly libelled in the newspapers, nicknamed papists and traitors, and all but openly persecuted; whose sole consolation is to be tolerated, whose highest stimulant is immunity from direct censure: these find their Church claiming the power of the Keys, and yet many, perhaps most, of its clergy never dreaming even of such subordinated exercise of it as is clearly in their power;* these are priests of a Church which “has

* We refer to the minor excommunication, which we apprehend the parish priest can, and ought to, inflict on certain occasions. When he repels from the Holy Table, his part is to communicate with the bishop, whose duty it will then be to take the case out of his hands. But so possessed are the clergy with the notion that they are obliged to give the Sacred Elements to any one who chooses to come up to the altar rails, that grossly incapable persons are allowed to communicate. We know one case, which we hope we may call an *extreme* one. A noted Socinian radical connected himself, for political purposes, with the congregationalists of his neighbourhood, there being no body of his own persuasion within it. He was an attendant on their Sunday worship; but, being a Socinian, could not be admitted to their communion. Why he should have wished for communion at all, is not very clear; but being, because of damnable heresy, debarred from the fellowship of a schismatic assembly, this man actually received the Eucharist periodically in the parish church, at the hands of an incumbent, who styled himself orthodox and High Church.

lighted up the blazing title of Catholicity on her brow" (*Foreign and Colonial Review*, p. 555); and yet, with all this proud lineage, which stoops, in the persons of her avowed ministers, to companionships with "all denominations;" which claims apostolic descent, and yet which now never excommunicates a single member, lay or cleric, even though he shall deny every article of the apostolic creeds; and in which not sufficient spiritual authority resides, or at least is exercised, to rebuke or coerce a Mr. Spencer or a Mr. Noel. Surely there must have been for centuries at work in us some malign influence which has rendered our Church history but a series of reactions against consecutive evil tendencies. If there is a power of compensation, there is an equally strong one of derangement in our system as it works. At the best, to recover lost ground—to witness for ancient truths all but forgotten; to protest against false doctrine, heresy, and schism, all but universal; always to be laying anew the old foundations; without ceasing to be recalling all our members to the most elementary principles of the faith;—this need for a never-ending struggle; gradually to rise, only to fall more fearfully; and never to be at peace, save in the last century, when Death's twin brother, Sleep, had universal sway. This is the history of the English Church; these have been the results, whether legitimate or not, of our working as a Church. In Butler's time, infidelity was the rule, rather than the exception: this was the disease; what was the remedy?

"To obviate infidel objections, and to render Christianity more easy of acceptance, the mysteries of Revelation were, to a certain extent, explained away; its doctrines were lowered; it was made to approximate as closely as possible to the standard of human reason and philosophy."—*Palmer*, p. 70.

This was the age of unbelief, checked by the age of the evidences.

"The extravagance and irregularities of sectarianism, led many to dwell on the necessity of external regularity, without duly appreciating the spiritual privileges connected with visible ordinances, or seeking after the spiritual life of the Church, &c."—*Ibid.* p. 71.

This was the age of schism and fanaticism, checked by the age of formalism.

"And the reaction against this unconscious formalism did not correct the downward tendency of things; but aided it, by concentrating the whole of religion in the acceptance of one or two dogmas; by underrating the importance of the remainder of Revelation; and by overlooking the mysteries and graces of the sacraments."—*Ibid.*

This was the age of formalism, checked by the age of the negation of the Church. It is thus Mr. Palmer reads the history of the last hundred and fifty years; and what does it amount to, but reaction against reaction; one disease expelled and replaced by another; a fever cured by an ague; and a dropsy healthily terminating in a consumption? It is but a

succession of dangerous tendencies; it is but a ghastly procession of evil spirits:

"Show our eyes and grieve our heart,
Come like shadows—so depart."

And thus "the one faith" of the Church, in fact, does not amount to more than a periodical revolution of contradictory movements, always aiming at, but always failing in acquiring the true medium—a pendulum, always oscillating too far one way or other.

Such is our past history, even upon Mr. Palmer's own not unfavourable showing. And for our present state, it were sin not to acknowledge, with the most unbounded gratitude, the benefits of the present revival: it is a fact, marked and undeniable, proved by the admissions of friends alike and enemies, willingly or unwillingly tendered, cheerfully paid or grudgingly extorted, that the Church of England, "in all her ranks and orders, is now the subject of a great moral and spiritual development." (*Foreign and Colonial Review*, p. 566.) Such an advance alone is the surest proof that the PRESENCE OF THE GREAT HEAD OF THE CHURCH HAS NOT BEEN WITHDRAWN FROM US, AND IS NOW MORE BOUNTIFULLY THAN EVER POURED OUT UPON HER: we claim to insist, in all its latitude, upon the blessed truth that, in spite of all our defects and backslidings, we are still part of the Communion of Saints, in which alone reside the gifts and promises of everlasting life; our sacraments, however their teaching is lowered, are true sacraments; though Catholic communion is interrupted, the sin of schism is not ours. The simple fact, that, with all our errors, we are what we are, daily increasing in good works, extending our missions and episcopate, retaining our ancient privileges, boasting of our ancient truths and doctors—this alone must and shall keep us true and dutiful children of our Holy Mother in the Faith. But we dare not shut our eyes to the true state of things; we must not be blinded to present duties, or to the consciousness of past losses. If the defenders of Church principles were never so active as at the present moment, their opponents were never so openly rancorous against them; never, in the history of the Church, were its fundamental verities so openly attacked, and that without rebuke, as among ourselves. There is abundance of private protestation against abuses, but we feel the need of authoritative condemnation. Take a single fact: we compare our present state, not with Continental or Anglican Romanism, not with mediæval Catholicism, but with the Church of the first three centuries: we take ground which Mr. Palmer would be the very last to object to. What would the Church of Nice and Constantinople say, to a priest who was openly and most solemnly excommunicated by his own Bishop, presiding over a public assembly, which was attended by presbyters of

another bishop's obedience, and that other bishop never rebuking or cautioning these clergymen for joining in prayers, and other Church rites, with this excommunicated priest? The Church Missionary Society claims to be a representative of the English National Church; our Primate and Bishops are at the head of it; and yet this society sends a deputation of its members into the diocese of the Bishop of Aberdeen, and requests a presbyter, Sir Wm. Dunbar, who was excommunicated by the Bishop of Aberdeen, to preside over its meetings, to assist its objects, to collect funds for it. How would the Church of the first ages have treated such a case?*

Again: the dogmatic decisions of the first four general Councils, at least, are the law of our Church, as to the Catholic Faith. Would it not be possible to preach every heresy condemned by those Councils, in nine pulpits out of ten in England, without a murmur, to say nothing of a censure? Nay, is it not a fact, that the clearest heresies, condemned over and over again, are taught, not only orally, but in print; and this, too, without an attempt, on the part of the Church, at canonical and ecclesiastical branding? Would the Church of the Fathers have permitted, without formal protest, one half of its clergy to deny Baptismal Regeneration and the Apostolic Succession? Can we conceive the early Church disputing and questioning whether it did or did not hold the simplest fundamentals of the Christian Faith? Would not the communion of Athanasius have risen as one man, with a voice alike indignant and uniform, against what is now passed over unquestioned?—a Church claiming "authority in controversies of Faith," and

* The ninth Nicene canon runs, "As to those who being either in the clergy, or in the rank of laymen, have been excommunicated by the Bishops in every province, let sentence prevail according to the canon (Apost. Can. 12) that they who are excommunicated by some be not received by others." The second canon of the Antiochian code, "It is unlawful to communicate with excommunicated persons, or to pray with them in private houses. If any bishop, priest, or deacon, or other who belongs to the church, communicate with one excommunicated, he also shall be excommunicated." The fourth, "If any bishop being deposed by a synod, or any priest or deacon deposed by his bishop, do perform any part of his liturgy, he shall never have any hopes of restitution, or of having his cause heard in another synod; all that dare communicate with such a one are cast out of the church, especially if they had heard of the sentence past against him." The fifth, "If any priest or deacon despising his bishop, separate from the church and hold a private assembly, and fix an altar and disobey the first and second warning of his bishop, let him be finally deposed, and have no further remedy, and not again admitted to his honour." These two last canons are cited as canons of the Universal Church, by the oecumenical Council of Chalcedon, and incorporated into its code. Of the great African code also, we quote canon 9. "The bishop or priest who receives to communion one excommunicated by his own bishop, let him be looked on as guilty of the crime for which the other is excommunicated;" canons 10 and 11, "If any priest being condemned by his own bishop make a separation, and erect another altar, and do not complain to the neighbouring bishops, and stand to their award, but make a schism, and a separate sacrifice, let him be anathema." These are the canons of the Church Catholic, and they form the body of the canon law, which is the Ecclesiastical law of universal Christendom, and of all provincial Churches, such as that of England, unless—which is not the case in this instance—superseded by a canon of the particular provincial Church. We have adopted Johnson's translation.

yet without a voice; assuming to be the source and bond of unity, and yet permitting, not merely discordant, but contradictory doctrines to be taught; year after year deploring the need of "godly discipline," and yet taking no step to recover it. Surely we must be deficient, and that to no slight extent, in the temper and in the rigid faithfulness of the primitive times.

Suppose that we have converted an earnest and religious-minded person from one of the countless forms of schism among us—we have proved what the Church is; we have enlarged upon the duty and need of catholic unity; we have shown that the Reformation did not, as far as we are concerned, break the principle of such unity; we have shown what the spirit and life of the Church of the Scriptures is,—that it is no barren formalism, but a living soul, a Presence of Heaven upon earth; we have produced our ritual; we boast that it contains all saving faith, the true doctrine of the sacraments, stores of devotion enough to satisfy the most aspiring and the most craving; we have enlarged upon the perfection of her theory, that she has retained all catholic truths, free from modern corruptions (and from our deepest heart we believe that such is the real character of the Church of England): and all this sounds and reads most cheerfully; but how is the earnest and sincere inquirer chilled and disheartened when he looks out into the actual state of things! how does cold reality damp and disappoint this lovely picture!—churches closed, services neglected, the ritual mutilated, our truths compromised—but we have not the heart to finish our enumeration. Will not such an one be tempted to think that we take up this noble theory but as a mere controversial argument—that we are glad enough to have recourse to it to silence inconvenient objections—that we wear it like a holiday robe, but that it is too fine and ethereal for the needs of common life?

On the present occasion we will not go into that debateable question, whether even the theory of our Church might not be higher; we own that we think it might; we purposely restrict ourselves to the very lowest stage of the argument; and we do ask our brethren fairly and candidly to acknowledge our present state—neither exaggerating our defects or our advances—and to inquire whether it is not very different from what we might be, and what we must be, and even what we once were.

For ourselves, let us not be taunted with the charge of precipitancy or impatience; it is not that we desire "*to point out defects without suggesting, at the same time, a feasible remedy,*" (Palmer, p. 80;) such conduct were rash, undutiful, presumptuous, and inconsistent to a degree; but we have enlarged upon our present needs only because we are certain that the remedy, under God, is already within our reach. Every layman even has the most vital interest in the full privileges of his own Church; he can claim that there shall be no stint and grudging withholding of them; let us all but combine, let us cease not

crying day and night, and we shall recover all that is only in abeyance. We claim but the privilege of the full restoration of our whole Prayer-Book, in all its rites and doctrines, in all its majesty and beauty, and we ask at present no more. We acknowledge deeply the perplexities of a time of transition; we own that perhaps we are not worthy of the gifts which we have despised; let it be a question of time and prudence, or even of degree, *but let the claim itself be conceded*—let its abstract propriety, at the very lowest, be fully and formally acknowledged. It is not so much a question of mere taste in architecture—it is not for their own sakes that we enter into the details of vestments and music, of ritual observances and rubrics, of splendid churches and gorgeous services—we view these things but as witnesses of a state of things which we have lost; they are indisputable evidences of what we once were; they are but tokens of what we once more claim to be. It is a matter of the plainest history that the Church of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was the Church of England, and that it was other than the Church of the nineteenth; why are we to rest satisfied if we are less than the Church of Andrewes and Bramhall and Laud, or less even than the Church of Ridley and Bilson? Nay, more, if it be an indisputable fact, that the development of the Church since the Reformation has been gradually and significantly in a more catholic direction, if we once more require liturgical readjustment, why should we not be further developed upon the very same principles? But, abating this strong antecedent argument in favour of a yet more catholic tendency to be introduced into our present system, the very least that we ought to be contented with, consistent with faithfulness, is the very most that we have ever been; and, we repeat it most emphatically, the standard short of which we dare not stop, is the whole* Prayer-Book without the slightest abatement; and till we have gained this, to talk of duties to the English Church is simply nugatory.

We cannot in silence pass over the existence of tendencies to Romanism. They do exist, and deeply do we deplore them. It is no longer possible to conceal them: it is treacherous to attempt to explain them away. We admit that they are increasing: we by no means share in the apologetic tone adopted towards their occurrence in the Foreign and Colonial Review. They are very important and very alarming; they are deeply seated and widely spreading. We desire not so much to apologize as to account for them; and here, should it be needed, we own that, with some exceptions, for we have no space as we

* The only shadow of an argument against us is that of Mr. Robertson's How to Conform to the Liturgy? He proves clearly enough that we have never since the Reformation come up to our standard. Well, then, let us do it now. Though David might not build the temple, it was permitted to Solomon. Her principles and practice have been inconsistent, this is the fact: does it follow that they are to remain so?

could have wished to go into the specific heads of objection, we coincide in much, or in most, of what Mr. Palmer has objected to in the *British Critic*. Literary etiquette might hitherto have deterred us from speaking in condemnation of a fellow-labourer: but, since it is understood that, in deference to an amiable feeling of some sort, this Review is to cease, or at least that it will be deprived of its editorial identity, such scruples no longer exist; we might, therefore, if this were the occasion, review it as a complete work, but this is not our object. Few who have watched our labours can charge us with sympathies towards that portion of the *Critic's* principles which Mr. Palmer condemns; and, were it needful, we would subscribe to the condemnation of a list of errors of the Church of Rome, nearly, perhaps, as full as those catalogued in the stern bill of indictment which is now preferred by so full a jury against our contemporary. It may be that we could have wished Mr. Palmer's tone had been rather more in sorrow and less in anger; and we could have welcomed more passages in a strain like this:—

"The proofs of the tendency to Romanism which I am about to produce, will be chiefly taken from the '*British Critic*;' but let me not be misunderstood as involving in such a charge, *all the writers* who have contributed to that periodical. Many articles have appeared, which are perhaps *wholly* unexceptionable. Many others are only slightly tinged with objectionable principles. Even in the most Romanizing parts, there is frequently much which we cannot wholly disapprove. Still, there is a decided leaning *on the whole* to Romanism, and there is nothing *in opposition* to this tendency. Even the best articles present no *antidote* to the errors which are to be found elsewhere. They do not sufficiently restore the balance. They contain no refutation of Romish errors; no vindication of the opposite truths; no attempt to revive affection to the Church of England; or to defend her principles or her position. All is unhappily consistent *in fact*, and tends to one system only; though *positive evil* is not found in all the articles. Indeed the excellence of many of them only renders the danger greater."—*Palmer*, p. 47.

Indeed, we think Mr. Palmer has scarcely done sufficient justice to the warm piety, the earnest, unworldly, fearless spirit which also characterised considerable parts of the *British Critic*. For those who had sufficient strength and discrimination to avoid its dangers, even in the very worst of its Romanizing articles, there was always much to elevate, to chasten, to subdue: we never read one, we trust, without profit, though we thought that not only insulated passages, but the general tone of this Review, entirely unfitted it for an unregulated perusal. However, let all this pass: the fact is beyond question: some of the writers in the *British Critic* have never sought to represent their late sentiments as those of Anglican divines of any century; their object, then, must have been either to mould the English Church into plain, downright Romanism, and that of the most extreme type, (we are speaking of doctrines all along,) or, being already Romanists for all practical purposes, their policy must have been, gradually and secretly, to undermine the

faith of members of a Church of which they had already ceased to be members. There is much matter of painful interest in the following very severe language:—

"Those who are thus continually labouring to *write up* the Church of Rome, and to disseminate doubts and objections against the English Church, its Reformation, its doctrines, articles, liturgies, apostolical succession; those who are thus undermining in every way the Church, and preparing the way for secession from its communion—are either in doubt as to the propriety of remaining within its pale, or they are not. If they are not in doubt, they have either made up their minds that it is a matter of duty to remain in the English Church, or else to unite themselves with the Roman Communion: no other alternative can be supposed. Now, let us consider how far the line of conduct which has been pursued by the 'British Critic,' and by the individuals to whom I allude, can be justified under either of these alternatives.

"1. If they are in *doubt* whether they ought to remain in the communion of the English Church or not, then it is inexcusable, nay *sinful*, to promulgate doubts and difficulties, and to assume such a tone in regard to Rome, as has a manifest tendency to unsettle faith in the Church of England, when it is still *uncertain* at least whether she is not a true Church. If it be possible that our duty is due to her, it is surely inconsistent in us to let fall a single expression which may have a tendency in the slightest degree to place a stumbling-block in the way of discharging that duty. I cannot conceive a greater pain than the feeling that we have been instrumental in raising doubts, when doubts ought not to have existed; when our own infirmity of judgment, and our own want of knowledge, were alone to blame. If any man entertain *doubts* in regard to the Church of England, he is bound in conscience to seek silently for the solution of those doubts; to cease from writing or speaking on subjects in which his own opinions are *unsettled*. No one deserves any blame for being in doubt on religious questions, unless, indeed, that doubt has arisen from too great confidence in his own powers, or from some other moral fault; but it is really inexcusable in any man, who is himself involved in the perplexities and dangers of doubts in religion, to *publish those doubts to the world*—to involve others in his own dangers and temptations.

"2. If men are satisfied that it is a matter of duty to remain in the English Church, then I say, that it is wholly inconsistent with that duty to excite a spirit of doubt and dissatisfaction in the Church, and to tempt its members, in every possible way, to secede from its communion. Nothing can be more inconsistent than the practice of disregarding its authorities, encouraging disobedience and disrespect to its prelates, and discontent with the Church itself, as if the great mass of its members were engaged in measures hostile to the true faith. It is sinful even to contemplate the possibility of voluntarily separating from the Church under circumstances of persecution or obloquy. Notions of this kind tend to diminish the horror which every Catholic should feel at the very notion of schism.

"3. If there be any who are secretly convinced of the duty of uniting themselves to Rome, and who are waiting the moment to declare themselves, while in the mean time they are labouring to insinuate their own persuasion amongst the duped and blinded members of the English Church—No—I will not believe that such disgraceful and detestable treachery and hypocrisy can exist in any one who has ever partaken of sacramental privileges in the Church of England. However appearances may seem to justify such a belief, I cannot for a moment entertain the notion of such revolting iniquity:—and yet it is impossible to offer any reasonable answer to those who suspect that there are individuals who remain in the Church only with a view to instil doctrines which would otherwise be without influence—to gather adherents who would otherwise be safe from temptation."—Palmer, pp. 66—68.

But for the causes proximate or remote of this tendency, or even more than tendency. What may have influenced the

writers in the British Critic we have no means of ascertaining: it might be only a one-sided study of controversy: it might be, in the first instance, a certain affectation of singularity; or it might be the concurrence of such causes as the following. Who can tell the influence upon sensitive and upon thoughtful minds of the immense contradiction between our Anglican *claims for the Church* and our Anglican *practice in the Church*? If few could recognise what we profess to be in what we are,* we may deplore, though we can scarcely wonder at the existence of doubts, perplexities, difficulties, stumblings: blind gropings in the dark after a more beautiful and consistent ideal, are sad, but not altogether unnatural: when there is so much of chill and reluctance in allowing us to use, in all its richness, even what is left, when there is on every side so fixed a resolution only to yield us even our rights upon extortion and compulsion, what wonder if some sicken at the miseries of such unequal struggle and conflict, and, as we think, weakly and unwisely close with the insidious offers of what assumes—and only assumes—to be all peace, all unity, all devotion, all Heaven? If we would retain the wavering—if we would animate the feeble—if we would take away from the traitor, if such there be, all shadow of an apology—it must be by claiming, and maintaining our claim, to the full heritage of the Church of England: **WE MUST PETITION FOR CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION**: we must have restored to us rights of which we have been unjustly deprived: our rights as Christians—our rights as Priests—our rights as laymen—our rights as Bishops; our respective duties towards each other as citizens and subjects of the Kingdom of Heaven must be declared, and, if need be, readjusted. If any order is out of its place, if one assumes the pre-eminency, or if another refuses obedience, the respective standing of each must be settled. We have laws, they must be obeyed: we have a constitution, it must be acted upon as well as talked about. If privileges have been unjustly withheld from us, they must be restored: if the poor in spirit, the hungry and thirsty after righteousness, are pining, we must open our granaries, teeming as they are with corn and wine and oil, which we keep under lock and key, to be hoarded up and to be boasted of, rather than consumed by those whose right it is to be fed. We have quoted our Prayer-Book quite

* It was the observation of an intelligent American clergyman, who lately visited this country, that in England, where the Church is the dominant hierarchy, less of its real working, less of its outward influence upon society was perceptible than even of the Church—which in numbers and establishment is not beyond a mere sect—in the United States. What surprised and appalled him was to see, to hear, to *feel*, so little of the Church: the world of England seemed to him to go on as though there were no Church: such sentiments might be exaggerated: having heard so much of the noble Church of England, and finding so little of it, we can account for his disappointment. We shall never forget his blank dumb horror at the first Cathedral service which he attended in England: the glorious dream of a life was dispelled in an instant: he had crossed two thousand miles of sea to realize it, and he found it little better than an empty delusion. But the anecdote at least shows that we have much to do before we come up to our very large professions.

long enough, we have squabbled to satiety about rubrics and canons: all that is settled; now let us begin to live upon them: let us have an authoritative declaration, that nothing short of the use of the whole Anglican Ritual*—in all its doctrines—in all its discipline—in the whole majesty and power of its spirit and its form is dutiful allegiance to the Church of England: let this be declared and *practised*, and we shall soon hear less of tendencies to Romanism. The most fatal check to Rome would be, if England were to do her duty as a Church.

If we would retain some of our most devout and earnest members, who are by hundreds "straggling towards Rome"—some of our most affectionate and warm-hearted, we do not say strongest-headed, children—it will only be, it can only be, by becoming at once, in fact, what we have ever been on paper. It is not new power that we claim; let us use and extend what we have; we demand no change of principles: it is simple restoration, not reformation, that we are now pleading for. And if truth, not expediency, is to be our measure of duty, it is useless to say that, in carrying out the perfect theory of the English Church, even though we should succeed in retaining some who are wavering in their duties from Romish tendencies, on the other hand, we should lose more who would lapse into schism. Even if it were so, there are so many incurables among us, so many who ought to go out from us, dreadful as it is to own, that this alternative does not seem so very formidable. But we much question the fact: we think that it would operate rather the other way. Once show those, be they dissenters or low churchmen, that the Church is a power as well as a theory—once let her lift up her voice and be seen of men—and many, who dispute her claims because she is not felt, who cannot be brought to believe that if all our authority ends in empty sound, it really exists, will cheerfully and reverently concede to that which is in earnest what they will for ever deny, and have much justification in denying, to a mere hollow pretence. So that, either way, to check some members from Romish tendencies, to impress others with the conviction that Church principles are "real ties, more deep and tender than human imagination can conceive" (Palmer, p. 72), our only hope is the admission of all our needs, and the fixed determination in every quarter to supply them.

But could we anticipate one state of things than another more favourable to the most frightful growth of the present

* We desire these phrases to be construed with some latitude. As Catholics, we must have much freedom of action. When we speak of the present Prayer-Book as our rule, we do not desire hereafter to preclude ourselves from adding to it. The Scotch, and, in one particular, the American, Liturgy is a standing memorial of what we ought to be; and in the way of loss, the recognition of religious houses, and the furnishing them with peculiar offices, and, it may be, a rule—daily communion—a penitential *system*—a pontifical—the division and greater frequency of our present services—the incorporation of missions into the Church, and some *ordo predicandi* arranged for the use of missionaries—these are but specimens of our needs.

hankering after Rome, it would be at the present moment by adopting a policy dangerously conciliatory towards those who openly defy and deny Church authority, and laugh at the very notion of Church principles. If, to take the instance which we find quoted in the *Foreign and Colonial Quarterly*, "the Holloways and Sutcliffes," or if the Drummmonds and Spencers, are to go on preaching and publishing what they please, with full license to deny plain articles of the creed; and if those only are to be checked and repressed, if not with open censure, at least with chilling indifference, whose only fault is their strict and often very incomplete—incomplete because discouraged—obedience to the letter of the Prayer-book; this, we say, is to hold out a premium to the spread of Romanism among us. If such discipline as we have in the Church is only to be exercised on those who admit its necessity, and will submit to its enforcement, however rigorous or partial, and if the most certain way to escape censure altogether is openly to deny that its power exists, either in the Church or the episcopate, this would be the most certain, though most melancholy, mode of disheartening all zeal, of discouraging all sincerity and self-sacrifice; of instilling the most painful and dangerous suspicions into simple and earnest minds; in a word, of furthering the principles of Romanism in the most effective way which its most devoted partisans could desire.

In conclusion, we cannot in silence pass over those unhappy, though we believe sincere, persons who have become apostates from the communion of their baptism. We cannot conceal from ourselves, or from our readers, that their number is on the increase; that they have sufficient or any tenable reason for "going over" (the phrase is becoming a new and melancholy idiom) we have already said enough to show that we utterly refuse to believe; it is the height of temerity to deny the existence of Christ's presence among us; the blessed hope of everlasting life, the confidence and assurance of the satisfying powers of grace, are rooted too deeply in English hearts to admit of doubt; were *evidence* needed in a matter which is not one of proof only, our very disunion is a sufficient witness of the glory that is about us; and where this is, and where He is, it were reckless, blind obstinacy, the desire only to please ourselves, to suit our own tastes, to gratify our own private inclinations, and to snatch at more than He is content to give us, to seek for another home. We would be the last to implant an additional sting in the bosoms which must have, or ought to have, been sufficiently agonized before resolving on such a step; but, already there are signs, in the second defection of Mr. Sibthorp, that Rome itself is not a *panacea* for doubts and perplexities. To change one *body* for another, and this upon evidence which we cannot distinguish from an exercise of obstinate private judgment, must be such a shattering of the whole principle of faith and obedience—such a disruption of the entire moral system, that we

should be surprised at no extravagances or heresies—witness Mr. Blanco White's case—into which snare "new converts" might fall. It was argued, and successfully enough, by Mr. Dodsworth, we think, at Mr. Sibthorp's first defection, that he, at least, could not afford to say that Anglicanism was unsatisfying, because he had never given it a fair trial. May it be ours never to hear the reply that the Church of England herself would never give her children the possibility of making a fair and full trial of her: this it is to deprecate which all our observations tend; to prevent this it is that we clamour for Catholic emancipation; here it is where the argument most painfully pinches us; we would fain be permitted to have a good answer here and we have no fear about the rest.

And it is under this consideration that we think the conduct of the recent converts to Romanism is so very un-English: we had almost said shabby. The very way in which these "goings over" are conducted, shows much latent suspicion in the goodness of a cause; *transfuga* is the Latin word, and we cannot disconnect it from the notion of a deserter. Never to consult friends, *or even families*; to be lost for a week; to announce a step upon which the soul may be perilled by a penny-post letter from Oscott; to lodge no appeal with a bishop whom they have served, and to take no advice from those with whom they have been domesticated; to dive down at Littlemore, and to be lost to sight till they bob up at St. Chad's as "acolytes;" if this were not too serious a matter to laugh at, it would be scarcely more than simply farcical. If really and truly their souls were undergoing a perilous sifting, if they had not resolved upon this step without the most earnest prayer, if they had well and long weighed the conflicting claims of the two communions, and if, at last, they resolved in favour of Rome only because England was deficient in the signs of an apostle—was too cold—too narrow—too hard—too grudging; then surely, and we put it upon the lowest ground, if ever their minds were possessed with the slightest or a single suspicion, at any time, that spite of appearances England might not be wrong, surely the Church of their baptism and ordination was worth struggling for; it was worth making a public and solemn appeal for; it was worth a trial to make it better, more holy, more religious; it was worth some agitation to recall it at least to its professed character; if they were defeated, and if their claim boldly and dutifully urged, were rejected,*—well, that is another question: but since these gentlemen, from Mr. Sibthorp to Mr. Seager, have not done this, their conduct to us appears—we advisedly use

* Lest this aposiopesis should be misconstrued, we speak plainly when we say that no possible circumstances could, to our mind, justify individual Anglicans in entering the Romish communion, short of a general and total apostasy in every other branch of the Catholic Church. Should our candlestick ever be all but taken away, should our Church ever formally commit herself to heresy, the seven thousand would still be

a very strong and offensive phrase—to be sneaking and unmanly: we may pity them—pray for them—weep for them, but we dare not respect them. And with respect to the conduct of the Romish ecclesiastics in this country, who encourage this single-file desertion, we quote with cordial approbation our contemporary's strictures,—

“ But however infinitesimal the results, the *animus* of the proceeding cannot be mistaken, and it is this—deadly hostility on the part of Rome to all that is not herself; hostility towards the Church of England more active and unceasing, when her catholic character is clearly and pointedly developed, than when it was partially obscured by the prevalence of secular and conventional notions, or of those which are the birth of unmixd or of sectarian Protestantism. If the Romish writers of this country really anticipate, according to the professions in which they frequently indulge, that the national Church will be brought back to them by the efforts of the Oxford writers within her pale, why do they do everything in their power to render the position of those writers difficult and intolerable? If they look to re-union of the whole body, why do they use their utmost, and not always the most scrupulous exertions, to draw out of that body those whom they profess to consider most likely to operate upon its character in a sense favourable to their designs, and to place them where their influence upon it is necessarily at an end? Nay rather, where it is converted into a force of absolute, of most powerful repulsion? If they desire to see our worship made more like to theirs, do they know so little of Englishmen as to dream that that purpose is most likely to be promoted, and jealousy most likely to be allayed, by their setting up the rival, the schismatic altar, in every spot where funds can be found to lay one stone upon another, and by their giving out that, in consequence of the increase of Puseyism, their separate and hostile congregations are continually multiplied and enlarged? There are two modes of proceeding in such matters, each adapted to its own view and object, but reciprocally at utter variance. The one is by proselytism; the other is by tenders of friendly approximation. The last contemplates the coalition of two bodies, the first seeks for the exhaustion and thereby the destruction of one of them. Resort to the latter implies a belief that there exist the essential elements and conditions of union, and that they are in process of hopeful development: increased activity in the former betrays the consciousness that amalgamation is becoming not more easy, but more difficult, or rather wholly beyond the range of hope. It is in this attitude that Rome now comes among us. She plants her emissaries here, nearly as she would plant them in a Pagan country. She seeks to attract, almost to kidnap, our school-boys, our women, and whomsoever else she can, even as if she were the ancient Church, rescuing intended victims as she could from the pollutions of the Pagan mythology. A few there may be—and we believe Mr. Ambrose Phillips may be named as one of them—that endeavour to turn the course of active effort towards pacification between the Churches, and away from the pursuit of that partisan warfare, which does so much more to embitter and estrange the mass than to enlist individuals; but we must look to the rule rather than the exception. It appears to us to be clearly such as we have described. The alarms, as we believe, much more than the hopes of those Roman Catholics who are less Catholic than Roman, were excited by the reaction in favour of that powerful theology, which, in the seventeenth century had utterly baffled the efforts of the Papacy for the recovery of its dominion in this island; their hopes may in turn have been raised more than their alarms by the more recent manifestations of Romanising tendencies among a very few; but whatever the

left, and that, we are assured, not without bishops to maintain a Catholic succession. Circumstances again may arise in which individuals may find it to be their duty to retire into lay communion. We can readily conceive *such* cases; but for apostasy to Rome we can establish neither justification nor excuse.

motive, of the result we cannot doubt; as Mahomet offered the Koran or the sword, so Rome has written on her banners in this battle-field, the alternatives only of internecine war or absolute surrender. And they, whose inmost hearts shudder at the miseries of religious conflicts—they who would rather give their hands to be burned than dip their pens in polemic fire—they who, like Falkland, would fain amidst the din of battle invoke only and incessantly the sacred name of peace—they must, we conceive, brace themselves to a sterner mood, and, not in disobedience to love, but rather in fulfilment of its commands, must hold that great plainness and adequate freedom of speech is to be used, and that abundant patience, energy, and learning should be applied, not less to pointing out, for the admonition of the light-minded and unwary, the doctrinal and ecclesiastical corruptions of the Church of Rome, and the gross schism of which, in this land, she is guilty, against the chairs of the successors of the Apostles, than to restraining the wild invectives of those who write against her in passion or in pride, and to the repudiation in her favour of charges that are not warranted by truth and justice.”—*Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review*, pp. 590, 591.

The times are, indeed, sufficiently feverish: new elements of sorrow and doubt are daily adding themselves to the “present distress,” of which not the least is Mr. Newman’s resignation of his living. Probably some personal reason alone has instigated this step, into which neither we nor others have a right to inquire: but as it is timed, or as it has happened, such an event becomes invested with importance which otherwise would never have attached to it. Oh! how many an aching heart, and throbbing, tortured conscience, might not, at this juncture, his calm noble spirit cheer: we speak but for ourselves, and such language can scarcely escape the charge of intrusion, but we are sure that we only echo the secret thoughts of thousands—thousands who have been animated by his holy life—warmed by his beautiful teaching, in sermons unequalled in the whole range of English literature—who hitherto have been content if not to follow, at least to accompany, his steps, when we almost beg him to assure the timid in their steadfastness by his own declaration of dutifulness. There are times in which we must do violence to conventional forms; and this crisis is not one upon which we can afford to be over delicate or scrupulous. However, as we hear that his last sermon at Littlemore will appear in the forthcoming volume of sermons, our hopes are not perhaps destined to be disappointed.

But we have altogether parted company with Mr. Palmer: he has undertaken a very painful duty, and on the whole, abating such points as we have not been reluctant to dissent from, and making all allowance for a peculiar cast of theology, we think that, with his sentiments, he could not have done other than he has; he really was called upon to speak out; and, upon the whole, we can augur much good, though not unmixed, from his publication. It is likely, and perhaps was intended, to bring things to a crisis; such we think will be rather its effects than those which he would anticipate; effects altogether of a soothing and quieting character. From some of his incidental criticisms on, and objections to, the *British Critic*, we altogether dissent;

some points, not perhaps excluding his notion of development, (though in this matter we suspect that his views and our own are not far asunder,) he has pressed to an undue extent: and his strictures on anonymous publications, although, like every suggestion of his, they cannot be otherwise than valuable, and are not to be dismissed without due consideration—(we find that they are also expressed by the Foreign and Colonial Reviewer)—we cannot at present coincide in—for we think, and had we time, would show, that the advantages overbalance the disadvantages, however great. However, we desire to suspend our judgment on so important a subject: it is not to be passed over in a paragraph. We do most respectfully thank Mr. Palmer for the advice which he has tendered to all controversial and periodical writers; and we cannot conclude better than by reading ourselves a very useful and needful lesson; although we believe and trust that our own pages have been kept tolerably free from the faults herein condemned.

"I would also venture to suggest (and the suggestion is offered alike to all parties) the necessity of abstaining from the perusal of controversial writings, and especially from the study of journals and periodicals; *the circulation of which depends upon the amount of excitement which they supply.* I am persuaded, that no one who permits himself the habitual study of such publications, can fail of imbibing their tone, and of thus being gradually filled with irritated and angry feeling. I am sure that many excellent men would have recoiled with horror from the perusal of such writings, had they been aware of the frame of mind to which they were about to be unconsciously led. It almost seems to argue distrust in the soundness of a cause, when we are for ever seeking for arguments to sustain it. If 'Tractarianism,' as it is sometimes called, be dangerous and pernicious, if it had been marked by censures, why is it necessary to dwell longer on the subject? Is it wise or right to continue the controversy, to the exclusion of almost every other thought or interest; to mark all its turns and windings, to listen to every alleged error, and dwell on every alleged instance of folly or of guilt? Do not such studies tend to disturb the heart, and disqualify it from the higher pursuits of religion? Do they not engender a spirit of criticism? Are they wholly exempt from *danger*, in familiarizing the mind with the notions of error and evil? I am convinced that there is no more clear duty of Christians in these days, than that of abstaining from the *habitual* study of controversial journals and periodicals, in which the power of writing *anonymously* what no man would venture openly to avow; and the pecuniary interests of publishers or proprietors, which are promoted by violence of tone and party spirit, combine to keep up an unwholesome and unnatural excitement. And I would most earnestly and humbly appeal to the consciences of writers in periodicals, whether it is right to put forward sentiments under the veil of anonymous communications which they would feel in any degree reluctant to publish with their names. Individuals have it in their power largely to diminish these evils, and in that power is involved responsibility—a responsibility to God for the welfare of His Church."—Palmer, pp 82, 83.

[We may as well state, that the late period of the month in which Mr. Palmer's pamphlet appeared, has prevented us from examining into the fairness of his quotations. We cannot for one moment suppose them to be otherwise than faithful; indeed, most we recognised with sorrow; but much depends upon the context.]

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Scottish Communion Office. Edinburgh: Grant. 1843. 24mo.

THIS is a beautiful and portable edition of a Liturgy which English churchmen often inquire for in vain, and which, indeed, was only to be had before in the rather scarce, but very valuable, work of Skinner.

Our readers have not now to be told how high a value we attach to the Scottish Communion Office; and we are only led to mention it at present from having observed, with great pain, that a movement against it is taking place in the Church whose possession of it has been so often envied here. The clergy of Ross and Argyle, and those not of the whole diocese, but the whole city of Glasgow, have formally expressed their wish to be rid of it. We now implore them to reconsider their measures. They assign two reasons for destroying the rich legacy of their fathers;—first, the advantages that would ensue from entire uniformity with the Church of England; and, second, the absence of pretext that would then be enjoyed by their turbulent members, who now first disturb, and then leave them, on the plea of the Scottish Office wounding their consciences. As regards the former reason, we deny the fact,—we deny that *uniformity*, as such, is desirable, however sensible we trust we are of the blessedness of unity. The truth is, that uniformity, when carried beyond its natural and fitting bounds, those of a given territory, is apt to obscure unity—to produce deadness. Varying rituals, varying usages, varying schools, so long as there is substantial identity, promote the vitality of the Church, act healthily on each other, and tend to manifest her essential unity. But if uniformity with England were desirable, why is it to be produced by Scotland; why are better gifts to be sacrificed to more defective ones; why are the lean cattle to swallow up the fat?

As regards the second reason, in all seriousness, we would ask the petitioning clergy, is their Church a loser by the schism of such persons as Mr. Drummond and Sir William Dunbar? That those two wretched men have put themselves in a fearful position cannot be doubted; but, however tremendous the present situation of one, and guilty, to say the least, that of the other, they must in both cases be but the manifestation of the evil that was in them before; their previous communion could not have been real, or living; and their influence on the Church, whose priests they were, must have been pernicious. She therefore has nothing to regret on her own account in losing them, or those who have been misguided enough to adhere to them. That pain and scandal are caused by such doings, we deny not; but such are the portion of the Church in every age; she must not shrink from them,—they are her Saviour's cup and His baptism, the saving marks of His cross upon her,—signs rather of spiritual life and welfare than the reverse. The opposition of bad men is only exerted against the Church's energy. They have ever been tolerant of her slumbers.

For the Church of England, we say that she will be a loser, if a

Liturgy nearer the primitive model than her own be removed from under her eye, and lose the sanction which it has from being that of a Church with which she is in full communion. Let us hope and pray that the evil may be averted.

Apostolical Succession not the Doctrine of the Church of England.
By the Rev. JOHN HUNTER, M.A., &c. &c. Second edition,
enlarged. London: Nisbet. Bath: Godwin.

It is painful to see an amiable and respectable clergyman, as we understand Mr. Hunter to be, taking such perverse pains to strip the Church, of which he is a minister, of that which chiefly distinguishes her, in a corporate capacity, from the followers of Muggleton, Joanna Southcott, and the Mormonite impostor. His pamphlet is evidently prompted by the benevolent intention of comprehending within the Church, *strictly and properly so called*, not only the foreign Protestant communities, but also most of the religious bodies in this country who dissent from our communion. But in his zeal to compass this cherished object, he is manifestly endeavouring to serve charity at the expense of truth.

His principal arguments seem to be, that the Church nowhere positively asserts the Apostolical Succession. That some of her assertions in her Articles and Homilies are expressed with such a latitude as to take in, not only the foreign Protestant bodies, but also the various (so-called) orthodox dissenters at home. And, that the Apostolical Succession was rejected by some of the English Reformers.

Now, granting that our Church has nowhere *totidem verbis* asserted the doctrine, yet by her constant appeals, in justification both of her doctrine and practice, to the primitive Church, by which this doctrine was notoriously held; and by her positive assertions in her ordinal, that "from the *Apostles'* time there have been these orders of ministers in Christ's Church, bishops, priests, and deacons;" and that "to the intent that these orders may be *continued*, and reverently used and esteemed, in the united Church of England and Ireland, no man shall be accounted a lawful bishop, priest, or deacon in the united Church of England and Ireland, or suffered to execute any of the said functions, except he be called, tried, examined, and admitted thereunto, according to the form hereafter following, or hath had formerly EPISCOPAL consecration or ordination;"—by these positive assertions, the Church of England fully warrants the inference that she considers the Apostolic Succession as, at least, *generally necessary* to the effectual exercise of the ministerial office.

With respect to the foreign Protestant bodies, it seems understood that the English reformers felt a tenderness about excluding from their definition of the Church, *in some sense*, congregations whom she considered as unwillingly deprived of the succession. And many of those divines among us who have most firmly held the doctrine of the apostolical succession have allowed them to be Churches, though in a maimed and imperfect state. But to leap from this point to the conclusion that our Church, therefore, places the dissenting bodies in

this country on the same footing, is to contradict not only the language of her ordinal, as above quoted, but also the still stronger expressions of her eleventh canon, in which she *declares excommunicated* "those that assert that there are within this realm other meetings, assemblies, or congregations of the king's born subjects, than such as by the laws* of this land are held and allowed, which may rightly challenge to themselves the name of true and lawful churches."

With regard to the opinions of certain of the English reformers on the doctrine of the succession, it may be enough, in order to neutralize Mr. Hunter's quotations, to confront them with the following:—1. In 1536, the following statement was signed by Cranmer, Latimer, and Shaxton:—"Christ and his apostles did institute and ordain in the New Testament certain ministers or officers which should bear spiritual power, authority, and commission under Christ . . . to order and to consecrate others in the same room, order, and office, whereunto they be called and admitted themselves." 2. In 1548, we find the subjoined assertion put forth by the authority of Cranmer (who is expressly quoted by Mr. H. in refutation of the succession):—"The ministration of God's word, which our Lord Jesus Christ himself at first did institute, was derived from the apostles unto others after them by imposition of hands, and giving the Holy Ghost, from the apostles' time to our days." In 1558-9, the following assertion was maintained by Scory, Grindal, Cox, Aylmer, Guest, Jewel, and Horn:—"The apostles' authority is derived upon after ages, and conveyed to the BISHOPS *their* SUCCESSORS."

It may be well to add, that respecting the sentiments of so many of the great lights of our Church from the period that the excitement of the Reformation had had time to cool,—*i. e.* from Bilson, Hooker, and Bancroft, downwards, comprehending Andrewes, Hall, Sanderson, Hammond, Beveridge, &c. &c. there is no dispute. They were all decided maintainers of the apostolical succession; and though their evidence may be slighted by those whose strong attachment to a particular system has closed their eyes to the force of legitimate argument, yet it will always have due weight in quarters where zeal is tempered with judgment, and balanced by discretion.

Letters from Madras during the Years 1836—1839. By a LADY.
London: Murray. 1843.

THIS is a delightful book. We suppose many people must have felt how little information is to be got from Anglo-Indians, on the most obvious points one would think connected with Indian life, how impossible it is to form any distinct image out of their conversation or reports of things, not coming precisely under the heads of religion, politics, natural history, or the thermometer, but concerning which one's curiosity is as active as it is about most of these. The truth is, India is not visited like any other country. People go there *e'en* because they must; by doing certain things there they earn their

* Meaning, of course, laws ecclesiastical.

bread ; their facilities of seeing to the right or to the left of their daily occupations are very few and small ; the tremendous climate directs an unhappy degree of attention to little comforts for the day or for the hour, and exercises, moreover, an enervating influence on the faculties ; when here on furlough they are often glad, as far as may be, to forget the existence of the place ; and such reminiscences of it as they may occasionally wish to indulge, are from the aforesaid circumstances intelligible only to one who has been there with them. Hence has arisen the strange circumstance that an eminently inquisitive nation possesses vast and important regions, in which comparatively few of its families of the better class have not at least one member, and yet remains more ignorant of what those regions are, as regards the ordinary aspect of life there, than it is of nearly any other civilized part of the world.

The present authoress goes far to supply this deficiency, as regards the parts of India which she has seen. Her letters are most genuine and graphic, obviously never designed for publication ; lively feminine views of all around her frankly revealed to her own near relations, overflowing with humour, and good humour, delightfully free from any obtrusive theory, either political or religious, yet full of shrewd sense, and impregnated with right principle and feeling. She dreads and seems to predict that Indian indolence must in time steal over herself, but if tolerable health be vouchsafed to her, we cannot fancy the sultriest of seasons and warmest of winds ever reducing her to inactivity.

The following is her account of Madras society :—

“ We have been to one or two large dinner-parties, rather grand, dull, and silent. The company are generally tired out with the heat and the office-work all day before they assemble at seven o'clock, and the houses are greatly infested by mosquitoes, which are in themselves enough to lower one's spirits and stop conversation. People talk a little in a very low voice to those next to them, but one scarcely ever hears any topic of general interest started except steam navigation. To be sure, ‘few changes can be rung on few bells ;’ but these good folks do ring on the ‘changes in the service,’ till I cannot help sometimes wishing all their appointments were permanent. At an Indian dinner all the guests bring their own servants to wait upon them, so there is a turbaned sultan-like creature behind every chair. A great fan is going over our heads the whole time, and every window and door open ; so that, notwithstanding the number of people in the room, it is in reality cooler than an English dining-room. What would grandmamma say to the wastefulness of an Indian dinner? Every body dines at luncheon, or, as it is here called, tiffin-time, so that there is next to nothing eaten, but about four times as much food put upon the table as would serve for an English party. Geese and turkeys and joints of mutton for side-dishes, and everything else in proportion. All the fruit in India is not worth one visit to your strawberry-beds. The ingenious French at Pondicherry have contrived to cultivate vines ; but the English say nothing will grow, and they remain content to waste their substance and their stomach-aches on spongy shaddocks and sour oranges, unless they send to Pondicherry for grapes, which the French are so obliging as to sell at a rupee a bunch. After dinner the company all sit round in the middle of the great gallery-like rooms, talk in whispers, and scratch their mosquito-bites. Sometimes there is a little music, as languid as every thing else. Concerning the company themselves, the ladies are all old and wizened, and the gentlemen are all old and wizened. Somebody says France is the paradise of married women, and England of girls : I am sure India is the paradise of middle-aged gentlemen. While they are young, they are thought nothing of—just supposed to be making or marring their fortunes, as the case may be ; but at about forty, when they are ‘high in the service,’ rather yellow, and somewhat grey, they begin to be taken notice of, and called ‘young men.’ These respectable persons do all the flirtation too in a solemn sort of way, while the young ones sit

by, looking on, and listening to the elderly gentlefolks discussing their livers instead of their hearts.

"Every creature seems eaten up with laziness. Even my horse pretends he is too *fine* to switch off his own flies with his own long tail, but turns his head round to order the horse-keeper to wipe them off for him. Some old Anglo-Indians think themselves too grand to walk in their gardens without servants behind them; and one may really see them, skinny and straw-coloured, and withered like old stubble, creeping along their gravel walks, with a couple of beautiful barefooted peons, with handsome turbans, strutting behind them, and looking like bronze casts of the Apollo in attendance upon Frank's caricatures of our old dancing-master.

"Few things amuse me more than the letters we daily receive from natives, underlings in office, who knew A—— before he went to England. One apologizes for troubling him with 'looking at the handwriting of such a remote individual,' but begs leave humbly to congratulate him on the safe arrival in India of himself and 'his respectable family,' meaning me! Another hopes soon to have the honour of throwing himself 'at your goodness's philanthropic feet.' Is not this the true Fudge style?

"—— The place where our Louis Dixhuit
Set the first of his own legitimate feet."—Pp. 47—51.

And here is a specimen of domestic incidents in the same place:—

"As you say you like to hear all about our domestic economy, servants, &c., I must tell you of a thievery which took place last week. We lost a pair of sheets, and the loss was laid to the horse-keeper, who was fined two rupees, it being the custom to punish the servants for every misdemeanor, just as if they were children. But the purloiner of our sheets was in reality A——'s dress-boy, who had stolen them to make his own jackets. To avoid the expense of paying for making, he took them to a Coolie tailor, which you may understand to mean a cobbling tailor, who sometimes cobbles for us, and is therefore obliged to do the servants' needle-work for nothing, for fear of having lies told of him to 'Master,' and so losing Master's favour. Coolie tailor lives near my tailor, who is a grandee in comparison; and Coolie, being very glad to have some good European materials to boast of, and extremely proud of his job, showed them off to my tailor. Grandee tailor was more used to the ways of Europeans, and knew that they did not give their good sheets for the servants to make jackets of; so he guessed they had been stolen, and told my ayah, and she told me, not out of any pretence of conscience or care of my goods, but because, as she said, Mrs. Staunton had told her, on hiring her, that she was to take care of my things, and that, if any thing was lost, I would 'take away her bread,' meaning, dismiss her; and then she must 'eat up her own money.' It was hopeless for any of us to attempt to find out the truth, because the chances were even as to the dress boy's being a thief, or the ayah and tailor liars; so the only way was to give orders that two of the other servants should search into the matter: one alone would have just told a lie on whichever side suited him, but two were supposed to be a check on each other. Accordingly, there was a regular form of trial held under a mango-tree in the compound.* I watched them from the window, and a capital group they made. The butler, as judge, waving his arms in the air like the leaves of a cocoa-nut tree; the criminal standing in the midst, looking more mean and crestfallen than any European could manage to look under any possible circumstances; the ayah, smoothing down her oily hair with her fingers as she told her story; and the rest of the servants all standing round to make a kind of jury, assisted by all their retainers of hags and imps in the shape of old women and naked black children. A verdict of Guilty was brought in, and the thief, Chelapa by name, was of course dismissed from our service. Then followed a variety of queer scenes. Chelapa would not go, but remained on his knees in A——'s dressing-room, his turban in his hand, stroking his shaven poll, and kissing the floor, in hopes of being forgiven. When he was sent 'out of that,' the butler came back with him to bespeak compassion: 'Sar! Master boy, cry Sar!' Chelapa took the hint and began to cry accordingly, till, finding nothing would do, he pleased himself in abusing the ayah, telling her he would 'walk round the house' every day till he could find out some 'rogue business' of her doing: to which, she says, she 'made compliments;' but she was in reality so frightened at the threat, that she cried for three days. Then the tailor began to cry, for fear some harm should happen to him in the scuffle, and looked up in my face so piteously, every time I went up and down

* Field, or garden, round the house.

stairs, that I could not pass him without laughing. A — asked the horse-keeper why he had submitted to a false accusation, and to be fined for stealing, when he knew he had done no such thing; he answered, 'What for make trouble? Master tell horse-keeper thief; what use horse-keeper tell? Horse-keeper make trouble, Master tell "Go away!"' The probability is, that he was paid by the thief to take the blame. See what a set they are! — Pp. 67—70.

There are better things than these in our authoress's letters, which we must request our readers to find for themselves.

Poems of Girlhood. By ANNE GARTON. London: Painter. 1843.

WHO may be the authoress of this volume, and what her condition; whether she is to be styled Mrs. or Miss Garton, are questions of which we know not the answer. A more practically important one is equally unsolved by us—what is her age? We call it a more practically important one, because on it, did we but know it, would very much depend our duty as to whether we should encourage or discourage her attendance on the Muses. With poetical impulses, some powers of fancy, and much occasional beauty of expression, she yet knows nothing of poetry as an art, has the secrets of versification still to learn, and, in order to rise to eminence, would require to exercise a far stricter censorship on her English than she has hitherto done. Did we suppose her to have passed or reached the *mezzo cammin*, our advice would be to discontinue verse writing; for these are matters in which people cannot for the most part hope materially to improve in the latter part of their lives. But we own we think her, what we trust she is, still young; and on this supposition, though we dare not promise her success, we yet feel unwarranted in discouraging her from going on. She certainly possesses, even now, the merits we have mentioned, though meanwhile they are neutralized by her "wanting the accomplishment of verse." She obviously cannot at present construct a sonnet, yet that entitled "December's Moonlight," contains abundant materials for a very beautiful one. We think our readers will agree with us in saying that the following verses exhibit a good deal of eloquence and power, and, on our present supposition of the authoress being still young, give real promise.

"Whilst I rejoice in health's exulting glow,
And youthful energy, elate and free;
And seldom grief's all saddening influence know,
But each true source of pleasure that may be
On earth possess,
Why should I covet oft the grave's cold rest?
"Why! when a thousand sympathies have wed
My restless spirit to its clay abode;
And hope on life its beaming light hath shed,
Like sunshine glancing o'er a sky of cloud,
Should I implore
To be what these might never gladden more?
"Yet it is so, and when the oppressive might
Of keen excitement makes my heart to sink;
And when my soul hath won that fearful height,
Where all that ever it had power to think
Seems in one gush
Of full perception o'er its sense to rush:

"O then the fancied sound of moaming trees,
That bloom in rural churchyards near the dead,
Comes pleasant as the cooling summer breeze,
And the sad image of a clay-cold bed,
From their close cell,
Calls forth hot tears its welcome true to tell!

"I would this world a dwelling had for me,
Immured in unfrequented solitude,
Fast by the sea, the wide extended sea—
Yet 'neath the shelter of a fair green wood,
Where gentle flowers
Breathed wild and sweet their soul-refining powers;

"Where fountains trickled 'mong the tangled grass,
Bright smiling in their innocent employ;
Where sporting song-birds lived, that seem to pass
Their life in uttering sentiments of joy,
And making glad
Green Nature's spirit that would else be sad.

"There should my craving spirit drink its fill,
From ocean's sights of grandeur, bright and wild;
And the mild forest scene such thoughts instil
As with unutterable sweetness whiled
Fast, fast away,
The dawning hour of life's unquiet day.

"Then many a keen desire, unmeet and vain,
Which often now within my bosom springs,
And all the whisperings of that restless pain
Which a full consciousness of being brings,
In the loud sound
Of ocean's music, surely be drowned.

"Of this world's vexing cares, that never cease,
No tidings to my refuge should be brought,
To mar and break the silken web of peace,
Which nature's influence round my soul had wrought;
And useless care
For fancied blessings should not haunt me there!

"There none but kindred voices should arrest
Mine ear, attuned to Nature's varied tone;
Thus social Love, though lonely, might be blessed
With the kind cheer it claimeth for its own—
Yes, none but these
Should talk with me, save ocean, flowers, and trees!

"Then I should sure be happy! if this earth,
With all its treasures, were before me laid,
And I might choose what seemed of highest worth,
E'en such a solitude as I have said;
My choice would be
The best and dearest gift of wealth for me.

"Yet, still my wish is with a secret fraught,
Which e'en its disappointment half redeems,
For strange mysterious *flickerings* of thought
Do even now oft startle my lone dreams;
And they would come
Most fearful in so wild and fair a home.

"Then, oh! my soul, be satisfied that here
There is no resting-place of perfect peace;
For such as in the distance so appear
Could ne'er effect thy mystic thrall's release,
If nearer known;
How wouldst thou brook lone Nature's stirring tone?

"But set thyself to find each latent joy,
Which in the common deeds of life is hid;
And be contented, though the poor employ
Of petty dull concerns, must come amid
Th' ennobling hours,
Which may be thine when thought exerts its powers."

"In thy desires ne'er let it be forgot,
The land where Peace is found without annoy;
And of that soothing portion of thy lot—
Nature's bright converse—what thou mayest enjoy,
And deeply bless
Sweet Nature's God, who might have given thee less."

"Immanuel, or God with us," by Richard Bingham, Junior, M.A., curate of Trinity Church, Gosport, (Seeley and Burnside,) is a defence of the orthodox doctrines of our Lord's Godhead and Humanity, by a descendant of that great labourer in the field of Christian antiquity, whose name he bears. Our author is a gentleman of good theological acquirements, and we doubt not his book is calculated to be useful among many, though we think it would have been more so, if written in a less declamatory style. We must also record our aversion to all such titles as that in question.

From the same publishers, there has come forth a reprint of "Lord Chancellor King's Inquiry into the Primitive Church," of which the errors are corrected by means of notes and an appendix, taken from the "Original Draught of the Primitive Church," of which they are in fact an abridgment. It is said that this latter work produced conviction in the mind of Lord King himself. The present volume seems a useful reprint, though the book itself is a mischievous one.

The celebrated Roman Catholic work which embodies the principle of development, acted upon by the British Critic, and objected to by Mr. Palmer, has appeared in an English dress. We allude to Moehler's "Symbolism; or, [and never to an ordinary English reader was an 'or' more needful] an Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants. Translated by J. B. Robertson. London: Dolman." With the French translation we have been long familiar, to plead guilty to what some will consider a dangerous intimacy; of its ability there can be no doubt; but, as it has already been noticed in our pages, we are not called upon to enter here into its praise or condemnation. Its appearance at this juncture will, of course, cause it to be sought after. Of the present translation we have had no time to judge: Mr. Robertson is, however, an able man, and he has prefixed to his labours an Introduction, which a cursory glance showed to be rather interesting than original. All well-informed theologians should study this book—of course with the same objects for which they have recourse to Bellarmine and Bossuet.

An affecting "Prayer to be used by the Clergy for Aid in Spiritual Direction" of souls committed to their charge, has reached us: we recommend it heartily.

The second and third numbers of the "Hierurgia Anglicana," (Cambridge: Stevenson,) from the Camden Society, have been published. Being altogether documentary, this collection is above controversy; and it is quite surprising how strong the argument becomes as to the needfulness of restoring the full proportions of the Reformed English Church as the evidence of the many things which we have lost, even since the Reformation, accumulates.

From the same quarter has appeared "Hierologus; or, the Church Tourists," by Mr. J. M. Neale. (London: Burns.) It is very interesting indeed, and is modelled, perhaps too ambitiously, on Walton's incomparable "Angler." We shall have occasion to quote from it some day.

We have just received "Considerations on the Position and Duty of the University of Oxford, with reference to the late Proceedings against the Regius Professor of Divinity," (Oxford, Parker,) by Mr. Woodgate. We quite agree with the author, that the University does seem committed, as a body, formally and irrevocably to a clear act of "persecution," and pledged to a condemnation—and, (in its degree)—a denial of the orthodox and Catholic faith, unless it takes measures to set aside the condemnation of Dr. Pusey. How far this consideration will operate upon the consciences of its members, it must be for them to determine: something they must do, unless they are prepared, quietly and without a struggle, to allow her, who has been for a thousand years a guardian and witness of truth, to sink without a struggle before the latitudinarian and grace-denying doctrines of the day. We do not charge the six doctors with false doctrine; but they have abetted it by censuring sound doctrine. We deprecate haste and impatience in this solemn and distressing matter; but there is nothing which we protest against so loudly as acquiescence in the corruption of doctrine which has been committed.

"The History of our Blessed Lord in Easy Verse, for Young Children: with Coloured Pictures," (Burns,) has been termed a "great experiment:" it is eminently so. But remembering the acknowledged use of such aids to christian training as the *Biblia Pauperum*, for private, and stained glass, tapestry and wall-painting for public, edification in the times of Catholic art, we are disposed to think that pictures are a very important means of affecting and teaching the simple-hearted. Many of the prints of this collection are eminently beautiful; but they belong to too many schools and periods of art to range well: thus, the first print from Salvator, if we remember aright, groups awkwardly with Overbeck's Entombment, and the pictures not being composed on a uniform scale of proportions, must be needlessly embarrassing to the young. In some of them,—we allude especially to one of our Lord in the Temple,—we detect a spice of satire and caricature which might have been spared. We dread the distressing things which children, however unconsciously, might say on subjects connected with other awful considerations. The verse part, equally perilous with the pictorial, is skilfully and reverently managed.

Above all fears, and of a character somewhat kindred, is "Sacred History—Old Testament," from the same publisher. This is a translation, for the most part, from a work of very extensive continental reputation and usefulness, the Bible History of Canon Christoph Schmid, of Augsburg. We do not know whether we can say more in its favour than that it is the opposite of Mrs. Trimmer.

The second series of Mr. Alford's Hulsean Lectures, entitled, "The Consistency of the Divine Conduct in revealing the Truths of Redemption," (Deighton,) has now appeared. Notwithstanding its unfortunate title, the volume is full of reverent as of interesting thought. Mr. Alford's eloquence must always be pleasing; but we think it sometimes interferes with accuracy. His assertion that the Epistles of St. John contain less expanded food for the reason than those of the other Apostles, seems to us the very reverse of the truth. St. John was eminently the *theologian* of the College, presenting us with Divine Truth, not, like the others, in its accidental relations, but, as far as words could do it, in its essence.

"The Law of the Rubric; a Sermon," by Mr. Campbell, one of the rectors of Liverpool (Liverpool, Webb; London, Rivingtons,) is an amusing production: a specimen or two will suffice in place of criticism. "As the surplice is not ordered by the rubric at preaching, I would not preach in it," (p. 14;) which reason might be equally strong, we should imagine, against a black gown. "Again, there is one thing which I would earnestly and affectionately entreat you not to do; that is, never to show, by any marked difference of gesture or posture, your dislike to any part of the service. Some persons have an objection to the *Athanasian Creed*, and will sit down during its recital. Now, with-

out any reference to the ground of their objection, I would humbly entreat them not to do this; but, as a mark of deference and politeness at least, if from no other motive, conform to the rubric," &c. (p. 17.) "I think turning to the east, &c. reverential—if others do not, I am sure I would not wish to interfere with their liberty." Mr. Campbell is certainly a very gentlemanly man, with a satirical turn.

Among other single sermons, we may notice an excellent one by the Hon. and Rev. John Grey, preached in Berwick-upon-Tweed on behalf of the Propagation Society (Burns). "The Christian's Liberty in relation to the Temperance Pledge," by the Rev. James Lee Warner (Hatchards), concerning which we have to say, that were the vow of Temperance taken with the views and under the limitations prescribed by our author, we could not dare to speak a word against it. "Catechising, an essential part of the Evening Service," by the Rev. G. Moody (Rivingtons, Darton and Clark), which is very important; and "The Communion of Saints in the Holy Eucharist," by the Rev. T. Bowdler, of which the author's name will be sufficient recommendation. "Simony," a Visitation Sermon, by W. Downes Willis, A. M. (Rivingtons, &c.) deserves a far more extended notice than we can at present bestow on it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed in this department.]

REVIVAL OF CONVENTUAL INSTITUTIONS IN A MODIFIED FORM.

THE axiom of experience that like causes will, under similar circumstances, produce like effects, has seldom been more strikingly exemplified than in the yearning at present felt in so many independent quarters, after some means of RELIGIOUS RETIREMENT. It seems agreed that the ascetic life, of which we find traces both in the Old and New Testament, received its first development in the disturbance of the social system caused first by the persecutions of the third and fourth centuries, and afterwards by the irruption of the northern nations into the southern provinces of the Roman empire. At that time the uncertainty of life itself, and of the means of sustaining it, drove men's thoughts forcibly inward to the life of the spirit, and urged them to redeem the *time*, which might be so short, by direct and immediate preparation for the eternity that might at any moment open upon them. We are now suffering from an unsettlement, originating, indeed, in different causes, but leading to similar results:—the unequal distribution of this world's good causing society to exhibit the unseemly spectacle of luxury and satiety in close juxtaposition with misery and want,—on the one hand grasping selfishness, on the other pining poverty or reckless ferocity,—the endless whirl of all-absorbing business,—the perverted activity of even benevolence itself,—and last, though not least, the wildness of speculation, and the wantonness of private judgment on religious subjects;—all these present a scene of sickening tumult,—a moral Babel,—which raises, in minds of depth and reflection, earnest longings after something more real, more peaceful, more steadfast, some state of things where the still small voice may speak and be heard, and be obeyed,—where the spirit may prepare itself for the conflict unto which this disorder

threatens to grow, and may plume its wing for its last long flight. These great ends never were, and never can be so well promoted as by the CONVENTUAL SYSTEM considered in itself, as abstracted from its superinduced abuses. It was for these ends that that system was originally designed, and with these steadily kept in view it received, in its days of purity, its growth and increase. Piety towards God, charity towards man, severity towards self, and these carried to a high and exemplary pitch;—such were the *cardinal principles* of Monasticism, and for many ages such its *practice* also; and it is in the revival of that system—not in its abuses, but in its fundamental principles—that we must look for an antidote to much of the godlessness, the uncharitableness, the selfishness, with which “the whole head” of modern society “is sick, and its whole heart faint.”

That this is no new or singular idea appears from the fact, that, from the Reformation downwards, a chain of authorities can be deduced, comprising names the most venerated in our Church, bearing testimony either to the damage inflicted on our ecclesiastical system by the abolition of monasteries, or to the desirableness of their revival with such modifications as the change of times and circumstances requires. These authorities, many of which have been carefully collected, and are ready, when called for, to be given to the public,* will serve still another and most important purpose. The various and discordant quarters from which they are selected will tend to abate the fears of those in whose minds the conventual system is identified with the corruptions of Romanism, by showing them how much favour it has found in the eyes of persons who looked on those corruptions with the deepest abhorrence.

It seems to be an admitted fact, that many of the evils and corruptions which found their way into the monasteries of this country arose from their having been exempted from the control of their proper ordinaries. A recurrence of these would be most effectually guarded against by placing every such institution under the direct surveillance of its respective Bishop, and giving him the appointment of the superior. It seems hardly conceivable that, with the fourfold cord of visitation which our system so easily admits; viz. yearly by the Bishop, half-yearly by the Archdeacon, quarterly by the Rural-dean, and monthly by the parochial Clergyman, any material infraction of the order of the Church, either in doctrine, discipline, or practice, could take place.

Perhaps the most promising commencement of the revival would be by the foundation of a college (a step lately suggested by a correspondent of the “Church Intelligencer”) for aged or disabled Clergymen. By this means two objects would be gained,—an experimental trial of the system in its most unobjectionable form,—and the supplying of an acknowledged and glaring defect in the system of our Church. For how inconsistent and incongruous is it, that whilst among us veterans disabled in carnal warfare are lodged in palaces, and fed with the fatness of the earth, the soldiers of the cross in their time of age

* May we suggest to our respected correspondent the publication of these documents in our pages?—ED. CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.]

and necessity should be cast forth as the objects of precarious bounty ! This might be succeeded by gradually infusing into the foundations already existing for the temporal relief of both men and women more of a religious character ; *e. g.* by establishing the daily service, encouraging works of piety and charity, &c. ; and as the endowments of these charities should increase (to which end the pious contributions of the Christian community should be encouraged,*) by extending the foundations, when practicable, to associates of a higher order, and giving them the more decided form of places of pious retirement. By this time the revival would be sufficiently tested to admit of new establishments being formed where they might be required. It may be worth mentioning, at a time when so much attention is being drawn towards the revival of the choral service of the Church, how admirable an opportunity would be afforded in the chapels attached to such institutions of both creating a taste for, and bringing into practice the ancient and catholic mode of "praising God in the great congregation."

[It has been thought worth while to append to this article the following revised impression of a paper which appeared some time since in the "Church Intelligencer," and which has been privately distributed.]

" *Revival of Monastic and Conventual Institutions on a Plan adapted to the Exigencies of the Reformed Catholic Church in England.*

" Quid aliud fuere Monasteria quam officinæ virtutum, abstinentiæ, jejuniî, patientiæ laborum."—*D. Ambros. Lib. x. Ep. 82.*

" A Monastery is a school of christian penitence. It is a little community, having its own officers, in which each has his own post marked-out, and in which all are engaged in labours of love ; whilst from its silence and peace the soul has leisure for contemplation."—*British Critic, No. LX. Article, Port Royal.*

" To speak seriously and without passion, what can the ill be . . . to have places set apart, whither men, either by nature, time, or otherwise unfit for the world, may retire themselves in religious company, may think on heaven and good learning."—*Sir Roger Twysden, Beginners of Monastic Life, p. 31.*

" Something like Monasteries for women would be a glorious design ; and might be so set on foot as to be the honour of a QUEEN ON THE THRONE."—*Bishop Burnet.*

" It is a question which must long have presented itself as a subject of anxious thought to reflecting Christians, ' In what way the general interests of the Church, and the christian education of her people, may be best promoted ; and by what means a remedy may be best provided for many of the evils—social, domestic, and personal—arising out of the present disordered state of our civil and ecclesiastical relations ?'

" The solution of this question which has occurred to many minds, and which seems to be increasingly gaining ground, is, that the wants alluded to would be most effectually met and supplied by the REVIVAL OF MONASTIC AND CONVENTUAL INSTITUTIONS in a form suited to the genius, character, and exigencies of

* In reference to this point the writer desires to record his admiration of Lord John Manners' late christian and patriotic endeavour to obtain a relaxation of the statutes of Mortmain ; an object which we trust that right-minded young nobleman will not be discouraged from pursuing, by the ill-success of his first attempt.

the Church in England, whereby her devotional, practical, and educational system might be carried out, and an asylum might be opened for persons of both sexes, who, from deliberate choice, or under the pressure of various trials, might be desirous of permanent or occasional retirement from the world, and opportunity of quietude and devotion.

"Perhaps the best model for such establishments (*mutatis mutandis*) would be the Monastery of Port Royal des Champs, as described by Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, in her edifying 'Memoirs of Port Royal.'

"The OBJECTS of such Institutions would be—

- "1. To widen and deepen the legitimate influence of the Church, by exhibiting a model of her system, as fully carried out, and reduced to actual practice.
- "2. To promote and conduct christian education upon Church principles.
- "3. To afford a retreat for the contemplative, the bereaved, the destitute, and the embarrassed.
- "4. To cherish a spirit of devotion, charity, humility, and obedience.
- "5. To give better opportunities of acquiring self-knowledge, and exercising penitence.
- "6. To promote simplicity and godly sincerity in the intercourse of life.
- "7. To revive plainness and self-denial in diet, dress, furniture, personal attendance, &c.
- "8. To form habits of retirement, silence, and recollection.

THE MEANS.

- "1. A system of community, by which the superabundance of the wealthier might be made available to the support of the poorer members.
- "2. Daily public Devotion, and frequent Communion, agreeably to the order of the Church.
- "3. Strict observance of the Festivals, Fasts, &c., prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer.
- "4. A RULE for dress, diet, furniture, recreations, &c.
- "5. Appointed times for silence, and subjects for meditation.
- "6. Corporal and spiritual works of mercy.
- "7. Exercises of penitence and obedience.
- "8. Bodily and mental labour—particularly in educating the young, composing works to meet the necessities of the Church, working for the poor, and assisting in the various duties of the establishment.

THE CONSTITUTION.

- "No Vows, but a solemn declaration and engagement of obedience to the Superior, and of compliance with the RULE of the Institution during residence.
- "VISITATION—monthly by the Parochial Minister, quarterly by the Rural Dean, half-yearly by the Archdeacon, yearly by the Bishop.
- "SUPERIOR—to be appointed by the Bishop, and removeable at his pleasure; to appoint his or her subordinate, subject to the Bishop's approval.
- "Other details may be easily supplied.

"It is hoped, and earnestly requested, that the friends of primitive piety, order, and simplicity, into whose hands this paper may fall, will direct their thoughts and endeavours towards expanding these hints, and devising some method of bringing them to a practical issue. To such it will be obvious that the design must not be desecrated by the interference of schemes of worldly gain, in the shape of Joint Stock companies, Proprietary Shares, &c. It must be the offspring of Love to God and love to man—the free-will offering of penitent gratitude, or open-handed charity to God, and to His Church."

[For the argument in favour of the revival of such institutions in great towns, the reader is referred to the article "on Bishops' Fellows," in a former Number of the CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.]

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATIONS APPOINTED.

BP. OF ELY, Dec. 3.
BP. OF DURHAM, Dec. 17.
BP. OF WINCHESTER, Dec. 17.
BP. OF RIFON, Dec. 17.
BP. OF ROCHESTER, Dec. 17.
BP. OF HEREFORD, Dec. 17.

BP. OF LINCOLN, Dec. 17.
BP. OF CHICHESTER, Dec. 24.
BP. OF GLOUC. & BRISTOL, Dec. 24.
BP. OF WORCESTER, Dec. 24.
BP. OF NORWICH, Jan. 28.

ORDINATIONS.

By the LORD BISHOP OF LONDON, at Fulham Church, on Sunday, Oct. 1.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—J. Trevitt, s.c.l. St. Alb. H.
Of Cambridge.—W. Dry, B.A. Caius; W. Headley, B.A. Corp. Chris.; C. F. Newell, M.A. Clare H.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—G. Masters, B.A. Worc., P. A. de Teissier, B.A. Corp. Chris. (i. d. Abp. of Canterbury.)
Of Cambridge.—C. R. Bradley, B.A. Queen's (i. d. Abp. Canterbury).
Literates.—F. H. Rankin, B.A., S. Crowther, C. Ehemann, N. Denton.

By the LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN, at Lincoln, on Sunday, Oct. 1.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—F. Bussell, B.A. Worc.; A. R. Pain, B.A. Pemb.; J. T. P. Aldred, B.A. Linc.; A. C. Brackenbury, B.A. Queen's.
Of Cambridge.—H. M. Blakiston, B.A. Emm.; F. Haggitt, B.A. St. Peter's; J. W. Hawtrej, B.A. Fell. of King's; C. Holland, B.A. St. Cath. H.; W. W. Willan, B.A. Christ's; J. E. Yonge, B.A. Fell. of King's; W. B. Calvert, B.A. Pemb.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—J. E. Carter, B.A. Exet.; J. G. Faithfull, B.A. Exet.; M. K. S. Frith, B.A. Exet.; J. Peacock, B.A. Linc.; R. G. Walls, B.A. Bras.; J. J. Wilkinson, B.A. Queen's.
Of Cambridge.—R. W. Bacon, M.A. Fell. of King's; J. C. Chase, B.A. Queen's; H. Dupuis, M.A. Fell. of King's; R. W. Essington, B.A. Fell. of King's; E. Walker, M.A. Fell. of King's; R. Williams, B.A. Fell. of King's.
Of Dublin.—J. S. Gibney, B.A., G. H. Moller, B.A., A. H. Alcock, B.A. Trin.

By the LORD BISHOP OF CARLISLE, at Carlisle, on Sunday, Sept. 24.

DEACON.

Of Cambridge.—A. Salkeld, B.A. St. Peter's.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—E. J. Chapman, B.A. Wad.
Of Cambridge.—C. Parker, B.A. Emm.; J. Hallifax, B.A. Corp. Chris.
Of Durham.—J. B. Wightwick, Licentiate of Theology, Univ.
Of St. Bees.—W. Frankling.

By the LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL, on Sunday, Sept. 24, at Gloucester.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—T. Beale, B.A. Bras.; W. Wiggin, B.A. Exet.
Of Cambridge.—J. L. Longmire, B.A. Linc.; R. A. Suckling, B.A. Caius; C. Wardroper, B.A. Trin.; T. J. Robinson, Queen's (i. d. Bp. of Worcester.)

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—G. Burder, M.A. Magd. H.; H. Formby, M.A. Bras.

By the LORD BISHOP OF LLANDAFF, on Sunday, Oct. 1, at Llandaff.

DEACONS.

Of Lampeter.—J. Griffiths, E. Leigh, O. T. H. Phillips, W. G. Davies, St. David's.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—J. M. Leir, B.A.; R. N. D. Brown, St. Alb. H.
Of Lampeter.—L. C. Lewis, Lit. Cowbridge; W. C. Bowen, St. David's; W. Jenkins, Lit. Cowbridge; T. Lewis, Lit. Cowbridge.
Of Dublin.—G. T. Watson, B.A. Trin.; J. Morgan, B.A. Trin. (i. d. Bp. of Limerick.)

By the ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, at Dublin, on Sunday, Sept. 24.

DEACONS.

Of Dublin.—T. R. W. Cradock, M.A., J. H. Armstrong, B.A., J. Drury, B.A., R. H. Heritage, B.A., C. Seaver; and on i. d., T. Reddy, B.A., T. L. Stack, B.A., J. North, B.A., P. H. Schoales, B.A., R. Conolly, M.A., J. C. Hudson, B.A., M. Burke, M.A., J. C. Walker, M.A., A. McCape, B.A.; all of Trin. Coll.

PRIESTS.

Of Dublin.—E. B. Moeran, M.A., G. Stone, M.A., J. Quinton, B.A., J. Stone, B.A., J. Moffett, B.A.; on i. d., A. H. Alcock, B.A., J. D. McDonagh, B.A., A. C. Coghlan, B.A., W. Murphy, B.A., H. Robinson, B.A.; all of Trin. Coll.

By the LORD BISHOP OF MEATH, at the Church of Ardbraccan, on Sunday, Sept. 24.

DEACONS.

M. C. Morton, B.A. Exet. Coll., Oxford, and Fell. of St. Columba, Stackallan; J. M. Jephson, B.A., Trin. Coll. Dublin; and R. Winning, formerly Minister of the Presbyterian Congregation at Kingscourt.

PREFERMENTS.

Name.	Preferment.	Diocese.	Patron.	Val.	Pop.
Alder, W.	White Notley, v.	London	Bp. of London	£195	453
Bagge, J.	Crux Easton, n.	Winchester	James Bagge, Esq.	180	97
Balfour, J.	Eckington, v.	Worcester	D. & C. of Westminster	140	700
Belany, R.	Arlington, v.	Chichester	Dr. Holland	156	727
Beauchamp, W. H.	Langley, p.c.	Norwich	Sir W. B. Proctor	45	361
Cobb, R.	Ellingham, n.	Norwich	Trustees
Coles, J. J.	{ St. Barnabas, Bristol, Christ Church, Moss }	G. & B.	Bp. of Glouc. & Brist...
Currie, J.	{ Side, p.c. }	Chester
Daubeny, H. J.	Tewin, n.	Lincoln	Jesus Coll., Cambridge	438	474
Eden, C. P.	{ St. Mary the Virgin, v. Oxford, n. Littlemore }	Oxford	Oriel College, Oxford	38	419
Elliott, W.	{ St. Nicholas, Glouc. cester, p.c. }	G. & B.	Trustees	116	...
Evans, T. D.	Glascombe, v.	St. David's	Bp. of St. David's	171	866
Fawcett, J. G.	Warthill, v.	Peculiar	Prebendary thereof	100	162
Fenton, G. L.	Lilleshall, v.	Lichfield	Duke of Sutherland	322	3569
Hazel, J.	Nettlebed & Pishhill, n.	Oxford	Rev. T. L. Bennett	101	618 170
Herbert, C.	Lechlade, v.	G. & B.	Henry Grace, Esq.	513	1244
Jeffrey, L. W.	Ashton-on-Ribble, p.c.	Chester
King, W. C.	St. Mary-le-Bow	Durham	Archd. of Northumberland	111	...
Larken, G. E.	Brotherton, v.	York	D. & C. of York	192	1623
Mackie, —	Scremerston, p.c.	Durham	D. & C. of Durham
Mayo, C. E.	Laneham	Lincoln	D. & C. of York	56	347
Miles, C. P.	St. Jude's, Glasgow, p.c.	Glasgow
Moore, R. C.	Talk-o'-th'-Hill, p.c.	Lichfield	Vicar of Audley	215	1196
Potter, C. H.	Gadsden, n.	Winchester
Pullen, W.	St. John, Redhill, p.c.	Winchester
Richardson, E.	Trinity Ch., Louth	Louth	Trustees
Rolfe, E. N.	Barningham, n.	Norwich	J. T. Mott, Esq.	135	114
Scott, J. W.	Bettiscombe, n.	Sarum	F. J. Browne, Esq.	180	65
Sims, H.	Stoke Ferry, p.c.	Norwich	Lord Chancellor	71	706
Symonds, T. M.	Adwick-le-Street, n.	York	T. Fullerton, Esq.	365	536
Taylor, W.	Child's Ercall, p.c.	Lichfield	Trus. of Sir C. Corbet	66	416
Thompson, C.	Rathmell, p.c.	Ripon
Tinkler, J.	Landbeach, n.	Ely	Corp. Chris. Coll., Camb.	633	422
Turner, A.	Whitchurch, v.	Lincoln	Lord Chancellor	61	928
Watts, J.	Bicester, v.	Oxford	Sir G. Turner, Bart.	231	2868
Woodcock, W. T.	Wetherslock, p.c.	Chester
Wykeham, F. W. M.	Chalcombe, v.	Peterboro'	C. W. Martin, Esq. M.P.	250	493

APPOINTMENTS.

Contes, S.	Preb. Stall in York Cath.	Presgrave, W.	{ Head Master of the Free Grammar Sch., Sevenoaks, Kent }
Chilcott, W.	{ Rural Dean of Dunster, in the diocese of B. and W. }	Trevitt, J., s.c.l.	Cur. of Horndon-on-the-Hill.
Dale, T.	{ Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral. }	Wilkinson, W. F.	Theological Tutor in Chel- tenham Proprietary College.
Dry, W.	{ Cur. of Camden-town Chapel, St. Pancras. }	Woolcombe, H.	{ Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Exeter. }
Newell, C. F., M.A.	Cur. of Trin. Ch., Chelsea.		

CLERGYMEN DECEASED.

Boyer, J. W. R., Rector of Swebstone and Snarestone, in the county of Leicester.	Hore, W., Vicar of Ferns.
Casberd, J. T., D.C.L., Vicar of Penmark and Prebendary of Bath and Wells and Llandaff.	Levett, T., of Lichfield.
Deedes, J., at the Rectory, Willingale.	Mandell, W., B.D., Senior Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge.
Field, J. K., at Manchester.	Middleton, S., B.D., of Douglas Lodge, Cheltenham.
Fussell, H. D., at Glastonbury.	Morgan, S. M., Secretary of the Irish Society.
Greenwood, R., Vicar of Colaton Raleigh.	Oakley, F., Vicar of Bradpole, Dorset.
Griffith, D., at Treinfryn, near Bangor.	Orme, R., Rector of Essendon.
Hankinson, T. E., of Camberwell.	Owen, R., Rector of Camolin.
Harrison, H., B.D., Rector of Pontesbury, and Stratford-le-bow, Middlesex.	Probyn, J., Dean and Archdeacon of Llandaff.
Heberden, T., Rector of Whimpe.	Spencer, N., Vicar of Hales.
Hervey, H. A., Vicar of Bridekirk.	Stephens, D. E., Cur. of Trin. Ch., St. Giles's.
	Stevens, J., Rector of Chesham Bois.
	Winstanley, W. B., Curate of Yelford.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

INCORPORATED SOCIETY, FOR PROMOTING THE ENLARGEMENT, BUILDING, AND REPAIRING OF CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

THIS Society resumed their sittings for the season on Monday, Oct. 23, when the Lord Bishop of Norwich took the chair at a meeting held at the Society's Chambers, 4, St. Martin's Place.

Grants were then voted towards building a church at Cowhill, in the parish of Oldham, Lancashire; building a church in the parish of St. Andrew, Plymouth; building a church at Broad Town, in the parishes of Broad Hinton and Cliffe Pypard, Wilts; building a chapel at Ingleton, in the parish of Staindrop, Durham; building a church at Milton next Gravesend, Kent; rebuilding a chapel at Penrhos, Montgomeryshire; enlarging, by rebuilding, the church at Dawley, Salop; enlarging, by rebuilding the nave, of the church at Holcombe Burnell, Devon; repewing the church at Holwell, Beds; enlarging the church at Codford St. Mary, Wilts; enlarging, by rebuilding the nave, of the church at Winterborne Whitchurch, Dorset; increasing the accommodation in the church at Llandyfreog, Cardiganshire; increasing the accommodation in the church at Hinxton, Cambridgeshire; enlarging the church at Woodham Mortimer, Essex; building a church at Eccleshill, in the parish of Bradford, Yorkshire; and rebuilding the chapel at Ellerker, Yorkshire.

The population of these parishes and districts is 108,508 persons, for whose accommodation twenty churches and chapels are now provided, containing 13,873 seats, and including free sittings for 4,666 persons. With the Society's aid, seven new churches will be erected in populous districts, by which means, together with the alterations contemplated in the existing places of worship, 4,527 additional sittings will be provided, 3,113 of which will be free.

The population of one of the parishes assisted, is upwards of 69,000, with church-accommodation for less than *one-tenth*; another has a population of nearly 24,000 persons, with accommodation for less than *one-fifth*; one with 9,300 souls, can only accommodate one person in twenty-three; and another, with a population of 8,700 persons, has church-room for about *one-eighth* of that number.

Certificates of the completion of the works in twenty-two parishes were examined and approved, and the Board issued orders to the Treasurer for the payment of the grant awarded in each case. Previously to the execution of these works, which included the erection of eleven new churches and chapels, and the rebuilding of four existing churches, the provision of church-room for a population of 119,934 persons was, 25,210 sittings, 8,497 of which were free.

One of these parishes, with a population of 56,000 persons, had church-accommodation for about *one-fourth*; another, with 17,500 persons, had accommodation for less than *one-fourth*; another, with upwards of 10,000 persons, possessed church-room for *one-tenth*; one with nearly 8,000 persons, has accommodation for *one-eighth*; three parishes, each with a population of upwards of 3,000 persons, could only accommodate 462, 450, and 288 persons respectively; and one township, with a population of 4,000 souls, in a parish containing 13,500 persons, had neither church nor chapel. To the very insufficient accommodation provided in the places which have now claimed the payment of the grants voted by the Society, 6,939 sittings are added, 5,304 of which are free and unappropriated.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If "Wintoniensis" be "but of yesterday in his Theology," he ought, of all people in the world, to be the most careful in conferring nicknames, such as *Rationalist*, and the like, on his brethren. We can quite understand the impression that has been made on him by his first glance at the writings of the distinguished person to whom his letter refers; it is by no means an unnatural one; nevertheless, we beg to remind him that an author, marked by far more than ordinary originality and depth, is not to be judged at a first glance, and we feel bound to recommend to him a *studious* perusal of the principal works of the one in question. He will find nothing in them to unsettle his faith, but the very reverse.